

## 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