

# The Return

Logic

Satisfied  
Satisfied  
Yeah yeah, yeah  
Satisfied this hungriness  
Sinatra  
Big Pepe  
Satisfied  
Oh, you got the studio shoutout  
Satisfied  
You feelin' good about yourself right now, huh?  
Satisfied his hungriness (6ix)

Hold up let me get up in it now  
Bitch, I'm here to win it now  
L-O-G-I-C, I'm feeling free, I'm finna bring it now  
If you know the words take a step back and sing it now  
Never thought I'd have to, but I keep the windows tinted now  
Like, la-di-da-di, who got the keys to my Audi?  
Last time I said, it went viral, I don't fuck with nobody  
And I don't fuck with you, you, them, her and him too  
'Cause none of y'all know a fucking thing 'bout what I been through  
And all that superficial shit you love I'm just not into  
And when it comes to gettin' deep in this rap shit I've been to  
Like the pussy, don't push me  
I ain't no killer, but you know the rest  
You think I caught the holy spirit how I'm feelin' blessed  
Ain't no contest to all this wack shit, it just ain't no test  
Step and get laid to rest, boy, step and get laid to rest  
And ain't no "S" on my chest but I'm still gunnin'  
While half of these motherfuckers still runnin'  
I've learned everything I've attained and they steal from him  
Like God damn, I'm the motherfuckin' man  
Used to call you a hater, you a motherfuckin' stan  
Ain't nobody built himself a brand like me  
I ain't signed a shoe deal 'cause I'm waitin' for Nike  
To recognize all these youngins wanna be just like me  
Cut the check for 20 Million right now and we might see  
Everybody rockin' my kicks, preachin' positivity  
I get up, I get up

I get up, when I'm down  
Had enough, almost drowned, when shit rough  
I get tough and when I'm beaten to the ground  
I get up, I get up  
I get up, uh, uh  
I get up, uh, uh  
I get up, when I'm down  
Had enough, almost drowned, when shit rough  
I get tough and when I'm beaten to the ground  
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I get up, uh, uh  
I get up, uh, uh  
I get up

Never address me as "Robert" unless it's about that Dinero  
Far from a hero, I ain't never savin' hoes  
I'm not defined by these clothes, and zeros

It don't matter if you got six dollars or six figures on the creep  
'Cause in the end we all six feet deep  
Meanwhile, I'll be immortalized on the 6ix beat  
Flashbacks and havin' visions way back in G'Burg  
Every single one of my homies and me work  
Cuttin' had to get up out it, make a hit, forget about it  
Youngin' wit' a dream but nobody gave a shit about it  
Ten years later pick up a pen, write a hit about it  
And back then I thought I'd be defined by how good I rhyme  
Not like these rappers with shit flows, but look good online  
Not made to feel bad for speakin' bout this shit on my mind  
Or called a faggot or nigger or cracker who wish he was blacker  
I wish I could face my homophobic, racist attacker and smack the shit outta  
they ass as peaceful is possible  
It's highly improbable, it's stoppable  
But still, way too many people feel how I feel  
That's on the real, on the real, on the motherfuckin' real

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Ayo motherfuckin' Trump said that shit on my last album but you wasn't tappi  
ng in  
Fuck a mumble let's make America rap again  
Industry don't give a fuck about rap or what's happenin'  
Fuck a Hype Beast, bitch, now who seein' me?  
Nobody reports the music, this shit, this rap TMZ  
Nowadays everyone divided, so I collided with headlines to preach that  
Go 'head now boy and preach that  
Wash my hands of this negativity, word to Three Stacks  
So fresh, so clean, who the illest on the scene?  
Wu-Tang, get the cream  
Sinatra 'gon reign supreme  
Hoping your mental get out your feelins like dental  
This shit is consequential, lightin' a fire to the game  
Can you rappers feel the flame? Nah, this shit won't be the same  
Fuck a rap beef, I promise I want all of y'all to prosper  
But deep down you know it's only 'gon be one Mufasa  
I'm the king, fuck the bling, but just might make you kiss the ring  
All these rappers I came up on, I surpassed, I know it sting now  
Don't try to twist my words and turn that into some shit  
I love all you motherfuckers, just want to hear you spit  
Dropped my last shit, the whole wide world applauded it  
Game still ain't giving me my credit so I'ma audit it  
I'm heartless like Kanye in '08  
Yeah that's word to NO I.D  
Now they all know who I be  
I'm callin' out Jay-  
Z to jump up on the track with me and smack the whole industry  
Show 'em what that real rap do  
The ball's in your court, Hov  
I hope to hear from Guru, woo!