

# Like Woah

Logic

Aye, this that shit  
I'm looking at you 6ix  
I've been feeling like a

I've been feeling like a mothafuckin' postman  
Sending letters to the people  
All this knowledge that I got, I'm like an old man  
Hold up, wait now oh man!  
Let me back up in this bitch  
I'm platinum in this bitch, I'm rapping in this bitch  
Running the game, yeah I've been lappin' in this bitch  
You know it's alright  
Fuck around and they all might  
Look at a brother different, I've been at it all night  
I think I said it but I know I do it, this for everybody going through it

Like woah  
Through it like woah  
Through it like woah  
Going through it like woah  
You already know  
You already know  
Gotta get it like woah  
In this bitch like woah  
Get it like, like, like woah  
Let's go  
Uh, I'ma get it like woah

Back up in this mothafucka livin' like a goddamn king  
Tell me money ain't a thing now  
30 thousand feet above the world right next to the wing  
Too high to hear the birds sing now  
All around the world and back again it's finally happenin'  
I'm lappin' in this luxury by nappin' in a big ass house  
Chillin' with my homies on the West side, West side  
Bringin' out my best side  
I was on the road for like a quarter I was in and out the border  
From London to Paris, yes it's very extraordinary  
Fuck around and took the bus and a ferry  
Should've seen the itinerary, then we made it back home like woah  
Tell me how you're feelin', higher than the ceilin'  
I know I've been illin'  
Probably wonder where I'm at, bitch I've been chillin'  
Why they grillin'? Yeah I'm still in like I never left  
They know I had to go but then I brought it right back

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I get so high they wonder why no I can't go away  
I gotta hold my own, know that's the only way  
I've been vibin', let me guide em, I said I gotta know  
I've been ridin' for so long I think that it's time to go  
Feeling like an addict that ain't had it, up and at it in a minute  
If it hadn't been invented, my limit wouldn't be infinite  
I'm feeling like an infant in a womb  
I'ma be here 'til the tomb  
Lately I've been in my room  
Lookin' and lookin' at records on the wall  
Hold up

Like woah

Yeah I hope we make it to fuckin' paradise and not die on the way there, mot  
hafucka