

Super High Freestyle

Logic

Yeah, turn it up more
Yeah, ayy

I don't love 'em, I don't chase 'em, I duck 'em
Smoke something, go to a new state soon as I fuck 'em
I keep it a hundred, bad bitches in abundance
On 270 bumping that Wiz and Mac Miller
Before we had jobs and families and shit was chiller
Back in tenth grade smoking weed and skipping class
Busting guns, tappin' ass, but I ain't on that Uncle Rico shit
I'm just thinking 'bout the past, smoking weed and shit
Hahaha (Hahaha)

Ayo, uh
Get from 'round me, bitches they tryna drown me
Chilling like Spike Spiegel with no bounty
Reppin' Montgomery County, living at Mary Jo's
Sipping, sneaking in hoes
Always had game and hand-me-down clothes
Metal Gear Solid, Snake Eater on the PlayStation
Blunts in rotation, women we chasing
Kicked out of school, Ye's album was my only graduation

That's it, that's all you get, fuck it
I hope you smoking weed right now listening to this shit so you
're in the same zone I'm in, you know what I'm saying
We just vibing
Yeah
I love y'all, man
Thanks for checking out the tape
Inglorious Basterd Volume 1 all day
Yee
Alright