

The Tonedeff-logic Project

Tonedeff

Tonedeff - Verse 1A

I snap wack rappers in half like they was a stack of crackers/
Till the animals they're crafted after, be laughing at ya/
Blasting ya bastards, cause it's for certain/
Your skills are a figment of your imagination like Tyler Durden.

Logic - Verse 1B

Whatever happened to qualified lines written down with mental quality/
I renamed your style pet-peeve because your shit just fuckin bothers me/
Don't bother coming back, with your weak thoughts, I'm outta body/
I ripped em outta your skull with my one-handed lobotomy.

Tonedeff - Verse 1C

Here's an affirmation, I'm leaving your ass thrashed with lacerations/
Voraciously masticating, you waste half of your dates while masturbating/
Placing your severed in front of an assassination station/
So that day to day you'll Face decapitation.

Logic - Verse 1D

You can't stop, top me, or even rock me/
I don't believe in fuckin' crews, I even beat the guy who brought me/
You stop me? Now that's some shit that fucking shocks me/
Send your girl to ride my dick, cause that'll be the only way you'll top me
, You got me?

Logic - Verse 2A

My dick's bigger than Mandingo, I swing with a fandango/
Banged a one-
legged retarded bitch in a Durango, just to catch a different angle/
Angles angel different in competition, exposing your styling all bare/
Cause even your shittiest flows has got your rhymes running scared/
Sometimes I can't bear to witness the multitude of mediocrity/
Running repetitive schemes making hip-hop a total mockery/
But awkwardly, I welcome the weak when they're all coming/
Cause in competition, I house more niggas than if my name was Mr. Drummond.

Tonedeff Verse 2B

Can I take you out? Probably.
Make you take wrong turns like when Whitney decided to marry Bobby/
You'll get hooked up, then get fucked early like girls that fornicate/
I come off like loose promotional stickers on porno tapes/
The head to coronate/
With flows so organic that plants are green with envy, just how the hell yo
u think they chlorinate/
No chemicals needed to formulate/
Challenging calendars to tic-tac-
toe's the only way that you can score a date.

Logic - Verse 3A

I hear you crying with pleading, but your times up like a lease/
What? Jealous cause I move crowds like Riot Police?
Bitch, stay at ease, and back off my mic please/
Cause you seem to be giving my beat some kind of fucking disease/
You trying to step to me? Like you're the main feature?
Like bad audio email, I'll ignore ya and delete ya/
Then I'll beat ya, I mean, like, Just BEAT ya and defeat ya/
In front of your friends and family watching helpless from the bleachers/
Yea, I spoke to all your teachers, went over your notes in your pad/
And The part where you were speechless...best rap that you had/
I wanted to respond, I just didn't hear what you said/
Rhymes with expiration dates on em, I mean, your shit is so dead/

That in the middle of a battle, in your rhyme deliberation/
You're gonna need that kid from 6th Sense for translation/
Now, follow these directions, go to your rhyme at the top/
Switch to delete, cause you're a bitch.

Tonedeff Verse 3B

To grasp fame you clutch performers/

You gotta take scissors to almanacs of your street to cut corners/

Weak MCs on my lunch order/

In the winter you bitches lips are my certified nut-warmers/

The oral emancipator, Formative rants that paved the way

For an advance decay of exorbitant wack pervaders/

Through attacks for haters, Flows are the active agents/

Blindfolded fast breaks just to show you horrible stats later/

There's no surprise here/

I'm Tonedeff but with fully functional fingers, tongue, and nose, eyes... ears/

Like college kids buy beer, it's a given/

That nobody else can flip it when Logic & Tone is rippin/

Assaulting your bitch to hit the shit with ease/

I'm rocking it HART, never skipping a beat—even when I sneeze/

With no FEAR of amateurs/

I'm prepping the pop world for combat like giving Britney Spears in Africa.