

# Tic Tac Toe

Logic

I'm 'bout to get it right now  
All these motherfuckers wonder how  
All the pretty girls love the style  
And they wonder if he well endowed  
On stage tryna feel my dick from the crowd

Come on baby girl, tell me what you want, I got what you need  
Said she independent, so don't get offended if she leave  
I said I won't get offended  
I'll just get some Fendi  
And repress my emotions and material shit that can be a distraction  
Pussy and money, sometimes I feel the satisfaction  
'Til I spend that bread and bust that nut and now I'm back, son  
After the damage is done  
Rearrange the game and let 'em know your name

You know the drill, come on you know the deal  
If my shorty acting up, I'll wife swap like Uncle Phil  
Moving at the speed of sound, let's slow it down and keep it trill  
Yeah we keep it real, kill 'em with kindness and not the steel  
Yeah, we livin' it up  
You know that this is my everything, I'm never givin' it up  
All the time, (yeah we do it)  
And now I feel like I wanna keep going, my cards never showing  
Don't know what's in hand  
I love my fans, but this here girl want me, tell me I'm the man, I know I am  
But never acknowledge it  
Touring the country, I'm loving these colleges  
Touching more pussy than a gynecologist  
Study her body like I'm a biologist, with no apology  
Baby girl follow me  
She got low, blow my kiss of criminology  
And she be loving the way I be flowing  
And I know that infatuation is growing  
If you catch them feelings you better be slowing it down  
Cause we both know what happens when that love come around  
You feelin' me, I'm feelin' you, I want you to be mine  
Maybe one day it will be, but I don't have the time

Shorty say she love me and she know every word  
To every song on every mixtape  
"When your album droppin'? Tell me which date  
Everything you say to me, I can relate  
The fact that we met right here, right now on this night, it must be fate"  
Now I'll be damned, time moves so fast  
Couple months back, I had a meeting with my last  
Reminiscing about love, discussing matters of the past  
Looking in them eyes, but I'm thinking 'bout that ass  
I took her for coffee, she took me for granted  
Now I show no emotion and my shorty can't stand it  
And now you know  
I'm on my grind, I keep my exes in line like 'tic tac toe'  
And I finally got 'em all about my vision  
However, I'm all they see when they turn on the television