

## Prime

## Logic

(Hey) The mental state of a lyricist in his prime  
Spittin' rhyme, thought from the mind  
Poetic rhetoric that rhyme  
We punch lines that leave you conflicted, and hit rewind  
Every time I spit an I'll line the worlds mine

Fuck a Matana  
Quit it the second I'm out the vagina  
Won't even call her mañana  
Sike

Lyrical Unibomber  
I'm a I'm a allergic to drama  
Mentality of a felon  
Rebellin' elevate  
While you repellin'  
Only hate because I'm sellin'  
Who you tellin'?

See I was on that raw shit  
While you was on that naw shit  
The people "they gonna toss it"  
When that all they endorse it

I just waited for my time to shine, I never forced it  
Strategically planned it like Peyton Mannin' way before shit was even real

I remember nights as a child with my momma, hungry  
But my hunger for this music is on another level  
This shit will truly have you contemplatin' deals with the devil  
But homie I'm a king not a pawn I never settle  
Cause this joint within my mind  
Is so fine I can bend metal

Yeah, In high school I wasn't worried about them A's and B's  
I was trying to make the flow unkillable to obtain these Gs  
Murder syllables, yes I aim to please, so much ice they call me Mr. Freeze  
Sike  
All up under your girls skirt as if I was the breeze  
Flow celsius I surpass degrees  
Homie, please  
And now I'm feelin' like I'm number 1  
Cause nobody made it in the game out of where I'm coming from  
Can you feel me?

Me and my team devised a scheme to get the cream  
Followin' dreams, livin' our lives like movie scenes  
It started as a team, sippin' liquor, smoking' green  
For music I was a fiend, my homies know what I mean

Ha, Lethal projectiles aimed at reptiles  
Best get your money in order fore' you get checked now

(Yeah) The beats my bitch, the mic's my mistress  
Fiance flowin' I engage, don't miss this now  
Hop on the track, you know I kill it to death  
Fuckin' with Logic, it's inevitable that I will result in your imminent deat

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Now hit rewind and take a breath, Homie ain't nothin' left  
I'm Gregory House and this game is testin' my patients  
Been on the low like freemasons  
Livin' amazing, if your shit is hot my shit is cajun  
Divine white wine flowin', yes you know it's aging  
You got sixteens? Ha, I got mathematical equations