

## Live On The Air

Logic

Ayo, I'm living abroad like the baddest bitch you've ever seen  
Ain't about that hybrid shit but I'm all about the green  
Making so many moves I need a dose of Dramamine  
For rap I'm a fiend, come and test my team  
I school MC's cause I'm the motherfucking dean  
My cerebral cortex force, my trigger finger reflex  
To bust techs like raw sex, ain't no tellin' what's next  
I sling mixtapes like crack rocks  
Watch snow bunnies chillin' in the backdrop, discussin' how the  
track rocks  
Goddamn, I'm a miraculous man  
And if I wasn't Logic, I'd be his number one fan  
Beware I'm spittin' fire cause the world is in dire need of an  
MC to admire  
And set the bar higher  
So I conspire, within my mind just had a friar  
The rap Messiah, fresh to death so peep the attire  
Feelin' like B Rabbit when he slaughtered the Lotto  
Get money, fuck bitches, and respect women is the motto  
You say potato, I say potato  
You call 'em rappers but all I see is comedians  
My future's lookin' XXL, they shit is medium  
Call me Bobby Kennedy the way I fuck with Marilyn  
MCs approach, take notes, and then I bury them  
I'm out of this world, my studio's the planetarium  
The way I flow, this shit is slicker than butter  
The second I utter lyricism that leave all the rest in the gutt  
er  
I thought I told ya'll I'm the best, d-d-did I stutter?  
I'll hit your mom in the head with a car bomb just to blow her  
mind like Vietnam  
Had a myspace account but my only friend was Tom  
When I eat pussy I pretend that I'm speaking in Islam  
Psych, It's a joke I swear that I'm not racist  
To be honest I'll murder you no matter what color your face is  
Punch you in the face if I catch you slippin' in braces  
You want beef? I'll choke you to death with your own shoelaces  
Psych, I swear I'm not a violent guy  
Once upon time I brought a Super Soaker to a drive-by  
Full of Kool-Aid and warm piss  
My buzz is growing every day and when the swarm hits  
Million dollar trips, sex at the Ritz  
So rich I'll make bitches show Charlie Murphy their tits  
Blow the competition to bits, leavin' the enemy lit  
But I'm out cause there's women to please and money to get  
It's Logic