

# Disgusting

Logic

Yeah; pass the mic before I jack it like gore-tex  
Bust like raw sex, rappers suck like vortex  
The life of a Don- We living like kings, and killing our pawns  
Boy, the seconds it's on - don't know where we going  
I'm flowing and killing this shit from dusk til dawn  
Just had sex with a Middle Eastern girl- The pussy was bomb  
That last line made no sense like these rappers' careers  
But I make dollars, cause I'm all about the fiscal year  
Yeah; you don't like me? I'll conjure up and summon all your fears  
You wanna fight me? I'll woop my own ass before you get here  
Wanna write me? And tell me that my rhymes suck?  
Bitch I don't give a fuck, I'll stab you in the gut, call it a tummy tuck  
You can ask my ex, I bust quicker than two techs  
Caressed by a kid with category 5 tourettes  
In other words I squeeze with ease, dot my I's and cross my T's  
I'm a perfectionist; the lesson is fuck everyone assessing this  
It's hip-hop, not to be taken literally  
However on the light of note I stayed with bills like Hilary  
My flow convects, murder subjects with little respect  
Best protect your neck, before you play my tape better inspect the deck  
Fuck every other rapper forever ever forever since the dawn of time  
Sike- I'm not that much of a dick when I rhyme  
On another level like duplex, bust heads like suplex  
Slaughter MC's then ask who's next...

Ey yo my crew next, but you say you next, so I guess we now  
Priceless flow so even If I write it's still a freestyle  
Never busting gats I ain't no gangster put that heat down  
Then go and grab a mic and see if you can fuck with me now  
I got that A plus flow I'm on a roll bitch I can't fail  
Making money with my mind, call that shit a brain sell  
Raise hell, like I'm Satan's daddy while you in here  
Catch me in a tenant caddy with a bitch from Cincinnati  
With the thickest fatty while I hit the gas, you lick it gladly  
With the window down see other bitches blowing kisses at me  
It's a fact that me and Logic rip with vicious rap to list a wrap  
We spittin' crack to keep the fiends, coming back to show world  
Reppin Maryland but I make music for the whole world  
Seduce a chick with lyrics whenever she hear it, it make her toes curl  
So sick I hope I don't hurl, if you love me let me go girl  
Cause no pussy come before my flow, just had to let you know girl  
Spit it so thorough and in depth, I bet I leave in you impressed  
Rattpack be my family, I fuck with y'all no incest  
Only interest is to blow up, and watch they hands go up  
Cause I used to throw shows back then but no one would show up  
I ain't all about the money but I want it homie sho' nuff  
Cause krispie crazy bout' the cream, you could say I'm doughnuts

I murdered my manager Chris last night  
We exchanged a couple words, he said some things I didn't like  
I said okay... then punched him in the face with a butcher knife  
I want more like Ashton Kutcher's wife  
Now can you feel it? They won't {Sinatra}  
Gimme what I want, so fuck it I'm a steal it  
I'll dilapidate you, grab the butter knife and decapitate you  
Yeah that's what I said - huh, and bitch I did it  
We all have thoughts like this; I'm just willing to admit it

I would never act upon these thoughts now, don't you get it?  
It's like when a gentleman sees the baddest bitch and thinks, "I'd hit it!"  
But he never says it; I'll dump your body in a dessert  
It's the wrath of a psychopath clutching a razor blade in a bath  
Having his last laugh, anticipating a gash- the other night I murdered capta  
in crunch  
Right in front of Toucan Sam and a whole damn bunch  
That's life, what can I say? I'm a cereal killer, venereal dealer  
And yes you know they ain't none other iller  
It's Logic.