

# Vinyl Days

Logic

You get here

Vinyl Days

DJ Premier

That's my homie, that's my idol

On the road to success but you're idle

6ix on the beat, Rattpack, motherfucker, let's go

Here we go, let's get it all

All I need is one mic, one pen, one page to ignite

Subject matter heavy but the flow is MC Lyte

You mad as fuck, all you see is red like a conservative

All the critics do is talk, I'm really not concerned with it

Hella tired and we can make your residency permanent

Several shots, they tyin' up your body with a tourniquet

Let 'em rock, it's obvious that he don't know who turn it is

Keep my circle tight-knit 'cause people move deceitful

Money and greed will expose you to the root of evil

Already proved myself, not worried 'bout who's my equal

Far from an Anti vaxxer but I moved the needle

She got me wonderin' if what I do is legal

Fuck it, I'm goin' a hunnid in this Buick Regal

Fuck it, I'm goin' a hunnid play, I'm Beanie Sigel

You still run that old game, like a Neo, G-O

You lookin' for me? I'ma be in Rio

Sunbathin' off the coast, sippin' Pinot Grigio

Out the country so much they like, "Easy gringo"

Straight off the two-track, don't need a single

Travelled abroad for my catalog

With all this money, recording raps on my Macintosh, call it Apple sauce

Even with the cameras off, I be spazzin', dawg

Drum machine, analog, the North Face camouflage

That lo-fi dusty, Panasonic with the trackin' off

Marijuana smoke fill the air like L.A. traffic smog

Come on, homie, listen to the voice of reason

Yeah, you talk a lot of shit but don't want the beef like a vegan

Was passin' through like the aux channel

And then I fell asleep on you, shit, we call you the golf channel

I'm barbecue grillin' these rappers in Croc sandals

Got money to cop Lambos but I'd rather chop samples

Many lines, many rhymes, shit, got it like Pennywise

Shoutout Big Brother, got many eyes

I'm like Malcolm peekin' through the mini-blinds

Fuckin' with Logic, that's the reason that you stop breathing

Cardiac arrest caught you at your chest

Should've wore a vest, now you all a mess

You know common threat, you should've worn a dress

Polo high-tech with the navy crest

Cut from the cloth you couldn't thread with a needle

Bought the shit at Fred Segal, got your bitch spread eagle

The revolution won't be televised, they tellin' lies

They wanna strip your soul away and lead you to a world that's dry

That's why we in the kitchen cookin', know you smell the vibes

And stick to your ribs shit, no frozen fries, go against the gang, get pulverized

I'm at the crib watch, watchin' Cobra Kai, thinkin' to myself, "God damn, how old am I?"

Rose through depression like a rose, I was destined

Your boy reach his goals like Lee Rose with the left hand  
When life takes a toll, I suppose it's a lesson  
Question, how you woke but you slept in?  
Treddin' on your rappers like Midas for over ten years  
Without changin' tires, shit, I should probably check the mileage  
Back on my hustle, got packs in the duffle  
Push rhymes like weight, yeah, you know I'm taxin' you double  
I'm in a pocket like a runnin' back, run it back  
I bought your new shit, hey, run me my money back  
Fly by night, this that flight like Mike  
ESPN, better get those highlights right  
Perform better when the lights shine bright  
You lookin' like food, it might get fried like rice  
Throw on a chef apron and I turn into Gordon Ramsey  
I seen cats sell they whole soul for a Camry  
I seen your favorite artists do the most just for Grammys  
I seen a grown man lyin' just to get to panties  
I'm cookin' like grannies, the recipe is sick and we got extras in the pantr  
y  
I'm goin' Super Saiyan, just to represent the family  
I think that's why the haters can't stand me  
I'm not the socialite type, but my vocals quite right  
I'm still spittin' raps like it's Open Mic night  
I'm still gettin' played from the hoes you might like  
I'm still gettin' paid off the flows you probably bite  
It's Logic

Yeah

See-, see-, see-, see-, see the bigger picture so we can profit all around  
Yeah

This is for my real hip-hop fans

I-, I want that real back, back when you would feel tracks, yeah

Yeah

See-, see-, see-, see-, see the bigger picture so we can profit all around  
Yeah

This is for my real hip-hop fans

I-, I want that real back, back when you would feel tracks, yeah

I-, I want that, I-, I want that real

I-, I want that real back, back when you would feel tracks, yeah

I-, I want that real, real-, real-, real back

I-, I want that real back-, back when you would feel tracks, yeah

This is Logic

This is Logic

This is Lo-, Lo-, Logic