

The Return

Logic

Satisfied
Satisfied
Yeah yeah, yeah
Satisfied has come to you
Sinatra
Big Pepe
Satisfied
Oh, you got the studio shoutout
Satisfied
You feelin' good about yourself right now, huh?
Satisfied it has come to you (6ix)
Hold up let me get up in it now
Bitch, I'm here to win it now
L-O-G-I-C, I'm feeling free, I'm finna bring it now
If you know the words take a step back and sing it now
Never thought I'd have to, but I keep the windows tinted now
Like, la-di-da-di, who got the keys to my Audi?
Last time I said, it went viral, I don't fuck with nobody
And I don't fuck with you, you, them, her and him too
'Cause none of y'all know a fucking thing 'bout what I been through
And all that superficial shit you love I'm just not into
And when it comes to gettin' deep in this rap shit I've been to
Like the pussy, don't push me
I ain't no killer, but you know the rest
You think I caught the holy spirit how I'm feelin' blessed
Ain't no contest to all this wack shit, it just ain't no test
Step and get laid to rest, boy, step and get laid to rest
And ain't no "S" on my chest but I'm still gunnin'
While half of these motherfuckers still runnin'
I've learned everything I've attained and they still 'front him
Like God damn, I'm the motherfuckin' man
Used to call you a hater, you a motherfuckin' stan
Ain't nobody built himself a brand like me
I ain't signed a shoe deal 'cause I'm waitin' for Nike
To recognize all these youngins wanna be just like me
Cut the check for 20 Million right now and we might see
Everybody rockin' my kicks, preachin' positivity
I get up, I get up
I get up, when I'm down

Had enough, almost drowned, when shit rough
 I get tough and when I'm beaten to the ground
 I get up, I get up
 I get up, uh, uh
 I get up, uh, uh
 I get up, when I'm down
 Had enough, almost drowned, when shit rough
 I get tough and when I'm beaten to the ground
 I get up, I get up
 I get up, uh, uh
 I get up, uh, uh
 I get up Never address me as "Robert" unless it's about that Dinero
 Far from a hero, I ain't never savin' hoese
 I'm not defined by these clothes, and zeros
 It don't matter if you got six dollars or six figures on the creep
 'Cause in the end we all six feet deep
 Meanwhile, I'll be immortalized on the 6ix beat
 Flashbacks and havin' visions way back in G'Burg
 Every single one of my homies and me work
 Cuttin' had to get up out it, make a hit, forget about it
 Youngin' wit' a dream but nobody gave a shit about it
 Ten years later pick up a pen, write a hit about it
 And back then I thought I'd be defined by how good I rhyme
 Not like these rappers with shit flows, but look good online
 Not made to feel bad for speakin' bout this shit on my mind
 Or called a faggot or nigger or cracker who wish he was blacker
 I wish I could face my homophobic,
 racist attacker and smack the shit
 outta they ass as peaceful is possible
 It's highly improbable, it's stoppable
 But still, way too many people feel how I feel
 That's on the real, on the real, on the motherfuckin' real I get up, when I'm down
 Had enough, almost drowned, when shit rough
 I get tough and when I'm beaten to the ground
 I get up, I get up
 I get up, uh, uh
 I get up, uh, uh
 I get up, when I'm down
 Had enough, almost drowned, when shit rough
 I get tough and when I'm beaten to the ground
 I get up, I get up
 I get up, uh, uh
 I get up, uh, uh Ayo motherfuckin' Trump said that shit
 on my last album but you wasn't tapping in
 Fuck a mumble let's make America rap again

Industry don't give a fuck about rap or what's happenin'
Fuck a Hype Beast, bitch, now who seein' me?
Nobody reports the music, this shit, this rap TMZ
Nowadays everyone divided, so I collided with headlines to preach that
Go 'head now boy and preach that
Wash my hands of this negativity, word to three stacks
So fresh, so clean, who the illest on the scene?
Wu-Tang, get the cream
Sinatra 'gon reign supreme
Hoping your mental get out your feelins like dental
This shit is consequential, lightin' a fire to the game
Can you rappers feel the flame? Nah, this shit won't be the same
Fuck a rap beef, I promise I want all of y'all to prosper
But deep down you know it's only 'gon be one Mufasa
I'm the king, fuck the bling, but just might make you kiss the ring
All these rappers I came up on, I surpassed on, I know it sting now
Don't try to twist my words and turn that into some shit
I love all you motherfuckers, just want to hear you spit
Dropped my last shit, the whole wide world applauded it
Game still ain't giving me my credit so I'ma audit it
I'm heartless like Kanye in '08
Yeah that's word to NO I.D
Now they all know who I be
I'm callin' out Jay-Z to jump up on the
track with me and smack the whole industry
Show 'em what that real rap do
The ball's in your court, Hov
I hope to hear from Guru, woo!

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