

# 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