

5AM

Logic

I've seen a lot of shit I shouldn't have but never forgot it though
Brothers on the corners selling crack like it was nada though
Walk inside my kitchen baking soda all up on the floor
Police banging on the door
While gripping a .44
I was just a youngin' but this type of shit I've seen before
Y'all see a white boy, but my daddy a negro
Half breed motherfucker put the mic and he flow
I just wanna spread love, they want me to bleed slow
I just wanna keep the peace, and help people
Give some of this money that I'm making to the people
So if you hatin' on me goddamn you evil
And just don't understand cause I'm flyer than Knieval
Been through a lot of shit, but I keep it on the D-Lo
Never bustin' in'em streets but I keep it G though
I ain't in a fairy tale, I'm just me, ho!
Only thing I talk about is everything that we know
I heard you've got a fucking problem bitch I bet I beast
Ain't no need to reach, I don't need a piece
I just kill'em with kindness, yeah we leave 'em deceased
And tell it like it is and now you got it capish shorty waddup !

Let me bring it back down
You think it's a game right now (yeah)
But it ain't the same right now, know my name right now (yeah)
Back where I came from now
We're gon' live it up
Till we bring it back down

I hope you live a long life hatin'
And watch every Grammy just to see who they nominating, uh
So successful they'll probably say I signed with Satan
But I got God on my side, always down to ride
Don't get it twisted, I ain't perfect in the least
I'm still all up in your girl jeans like a crease
Matter fact like a geneticist
These rappers' records comin' out they so repetitive
Shout out my homie Chance, peace to Skizzy Mars
Rattpack, homie Castro, we dropping bars
It's all love, man that shit is ours
They never thought I'd make a shooting from the stars
Yeah, I'm a born sinner, but it's a Cole world
Shout out my homies that know me, can't forget my old girl
But that's a touchy subject like a priest, woah
I heard y'all finally eating over there, we got a feast, though
Keep it Rattpack, till the beat go
You might not get the flow now, let it seep though
Fans know my lyrics deeper than the sea floor
But we dumb it down so they spin it on the radio
Racism all up in 'em, that shit is irrelevant
My flow is colorblind, rapping for the hell of it
I don't give a fuck, my mind stays celibate
Run quick, tell a bitch, rap getting me hella rich
Out the blue like Ella Fitz
My flow is so elegant
Death before dishonor
Murder all rappers in front of they momma's

I rep Artanis
Decipher the word cause it's ebonics
Reverse the letters and it spells Sinatra
Yes, I gotcha bitch it's Logic