

## Soul Food II

Logic

Goddamn, goddamn, conversations with people  
Crazy how one day, the legends forget that they equal  
On this Under Pressure sequel  
We not taking it back, we keepin' it pushing  
People scared of change  
But you'll find me deep in the cushion  
Even when I win, it feel like I'm losing  
Listening to beats, in the Bimmer cruisin'  
I think I got another hit, I could feel my body bruisin'  
What's the conclusion? Or rather, my hypothesis  
I'm darker than Gotham is  
Like reading Nostradamus at 90 degrees  
You better believe  
I know how to turn a profit with ease  
Diacritical lifestyle, I'm always overseas  
Hurricane Bobby in the studio blowing trees  
Switch the topic, I drop it  
Fuck around then leave them all concussed  
When I bust, no thrust, this world we livin' in is fucked  
Industry rule number four thousand and eighty one  
Your new shit ain't good as your old shit  
'Til your new shit is your old shit, son  
And then some, gotta get some  
I wear this 24 karat solid gold Rollie for my son  
As an heirloom, not for looking dope as I rhyme  
As a representation to give your family your time  
If you're searching for love in the industry you'll be let down  
They don't love you 'til you dead and then they call you profound  
No matter how mainstream you was in the end, you still underground  
That's the truth, feeling close to the cliff, like Rick Dalton in the booth  
Money ain't the key to happiness and this the proof  
Modern day rap is like a golden era spoof  
But a few of us were searching within the second renaissance  
And I know that my debutantes  
Been keeping the legacy going  
By flowing so involuntarily seamless  
Me and my team is finally reaping  
What we been sowing like a seamstress  
I said I'm on one, I know I'm unsung  
Was livin' my life backward like Tariq on Undun  
And now they wonder how I got over son (Do you want more?)  
Hell yeah, now check the method  
I been livin' outside of pages for ages  
Now I'm back, Chocolate City, home of percussion, Maryland on my back  
From Takoma Park, all the way to Southeast DC  
It feel like forever ago, it feel like BC  
Everlasting life, kickin' rhymes in the parking lot at night  
Inhale, exhale, people hate  
Oh well, 2012  
Dreamin' I'm a freshman on XXL  
2013, on the cover XXL  
Livin' life behind these bars with no intention of postin' bail  
'Cause I prevail  
But that's a story for another time  
Story for another rhyme  
And on my darkest days, I know that the sun will shine, eventually  
Greatest lyricist to ever do it, yeah essentially

And if we're being modest then potentially  
And if we're being humble then

Oh shit, it's Raquel, she's a fuckin' thot  
Ayy, fuck you guys! Fuck you guys!  
Suck my dick!  
Straight on the basement mic  
Ayy, man fuck all these punchlines and shit man  
I just wanna tell a story, I just wanna have some fun  
Back in the basement type shit

Ayo, once upon a time a couple of guys from out this world  
Was talkin' rap and hip hop with a young synthetic girl  
The year was 2115 at Babel Space Station  
Was home to the very last of the human population  
The captain name was Thomas, the infantry man was Kai  
And he's the man that discovered the Ultra 85  
Accompanied by a girl inside their ear, her name was Thalia  
Made of ones and zeros, she was a program  
You could ask her any question even about the fall of man  
Then one day they discovered a planet in deep space  
That nobody before them had ever found in they database  
I mean, maybe it's the place that's meant for the human race  
The planet Paradise, Kai said to Thomas, "My God  
It'd be very nice, traveling through outer space  
We done had some scary nights  
We done had some scary fights"  
All about that rap shit, Kai like that trap shit  
Thomas love that boom bap shit  
"I wish God was real, I wish I could just get raptured  
What if this planet full of aliens and we get captured?"  
"Don't think that way, my son  
Everything gon' be fine, we finna have some fun  
And if by chance we do come across an alien  
I'ma blow his ass away with this here molecular gun  
Set to kill, never stun  
Wagwan, we get it done"  
Now the ship is enterin' the atmosphere (Ten, nine)  
"We gon' take a look around and get the hell up outta here (Eight, seven)  
We gon' double check that it's habitable and livable for man (Six, five)  
And no matter what happens you know we gon' stick to the plan" (Four, three)  
"Understood?" "Understand", "All good? Let's get it then" (Two, one)  
Once they touched down nobody could hear a sound  
'Til they opened up the ship door, that rappelled to the ground  
What they found, a planet full of life  
A planet full of shit they never seen  
Straight up out a movie scene  
On some Tarantino meets Christopher Nolan, nah mean?  
Walk around the planet for hours, they was exhausted  
If it wasn't for the music in they ears, they would have lost it  
The seventh album by a musician they both revered  
First time this planet heard it, let's call it a world premiere  
Thomas thinkin' about a picture of his girl  
That he left on the Aquarius Three in his dresser  
Wishin' he could undress her  
Give her the pipe, no lesser  
Kai thinkin' nuts like a professor  
Wondering if the oxygen on this planet fresher  
Now is it us or is the natural life on this world the aggressor?  
All the negative shit inside of his head, he need a refresher  
Two men here to save the world, no pressure