

# 44 Bars

## Logic

If you deal with war, that's what state for  
We're dealing with tubes and rhymes  
Cut some more into my side Yeah, in London talkin' to Rhetorik 'bout my life and shit  
I thought the album was finished but I keep writing shit  
It's kind of funny how life changed and rearranged  
No matter what happens, everything ain't gon' be the same  
The incredible album, what an incredible outcome  
I grip the mic and then talk to the people like I'm Malcolm  
I used to think the fame and money was the motivation  
Until I toured the world and met the people face to face and  
Understood that the power was harnessed in that basement  
It ain't about the money and notoriety  
It's about the people and making a difference in society  
But don't get it twisted, this life I'm living is like a movie  
The Godfather, the Goodfella wielding an Uzi  
One with the people, if the people is wondering who's he?  
Same level, the same rebel that never settled  
Pullin' strings like Geppeto who overcame the ghetto  
And I know you wrote me and I still ain't answered  
Cause shit is different now, it's forced upon me  
Different stances  
I used to spend all my time conversing with you  
But now I write this song to let you know I'm hurting with you  
Shit is too big, but let's be honest man,  
It's kinda bittersweet, besides the shows and meet and greets y'all only see me on the street  
And even then, that shit is rare-I just don't go outside  
Cause honestly I don't fuck with this world, I'd rather hide  
That misconception, "Cause I rap, I must be filled with pride"  
Shit I ain't perfect, if you heard different then someone lied  
People in my ear telling me, "Talk that shit"  
Actions speak louder than words, I'd rather walk that shit  
Since the first album  
I'm one of the highest earners on the label  
Within six months I put the second one on they table  
I've played sold out shows in parts of the world I can't pronounce  
Release the tickets, watch them disappear when we announce  
Fuck all that murderous syllable shit right now  
Let me just bounce  
The mood around me is people smokin' that by the ounce

Leave Friday for the show and come back Monday with a hundred grand  
Don't fuck with checks so when I bounce I prefer cash in hand  
You know my first week looking crazy due to high demand  
Cause people don't buy music in this day and age  
They buy the brand  
There's ups and downs, don't get me wrong  
But back when I ain't have shit  
Felt like I would've sold my soul to make it with this rap shit  
Thank God he never let Lucifer close enough to ask  
Let me attain it by workin' hard and busting my ass  
Achieved a lot in life, but what's a lot with more to gain?  
A least I don't drink to avoid the hurt, we call that Champagne  
Cut some more into my side

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>