Ayo, shout out to Black Diamond I got them Nikes on my feet as we speak, homie Shout out to Mac... Miller

All I do is rhyme, all I do is get this money
All I do is grind, play shows and chill with honeys
All I do is shine, tour the world, ain't it funny?
I'm one of a kind

My name is Logic, if you don't know by now, I'm always on my grind

And at this moment in time, I'm on a roll when I write this rhyme $\ \ \,$

Sitting behind Raheem Devaughn while he's passed out 'Bout to hit the station 'fore our gas is out Look outside the window, I see shorties with they asses out.

Oh my, good God you know we fly

They dreaming out the window watch how buildings pass me by

See I ain't signed but at this point in time I feel like the 3-6-8th

Wonder of the world, just might steal your girl
All I do is rhyme and get money, that's my repertoire
Holla at honeys, "Voulez-vous voucher avec moi, ce
soir?"

Baby what's the deal, have you ever heard of some shit so real?

(Cudi what up?) It's going down, feeling like a millionaire

Riding with the top down, while the rest of the world just stare

This is the joint that when you hear it you like, "That's my shit!"

Maybe at a house party while you getting lit Or while you cruising round town riding in a whip One thing's for sure, you better get all of your friends it

If a shorty like my music, then she a (bobbysoxer) Got a booty, know how to use it, homie yes I rocks her The second I jump on a stage, I'm rocking it, ain't nobody stopping it

Whoever goes on after me, I'm sorry, ain't topping it It's going down, feeling like a millionaire Riding with the top down, while the rest of the world just stare

Ever since I was a youngin I knew I'd break in the game While you worshipped other rappers that leave you less entertained

I was strategizing, before people the knew my name Fame, but I sell it sane on the road to success Bumping Jay in the H.O.V. lane Searching for wisdom in women but only getting brain

Yo quiero dormir contigo mi amorcito

I know we fight, but that's poquito

Unless finito	do	me	foul	like	a	free	throw,	then	we're	9		