

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
Six 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