

# GP4

## Logic

Watch Watch Y'all niggas overdoin' it  
You gotta slow that shit down  
Take your time, reevaluate your shit, it don't matter (Watch)  
Niggas ain't got money, ain't got time  
Fuck it, just say this shit You and me  
Gon' live together in this perfect harmony (I hear 'em callin')  
I can hear 'em callin' me  
We've come a long way since H.O.C (Watch) You and me  
Gon' live together in this perfect harmony (I hear 'em callin')  
I can hear 'em callin' me  
We've come a long way since H.O.C (Watch)  
I live by the beat, I die by the beat, since 1990, I (I)  
Live by the beat, I die by the beat, like MPC Akai  
Who I name William after 'cause I get bills from these beats  
Fuck the industry, you know we keepin' it real up in these streets  
Came up in a world that's off its axis  
All that's promised, death and taxes  
Don't give a fuck who be rhyming the fastest my anxiety  
Make me spit it a mile a minute  
I'm stuck in a clinic like Flint Montgomery Take a step back, tell me right now, boy, just what  
your summary  
Creeping through fireside  
Smash the window of that fire ride  
Just to see what we can snatch from up inside  
'Til the flashing lights come 'round the corner, then we run and hide  
Prayin' to God up in Heaven, 11 at night and I got no alibi  
My damn, dip to Stewart Town  
Best not come 'round these parts if you new in town  
Wonder what my homies from back in the day livin' at, are doin' now  
Running with my sister Jeanie  
Schooling me like Mr. Feeny  
This is the first time I heard a gunshot on the block  
Growing pains (Three), this the type of shit that never stop Here come the cops  
Shooting up the hood like Black Ops  
'Cause trigger-happy police tend to trigger happy people  
And some people who believe we not equal shoot up the steeple  
My God, if you exist then why do you make life so hard?  
If you exist the way you think is avant-garde  
If you exist you got a funny way of showing it  
What happens in the afterlife?  
These people think they knowin' shit And on that note I keep it G  
Like track four, "Kick in the Door" by Notorious B.I.G

Don't believe me, look that shit up, I promise you'll find the key  
 To that punchline, feelin' just fine Let the abyss of my, mind, my mind consume  
 Snap my fingers like Thanos and Bobby Boy bringin' the doom  
 'Cause I'm 6:30, killin' shit, hands down and dirty  
 That white boy can't rap, he talk good and act nerdy  
 I just texted Erykah Badu  
 To let her know what I'm gon' do  
 Sample "Dreamflower" by Tarika Blue  
 That's cool with you? Yeah, that's fine baby, all gravy  
 Long as you know, you my baby  
 And I beat yo' daddy like if he ever cheat on me  
 I mean she don't own the sample but she might as well  
 'Cause her and Dilla paved the way for all I got, and, well  
 I'ma show my gratitude, no attitude, no auto-tune like T-Pain  
 Doin' Unplugged, I'm unplugged, like Trinity  
 Wonder how the people are gonna remember me Goddamn, switch up the plan  
 We all say it, we all claim it  
 But it's no use the greatest rapper alive is probably stacking produce  
 Introduce you to my train of thought  
 Snapping on a track like the illest conductor  
 With no contradiction  
 I brought my heart to the table  
 Fact and never fiction, fuck a fable  
 Ready and willing you better believe I'm able to spit  
 Power through these lines fast as fiber-optic cable, I'm gone You and me  
 Gon' live together in this perfect harmony (I hear 'em callin')  
 I can hear 'em callin' me  
 We've come a long way since H.O.C (Watch) You and me  
 Gon' live together in this perfect harmony (I hear 'em callin')  
 I can hear 'em callin' me  
 We've come a long way since H.O.C (Watch)(Watch)  
 From the bottom  
 When you come from the bottom, you ain't get no chances, man  
 I'ma do this shit 'til the Fourth Of July, blow up straight to the sky (Watch)  
 Nigga fuck it, we high I remember when a nigga had to ask for money  
 It's been a long time since I had to do that shit (Watch)  
 This shit ain't free  
 I got this roof over my head and a bed nigga my bitch give me head  
 I'd rather get money instead  
 Man, it's Bobby Boy Records in this bitch  
 Y'all niggas better right this shit down (It don't matter)  
 'Cause ten years from now, we on top  
 And we ain't never gon' stop  
 All money in (Watch) This album marks the reunion of Logic and No I.D.  
 For the first time in six years  
 Since the inception of its predecessor

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

