

# Walk On By

Logic

Who would have thought that painting pictures 'bout being broke  
Would get me rich just like dealing coke  
Like big brother used to do so we could stay afloat  
I heard them guns outside my window, them gangsters would talk  
Thought about the life I wanted, picked up the pen and then wrote  
While they was firing, you could hear sirens  
From people dialling and women crying in the phone  
I was in the zone, trying to make a living  
Heading to work in the morning  
Nobody felt like I was mourning, as my dream was deceased  
Until I quit my job, then my work ethic increased  
Elevated to levels I ain't ever seen  
Stacking this cream, living the American dream now  
I'm going crazy, I ain't slept in days  
Dreaming of Michael Jordan money like I slept in J's  
Always shouting out my team 'cause I get all the plays  
But they the ones that motivate me on depressing days  
See I'm from Maryland where cats draw gats like animation  
From the smallest altercation, that can lead determination  
With a rapper on every corner, like the rest of the nation  
Passing bars back and forth like legal examinations  
As a youngin I was running wild  
Me and my homies skipping school, puffing on that loud  
Doing shit just to do it, 'cause we wasn't allowed  
I thought I understood the world, but I was still a child, yeah  
Now when my momma was at home drinking, thinking 'bout the bills  
I was dreaming 'bout the mills, running round looking for thrills  
I guess this is how it feels when your memory spills onto the page  
And paints a picture of another age  
Back in West Deer Park, chilling with shorties after dark  
'Cause when the sun is down, the police always want us down  
'Til we get older and hustle, now they try'na gun us down  
We just trying to make a living off of what we've been given  
Wassup

Walk on by  
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Walk on

They call me Logic, yeah that's L-O-G-I-C  
I ain't rucked up in them bitches, I just write 'bout shit I see  
'Cause these lyrics set me free, fuck the world, let me be  
And when I feel like I can't write, that's when I hit the MPC  
My talent limitless, my time limited so listen up  
If you can't see the shit I see, you better get your vision up  
I'm the king, watch me reign, born to rule my domain  
Album ain't even in stores, they try'na sue me for my name  
Shit insane, so berzerk, never complained, I just work  
Chasing after my dreams like them high school skirts  
Back as a youngin, spitting game, try'na get the nut in  
Living life to the fullest 'cause them little things ain't nothing  
My flow un-killable when I be murdering syllables  
But I take my time, slow it down, check the rhyme  
Perfectionist to the dime, from the womb to the tomb  
I be rapping 'til I'm dying, doing everything I love  
That's the life of a don, skipping school, sipping liquor  
Try'na get this money quicker, bad bitches, good weed

That's the type of shit I need, lyrics bleed from my mind state  
Elevate my mind and watch it rise like the crime rate  
'Cause sometimes I be high, and sometimes I be low  
And sometimes I do shit I thought I'd never do before  
My life is like a movie role that's starring me  
Got these women on me  
I hit the club with all my homies, and the drinks is on me  
At the crib with the shorty that I met at the spot  
Pretty eyes, nice lips, Grey Goose what she sips  
Put my hands on her hips, 'til she puts them on her tits  
Freak bitch, want the dick, biting on her finger tip  
I only fuck with nice girls, I never do this type of shit  
I'm thinking 'bout hitting it raw, shit I must be willing out  
But that pussy wet as hell, I think it's time to end the drought  
Then I guess she could be burning, and that's not what I'm about  
So I dipped out, to live another day and die another night  
'Cause when I'm gone that ain't go'n be the song that they recite  
Waddup