

## Roll Call

Logic

Smoking in London while the snow fall  
In another country so pardon me for the roll call  
Damn, who would've thought the fan base was this immense  
On the first fucking plane to Paris so pardon my french  
Shows sold out, fans in line even though it's cold out  
Yeah, touring Europe getting swiss cheese  
Many said I'd never attain it now I'm like, "bitch please, what up?"  
Allow me to open up the verse with something so diverse  
Now let the flow immerse, hold up; watch it disperse  
Visions of Biggie, Big L and 2Pac just looking at me  
From the gates of Heaven while the police booking at me  
Open your mental while bitches give me brain with no dental  
Y'all probably think I'm crazy for touching this instrumental  
Shout out my cousin Ego, he know this shit's sentimental  
Been doing this shit for my dogs, holding down the kennel  
My ex hit me talkin bout she wanna make up  
But on the real, I got no time for cover girls  
Music is my main bitch, no time for other girls  
I'm finna blow like Hiroshima, my demeanor get meaner  
Watch me elevate to arenas  
Me without the mic, that's like  
Martin without the Gina, Venus without Serena  
Now these thirsty bitches on the dick, we call that Aquafina  
I used to bus tables until them tables turned  
And everything I have obtained is everything I've earned  
And everything I rap about is everything I've learned  
So hopefully the listener can position a situation where they don't get burned  
And they can learn from my mistakes, like I've learned from the greats  
To do whatever it takes, for Heaven's sakes open your mind  
This shit's one of a kind, elegant and refined, irrelevant to the swine  
What's the deal?  
Whipping through LA in the coupe de Ville, on the real  
To various people I do appeal, because of skill  
So this the type of shit I'm gon keep making  
That make MCs break fast like flapjacks and bacon  
Rest in peace to BIG, and many other fallen soldiers  
Never Hollywood, I'm grounded like a cup of Folgers, bitch I told ya  
Allow me to open up your mind and mold ya  
Indulge ya, within this shit I call the second Renascence  
The system broke and they sent Logic in for maintenance  
All you wack rappers couldn't break change to make sense  
I'm back again with another argument about how much I'm black again  
Fighting for credibility from the lack of blacker skin  
It's kind of funny how your pigment determines how people perceive you  
That's ignant  
Ain't seen my mommy in a minute  
Cause growing up she called me a nigga  
That would never amount to nothing  
Racism from my own momma, left home because of drama  
But I can make it in the rap game, look at Obama  
You ain't been in my shoes, you don't know my story  
You don't know what's in store, but bitch I stocked the inventory  
Fuck a critic with the balls to try to tell me how I feel  
You wasn't with me as a child  
Never once did you feel the pain of my stomach  
That manifested from the lack of meals

Headed to the soup kitchen on foot by the lack of wheels  
We aim to keep it real  
And hell no we ain't never missing  
Came a long way from eating when government gave permission  
If you think these lyrics ain't deep, you too stupid to listen  
Just an outkast with a mission to spit to whoever listen  
Bitch it's Logic!