

Dead Presidents III

Logic

Dead Presidents III, Not to be confused with Growing Pains III
Logic this logic that, Logic sick, Logic wack
Logic just don't give a fuck, RATTPACK

So many people think that rap is they calling, stop it just cease
Got-a-ca-peashe this is my house you fuckers just lease
Waitin' on a record deal that's never cumming like a priest
Black and white like a nun
These up-and-comers our sun
Like the break of dawn
So follow your father like an apostle paint pictures like a Picasso while bi
tches uncover my fossil
Never knowin what's gon follow
However we never wallow in our sorrow
Just pray for tomorrow
At times my heart could be hallow
Emotions forced to be swallowed
While neighborhood cats blast star gas like the apollo
This is just a simple reminder as my lyrics force you to ponder
Life's a bitch and I heard she'll fuck you so I'm trying to find her
One moment she'll love you then swallow you whole like an anaconda
The bitch is kinky, kind of
So with the lift of a pinky I'm a
Dominate the world like my name is brain
Spit flame like propane
Bitches I overcame you know the name
Ink in my veins, inflames, and spew on the page, to numb the pain like Novoc
ain, mutha fucker

I'm out the presidents to represent me (get money) (8x)

Allow me to kill it off the brink like no traffic
Murderin' every demographic
Paint a picture using only blood to make sure that it's graphic
Rip the mic to set the example
While all these mu-fuckers testin my patience like blood samples
Constant thoughts of suicide, where living in an area that's do or die
Society expects us to fail, I'm talking about you and I
But we persevere force fear enemies truse saying "we want nothing but peace
and if not we leave em deceased"
In your central nervous system like heroine reppin' maryland to the fullest
Bustin like bullets that travel through chambers that are ignited by trigger
s don't pull it
I go from point A to point B by keeping it G
Ain't no killer but don't push me
If you grab the heat you a pussy
Buckle up and tell me how you feel, forget the steal
I have not a single enemy
Only evil entities that have some how befriended me, In they mind
Cause I am just a mortal man of peace that can rhyme
And when it comes to dame's I catch plane's
They catch feelins
Haters keep my name in they mouth like villains
High as a cellin
Ya'll really don't know who your dealing with now
Visions of livin' until my flesh is perished and my spirit is risen
I'm thankful for every breath I'm givin

Fuck social division
On the road to success and their ain't no time for collision
People ask "how you get your flow so amazing"
To which I reply "I have yet to scratch the surface like abrasions"
Haters taken shots but I never graze em
Now if pro is the opposite of con
What's the opposite of pro-gress
I love my country but that shit a mess
Grew up on sex and they that I can attest
And how they wonder why I claim I'm the fucking best

I'm out the presidents to represent me (get money) (8x)

Now if I don't believe it y'all won't perceive it
Now run it back and retrieve it
Till you receive it in your mother fuckin mind
Only 22 but I feel like I'm 99
Back in 1999 that's when I began to rhyme
Surrounded by narcotics and crime but you know I shine
Daddy was smokin crack I was raised by a single mom
Fastin every night I ain't talking bout no Ramadan
I was poor as fuck me and my momma didn't have a dime
At 16 the school system dismissed him and wished him well
But my momma never fought it, how the fuck could I prevail?
So I focused on this music and used it to create a life of my own
I left home at 17
Shortly after my momma got stabbed by fucking around in the streets
But she still breathin which gives me a reason to believe in a higher power
instead of grieving
So many rappers biting me you would think they was teethin
So you know this is just a sugar coated version within a fraction of a perce
ntage that was taken from just a piece of my story