

(Hey) The mental state of a lyricist in his prime
Spittin' rhyme, thought from the mind
Poetic rhetoric that rhyme
We punch lines that leave you conflicted, and hit rewind
Every time I spit an I'll line the worlds mine

Fuck a Matana
Quit it the second I'm out the vagina
Won't even call her mañana
Sike

Lyrical Unibomber
I'm a I'm a allergic to drama
Mentality of a felon
Rebellin' elevate
While you repellin'
Only hate because I'm sellin'
Who you tellin'?

See I was on that raw shit
While you was on that naw shit
The people "they gonna toss it"
When that all they endorse it

I just waited for my time to shine, I never forced it
Strategically planned it like Peyton Mannin' way before shit was even real

I remember nights as a child with my momma, hungry
But my hunger for this music is on another level
This shit will truly have you contemplatin' deals with the devil
But homie I'm a king not a pawn I never settle
Cause this joint within my mind
Is so fine I can bend metal

Yeah, In high school I wasn't worried about them A's and B's
I was trying to make the flow unkillable to obtain these Gs
Murder syllables, yes I aim to please, so much ice they call me Mr. Freeze
Sike
All up under your girls skirt as if I was the breeze
Flow celsius I surpass degrees
Homie, please
And now I'm feelin' like I'm number 1
Cause nobody made it in the game out of where I'm coming from
Can you feel me?

Me and my team devised a scheme to get the cream
Followin' dreams, livin' our lives like movie scenes
It started as a team, sippin' liquor, smoking' green
For music I was a fiend, my homies know what I mean

Ha, Lethal projectiles aimed at reptiles
Best get your money in order fore' you get checked now

(Yeah) The beats my bitch, the mic's my mistress
Fiance flowin' I engage, don't miss this now
Hop on the track, you know I kill it to death
Fuckin' with Logic, it's inevitable that I will result in your imminent deat

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Now hit rewind and take a breath, Homie ain't nothin' left
I'm Gregory House and this game is testin' my patients
Been on the low like freemasons
Livin' amazing, if your shit is hot my shit is cajun
Divine white wine flowin', yes you know it's aging
You got sixteens? Ha, I got mathematical equations