

Logic-Midnight

Bridge

Everybody know I be—
Everybody know I be—
Yeah, yeah...

Chorus

Everybody know I be—
In the club VIP, sike, not me
Old girl wanna fuck me
Yeah, she fine, I'ma give her that D
Out with the homies, I be sippin' on somethin'
Oh shit, I might need an IV, permanently, permanently
Ayy, goddamn, these bitches is thirsty
They see a rapper but they ignore the band
I ain't talkin' 'bout musicians, you stupid bitch
Talkin' 'bout what's on my hand
Bitch, I been at and in it for a minute
This all been a part of my plan
Sold millions of records before the radio
Damn, it feel good to be the man

Chorus

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Chorus

Oh no Bobby, don't do 'em like that
You gon' fuck around and leave 'em ruined like that
RattPack the gang, they all on my back
RattPack the gang, we do it like that
No, don't do 'em like that
You gon' fuck around and leave 'em ruined like that
RattPack the gang, they all on my back
RattPack the gang, we do it like that

Verse

Yeah, uh
The illest that bring it, the realest
Bitch, I came to kill this
They can never bear me, just the homies and me
Now we the Grammy family
You made a couple million, that's it, it's gross
My net is 30, my record clean, my flow is dirty, right?
Real G's move in silence like—
Who the common denominator?
Fuck around and bomb a hater
My flow greater, heart darker than Darth Vader
Check the data, matter of fact, check the state of mind

After I'm finished, these rappers ain't in a state to rhyme
Straight to your mind now
Feel this shit like it's some Braille
Way too heavy for the scale
All I know about is bars, like I couldn't make the bail
It ain't never room to fail
Only growing and prevail
When my anxiety rise and I feel like I'm in hell
Take a moment and inhale
Count to five then exhale
Then we run that motherfucker like a marathon
Hits, motherfucker, hits, yeah we 'bout that Barry Bonds
Brace yourself, you can't retain me
All that shit you talkin' out your mouth just won't sustain me
Logic pickin' up the slack like denim
Spit it with venom
Never pretend to be somethin' that I'm not
And you ain't shit when you stand next to me
No kiddin' like vasectomy
Step to me, throw disrespect to me
And I'll rearrange your trajectory
Black and white like a piano and I'm proud to be
And fuck whoever tell me I am not allowed to be
I am me, I'm a man, can I live?—Goddamn
Yeah, I guess this shit right here is just all a part of the plan
Haters gon' hate, that's the motherfuckin' sayin'
So much plaque up on my wall I need a dentist
From Maryland to Venice, this shit is worldwide
Step up to the mic and it's a homicide

Chorus

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