

Disgusting (Feat. C Dot Castro)

Logic

Yeah; pass the mic before I jack it like gore-tex
Bust like raw sex, rappers suck like vortex
The life of a Don- We living like kings, and killing our pawns
Boy, the seconds it's on - don't know where we going
I'm flowing and killing this shit from dusk til dawn
Just had sex with a Middle Eastern girl- The pussy was bomb
That last line made no sense like these rappers' careers
But I make dollars, cause I'm all about the fiscal year
Yeah; you don't like me? I'll conjure up and summon all your fears
You wanna fight me? I'll woop my own ass before you get here
Wanna write me? And tell me that my rhymes suck?
Bitch I don't give a fuck, I'll stab you in the gut, call it a tummy tuck
You can ask my ex, I bust quicker than two techs
Caressed by a kid with category 5 tourettes
In other words I squeeze with ease, dot my I's and cross my T's
I'm a perfectionist; the lesson is fuck everyone assessing this
It's hip-hop, not to be taken literally
However on the light of note I stayed with bills like Hilary
My flow convects, murder subjects with little respect
Best protect your neck, before you play my tape better inspect the deck
Fuck every other rapper forever ever forever since the dawn of time
Sike- I'm not that much of a dick when I rhyme
On another level like duplex, bust heads like suplex
Slaughter MC's then ask who's next...
Ey yo my crew next, but you say you next, so I guess we now
Priceless flow so even If I write it's still a freestyle
Never busting gats I ain't no gangster put that heat down
Then go and grab a mic and see if you can fuck with me now
I got that A plus flow I'm on a roll bitch I can't fail
Making money with my mind, call that shit a brain sell
Raise hell, like I'm Satan's daddy while you in here
Catch me in a tenant caddy with a bitch from Cincinnati
With the thickest fatty while I hit the gas, you lick it gladly
With the window down see other bitches blowing kisses at me
It's a fact that me and Logic rip with vicious rap to list a wrap
We spittin' crack to keep the fiends, coming back to show world
Reppin Maryland but I make music for the whole world
Seduce a chick with lyrics whenever she hear it, it make her toes curl
So sick I hope I don't hurl, if you love me let me go girl

Cause no pussy come before my flow, just had to let you know girl
Spit it so thorough and in depth, I bet I leave in you impressed
Rattpack be my family, I fuck with y'all no incest
Only interest is to blow up, and watch they hands go up
Cause I used to throw shows back then but no one would show up
I ain't all about the money but I want it homie sho' nuff
Cause krispie crazy bout' the cream, you could say I'm doughnuts
I murdered my manager Chris last night
We exchanged a couple words, he said some things I didn't like
I said okay... then punched him in the face with a butcher knife
I want more like Ashton Kutcher's wife
Now can you feel it? They won't {Sinatra}
Gimme what I want, so fuck it I'm a steal it
I'll dilapidate you, grab the butter knife and decapitate you
Yeah that's what I said - huh, and bitch I did it
We all have thoughts like this; I'm just willing to admit it
I would never act upon these thoughts now, don't you get it?
It's like when a gentleman sees the baddest bitch and thinks, "I'd hit it!"
But he never says it; I'll dump your body in a dessert
It's the wrath of a psychopath clutching a razor blade in a bath
Having his last laugh, anticipating a gash- the other night I murdered captain crunch
Right in front of Toucan Sam and a whole damn bunch
That's life, what can I say? I'm a cereal killer, venereal dealer
And yes you know they ain't none other iller
It's Logic.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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