

# Wassup

Logic

I'm like Wassup hoe?  
Where you been?  
What you know about?  
Oh no!  
Who let 'em in? I'ma show 'em out  
Never know  
Who's really down or just down and out  
Never know  
Who's really down  
I-I-I-I'm like  
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Bitch I'm the one I consistently prove  
I stuck to the code like a finishing move  
I hit a groove, that they can't undo  
And over the years all I did was improve (All I did)  
Don Life, toss dice  
On on my off night, I left the doubts and now I'm alright  
I'm a new me, they haven't seen this shit  
Like Vader wearing all white  
Like I detonate  
You hold it down, I levitate  
I like a woman that's all-natural  
I give her good energy and let it reciprocate  
A young nigga that's tryna innovate  
As many ways as Em and Jay did Renegade  
You niggas hold up, don't get no closer  
I try and told ya' bitch, we the closest  
High powers chose us, we never froze up  
You lucky if you get to see us close up (Straight)  
'Cause people depending on me like (Ugh)  
Tryna put a hit out on me, nah (Ugh)  
How many times that shit went? None!  
So blessed I might just make a whole gospel album  
Perform at Sun Daze, till it's time to rapture  
Sean Don and Logic, instant classic

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I'm finna tell it like it is  
Game in a headlock like Stizz  
Everybody know the deal  
Yeah that boy, he keep it real  
Higher than ever with no pill  
I just updated my old deal  
Told Def Jam no less than 20 mil' And they cut that shit  
Yeah, I been at it like "Wassup, bitch"  
Put ya' favorite rapper deep in a ditch  
Ya' favorite producer get murdered by 6ix  
We touring the world from Japan to the six  
Tryna get paid in full  
Call me Syre, like Jaden, fool  
Yeah, that's the power of will (Woo!)  
Yeah, that's the power I feel I got so much in the bank  
That I just called my lawyer to work on my will  
Hold up, wait a second, chill  
Hold up, wait a second, chill  
Ugh, I'm into Maryland, DC, Virginia  
Where J. Cole he needed a 'Ville  
Don't do this shit for the thrill  
Ugh, I am coming for the kill  
Tell me how you want it  
Got the pedal to the metal  
I'm a gunner like a semi-automatic  
I'm bringin' the static  
I had it, I had to get a unhooked like an addict  
And yeah, I'm glad that it went through the way it did  
Never thought the radio would play the kid  
They never care, till you make it big  
Now they say triple platinum  
Finger fuck the people said that never would happen  
Came a long way from the trap  
Where they was cookin' up crack  
I'm still here Rattpack, keep it real here  
Big boy money, Uncle Phil here  
Only "Fresh Prints" in my pocket  
I came from nothin' no hater can stop it  
Only the illest  
You know that I got it  
Sound of the Logic

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