

# Numbers

## Logic

You already know what I been on  
You know where I be at  
Cause men lie, women lie  
Numbers don't I see that? (Don't I see that?)

Catch me in a private jet  
Like fuck it where the weed at?  
And this flight attendant got the fattest ass  
You know I need that

Now these bitches say they love me  
But they're just obsessed with the image  
Now if practice makes perfect  
Then this is a scrimmage

Cause I ain't perfect  
I never said I was  
But now they're hating  
Cause a brotha finally got some buzz

The things that I say (Say)  
The places I'm seeing (Seeing)  
The people I talk to  
You don't know what I mean

Even matters of love  
It ain't always as it seems  
Yeah there's plenty in the sea  
Until you hit the mainstream

The girl that I love  
The one I call my honey  
Now I wonder if she love me for me  
Or for my fucking money

Sometimes I think about the love  
That I had in the past  
I truly miss it  
But It just wasn't destined to last

Cause our separation  
Lit a fire under my ass  
And now I'm gunning for the throne  
Yeah that is my task

Just a youngin' with a dream  
That acquired a team  
Motivated by bad bitches  
And rockin supreme

Now the whole world  
Wonders what's his next move  
That all depends on  
What I feel that I need to improve

Tell me what you think of me  
I swear it doesn't matter

Just as long as I am happy  
And my pocket's getting fatter

Just watch me shatter the competition  
Getting madder then all of them wishing  
You couldn't of done it like I done it  
Bitch I run it, Ah!

Yeah you know I do it  
Like it ain't never been done  
Hit the Vegas strip  
And blow a million euro just for fun

To be honest I may have embellished  
That last line  
Chillin' with a shorty  
That is so much more than fine

At the penthouse poppin' bottles  
Of that hundred thousand dollar wine  
I got the connect  
Met 'em through the grape vine

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Yeah, It's been a year  
And everything I said would happen, has  
New school style with old school bars  
Like Alcatraz

Cause I ain't never  
Second guess this music shit  
I knew this shit  
Was all I ever wanted, all I ever had

Born famous now it's just time to convince the world  
Ditch cats, like drainage  
If they disrespect it  
Don't step through

I paint pictures for your mind  
And bring it to life like cinematography  
Say it then I do it  
My whole career is a prophecy

Now, better grab your jacket  
Cause in this world we live in it's cold out  
And when my album hits the stores  
It's sold out

Like these rapper's careers  
I'm the sum of our fears  
Fuck a grammy nominated  
Bitch, I made it and I'm here

I said it's all about the fans, Not about the record sells  
They said it wouldn't work, I told them go fuck themselves  
Why you think I'm independent visionaries never fail  
Why, Why you think I'm independent visionaries never fail

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Sinatra

"You gotta realize, a lot of the time when I talk  
And I'm talking extremely cocky, I'm not talking  
About myself, I'm talking about the work."

You know here I be at  
Logic