

Highs & Lows

Logic

Yo this joint here, is for all my homies that
I got
You know what I'm sayin', smoke to this joint, vibe out
be cool
Created a little soundtrack for when they high

You used to hate it, now you love it
Smile in my face, I think nothing of it
Yeah I'll shake ya hand, kill 'em with kindness
Homie, this is Young Sinatra at his fuckin' finest
So spark it up, and get lifted
Please check the rappin', you know that I'm gifted
Pretty perfume, I love to sniff it
She love the stick, and the way I shift it
Automatic, in the rain
Switchin' lanes, like I switched dames
Bitches love it, and I don't know why
Maybe cause they, so God damn high
Smoking on that green, got my mind faded
Sleeping on my dreams, that's until I made it (Logic)
Cause' Bitches want it (Logic)
And women need it (Logic)
MC's, we leave 'em depleted (Logic)

Yeah you know we fly, never fallin'
Well rounded, so you know we ballin'
Women love us, fella's hate us
I ain't perfect, but I know that I'm one of the
greatest

So I'm back again, like I never left
If you really wanna get it girl we can meet up, high
price hotel most def
It's official make that pussy whistle, like a ref
And if I die tonight, what a sweet death
So I'm living large, supersize
If you want beef, I'm a leave you fries
Complimentary suits, Complimentary rides
It's all free, no charge like my phone died
I remember times, highschool
Chasing dimes, like a fool
Smoking bud, Sticky Icky
Only fuck with dank, Yeah your boy was picky
If the bag was light, Told 'em call me Ricky
Cause' you got some explaining to do!
Then we would kick it, with some pretty girls
Skipping school, making music for the whole world
(Logic)