

Soul Food

Logic

God damn, god damn, conversations with legends
Crazy how one day your idols can turn into your brethren
Bitches we severing, hit up my jeweler, watch him freeze us
Breaking bread like I'm Jesus
Money ain't everything, but somehow eases
Better believe and think down and leave us, the baby cryin
Crack, cooking where my sister be frying soul food
Plus my other sister just went back to her old dude
He whopping her ass, I kill him, I kill him, I motherfucking kill him
I said I really want to kill him, but I can't
Cause if I do po po gon claim I'm the villain, but I ain't
See my vision from pictures I paint
Do you feel it like I feel it, I grip the mic and then kill it
Okay, I'm gone, as memories resurface from hella long in my past
Chilling sipping sinatra from a flask
Little bobby, just a younging, skating was my hobby
Tryna stay out of trouble, my homie in jail for robbery
Welfare, food stamps, and stealing from the store
Come home and see an eviction notice taped to my door
Can't take no more, momma on drugs, daddy M.I.A
What can I say? I just wanted to be a kid and play
To this day I pay homage to the Gods, to the greats
Never stolen, I'm from Maryland
Where they shoot you in the dark of the night
Like Christopher Nolan, for talking out your colon
Catch my rolling with the realest
Lyricism the illest, my chain is chillest sub zero
Far from a hero, bitch, I'm De Niro in Goodfellas
If your bitch around me best bring an umbrella
Let me tap into my inner self and killer, another illa
Murder the game and resurrect it like thrilla
Yeah, my skin is vanilla, but bitch I dare you to test my killa
We don't do it for the skrilla, we do it for love
Word to my homies up above, we slinging like drugs
And overdose em like the dealer does

Hip Hop

I swear this music in my genes like Denim
Lyricism seeping, I'm like venom
Yes, I know the flow hotter than Lucifer
Even though heaven sent him
See my vision as I've elevated and risen
Open your eyes, despise lies... with daily precision
I finally made my way out that section 8 division
Now I'm busting and killing though I've had my share of stealin
But by putting pen to this pad and dispersing these feelings
While the label only care about making a killin
Feel my energy, I ain't talking E-N-E-R-G-Y, I mean inner G
That's the shit they never see
But I own supremacy, number 1 I better be
Bitch, I said I bet I be
Take my kindness for weakness, trying to get the better of me
Tell me how is they gonna remember me
As the artist that can conquer the perfect recipe
Wouldn't they be addressing me, talking less of me
Just because I was different, just because I was doing what I love

And the fans they say they love you, but they push and they shove
Cause they want what they want how they want when they want it
I just gave them twenty songs, now they want another hundred
I could see it as a challenge, I could do it, bitch, I run it
Worldwide tours, type of shit I always wanted
While the rest of em just worry about bitches and getting blunted
Still that same motherfucker from that YS1
Only difference is I'm stronger and better from when I've begun
So when people that never knew me they tell me that I changed
That my music is different or my vision is rearranged?
I can stop and do my best to refrain
From having conversations with people that ain't in my lane
Will I die? Will I live?
Give the world everything I had to give
Just these feelings on a page, know my wisdom, not my age
Understand that I'm a man not defined by his race
Even though it's in the millions that shit don't define my brilliance
Open your mind and maybe you can see the billions
Our people that separated, but all equal
To know the ending one must understand the prequel
I swear this music in my genes like Denim
Lyricism seeping, I'm like venom
Yes, I know the flow hotter than Lucifer
Even though heaven sent him
Spit it like Holy water, prophetically repent em then we gone