

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-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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