

Metropolis

Logic

Sometimes I feel like I've drifted, I feel different I feel gifted
I've been high so long, don't need to smoke to get lifted
I've been under pressure looking for Nikki
Whenever she is around, you know I come quickly
Vivid memories of Chicago, south side where I go
From Reggies to the House of Blues, progress is the model
Man the first show that I ever done sold out was in Chicago
Yeah, yeah, living like I've been ready to die
Maybe not, I don't know why my mind is changing
Rearranging this dangerous melody, uh
Yeah, and I know that ain't nobody finna ever be ahead of me
All that competition right there, are dead to me
Yeah, uh, yeah, I've been turning the pages
Feeling the vibe, shit is outrageous
Boy, I've been feeling courageous
This shit right here, I've been at it for ages
Feels like I'm running through mazes, everybody has they phases
Yeah, vibe with this, bad bitch in the whip and I ride to this
And I'm feeling it uh, hope when I'm forty I'm still in it
One of the few that be killing it uh
Yeah, young motherfucker that be giving what he living
On the road to success you know that I'm driven
But they didn't wanna publish it, but right now I'm on some other shit
I'm in a different world, I'm with a different girl
I'm with the same team, but it's a different scheme
Remember back when I couldn't even pay the bills
And I never forget how that feels back when I went

Buy it, break it, roll it, light it, smoke it, inhale it I'm gone
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Okay, doing what I gotta do, flying at this altitude
I look out of the window like goddamn, that's what I really do
Don't know why I fear the planes, sometimes I was to sustain
If I look back on it I would do it all over again
Nikki, Nikki, where you been? I can't wait to breathe you in
Been on this plane way too long, I can't wait to see you again
Oh my God this turbulence has got me sippin' on this liquor
Crazy racist white bitch looking at us like "Who are these niggas?"
First class, on they ass, all complain that's when I dash
Just landed in Europe and this model bitch is tryna smash
Now I'm riding on the train, All this shit inside my brain
Just left a hotel in Belgium, damn them waffles was insane
Smoking blunts in Amsterdam, oh my God this is my jam
May-December by Mos Def in my headphones, that's the man

I know, I know that I got it if I, do what I gotta do to get by
And they wonder why I never get high
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Okay, fuck affiliation, I'm that dude that did it on his own
He starts inside my mind, he fuckin' with me when I'm all alone
I really like this girl she bad as fuck, why must I run away?
It feel like self assassination, I can't put this gun away

God damn, what's the plan? Not complacent where I am
Reminiscing when I hit the road back in that mini van
Broke as fuck, not a dollar, whipping that Chevy Impala
Praying that we make it out this city, Lord willin', Insha'Allah
Up today the couple years, now my idols are my peers
I was on the road to nowhere till I decided to veer
Put my everything into this shit, you know, I know you know this
Used to give a fuck what people thought, hoping that they would notice
Stop giving a fuck cause music gotta be the only motive
Mind racing on and off the track, I'm going locomotive

I can't believe you don't like Tarantino
Ugh, I don't like him because, like, when it's non like non-Tarantino-
esque, I think it's a good movie
You mean like Inglorious Bastards?
I didn't see that
What?!
I didn't, I don't know
Oh my God, have you seen Pulp Fiction
Yeah, but I don't really remember it
What you talking about? Have you seen uh, this is funny cause we're on the t
rain, have you seen, fuck! What's his name. The guy from the movie, in the p
lace on the
On the train? With the scenery?
Uh, I'm tryna remember right now, dammit, Source Code
No
You haven't seen that?
No
With the dude from Donnie Darko
Who's that?
Oh my God
Well I still wanna know what your favorite Tarantino movie is

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The original members of the Rattpack include, C Dot Castro, Big Lenbo and Lo
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