

# Paradise (feat. Jesse Boykins III)

## Logic

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Now this that SpottieOttieDopaliscious, hella vicious  
I wonder where is this, hold up  
Get the fuck out my business, show enough  
We roll up then load up  
Just a bastard born in a wedlock  
Close to the Earth like a dreadlock  
Got my sites on deadlock  
Visions of my enemy in a headlock  
Feel like I'm livin' in Bedrock, surrounded by rubble  
Just a youngin' in trouble  
Took a shot and then made it a double  
Took a shot and then made it a double  
This that food for thought, my school ain't taught me good  
No one greedy inside my hood  
But a tablespoon of this baking soda gon' make it good, like it should  
That's ignant isn't it  
Hold up now wait, take a look at my pigment  
Tell me again, we can never be kin based on the color of my skin  
Matter of fact your lips ain't thin  
That's a club I don't wanna be in  
My DNA get done integrated  
My God it's innovative  
That's a million miles away from administrative  
I fuckin' hate it, anyway  
Long ago, way back in the day in a place called West Deer Park  
I was like 5, sit in my mama lap while she would drive  
Police would knock on the door, I would hide  
Then they would talk to me and I would lie  
Hopin' I, don't die on this side of a .45  
Then they would handcuff my mama and take her away  
Over down on the driveway  
Fast forward a couple of years and I'm bumpin' that Sade

Fast forward a couple of more and I'm bumpin' that "My Way"  
By Sinatra, so high, so high, oh my, God damn  
Now I'm a grown man, oh man  
With the fuckin' habits of a the plan  
I know, as soon as I write this I might just go crazy  
Anything but lazy, I can't sleep  
Cause if I do, there's another motherfucker wide awake on the creep  
Tryna kill you and he will too  
We livin' like civilized people, but far from equal  
I hope I live a long life and get to see my sequel  
My son, my seed  
Watch 'em grown and then watch 'em lead  
Let me proceed, bumpin' that that Californication, by the Red Hot  
Fuck around and then hit 'em with a red dot  
Y'all better not me fuckin' with me  
Who, him? Yeah, me, I be the God MC  
Follow me to paradise  
Follow, follow me  
Follow me to paradise  
Follow me to paradise  
Follow, follow me  
Follow me to paradise  
I remember my life long ago in my adolescence  
I could feel the presence in my residence  
Hesitant even thought it was evident  
I should get the fuck  
I know something is wrong  
Yeah, I know something is wrong  
Feel like my mind gone  
I know I play along, I might drown in this song  
Huh, I'm so focused, huh, I know you know this  
Uh, when I make a move and feel like no one notice  
Uh, when I quit my job, uh, I fuckin' noticed  
Shot made me been unnoticed, huh, but maybe not  
Feel like this minimum wage is contagious  
So outrageous my age is on my mind  
Walking to work and I go blind  
Sippin' on that Koolaid, gettin' big wig money, that [?]  
Look around and see people with no class, like snow on a school day  
Y'all can't do what I do, do what I do  
Starin' out this window like, like Erykah Badu  
Livin' life how I do is crazy  
This shit never amaze me  
But I still let it phase me and I don't know why  
All I know is my mind racing  
A million miles a minute, the second I'm in it yeah I be pacing  
Bitch I'm back again

Been here since way back when, now let that shit begin  
This album 2 but this song was written before the first  
My mind racing, I'm sick of pacing, I feel the thirst  
Of those around me that down me and pray on my demise  
But it only makes it that much better when I rise  
This for the people that been through it and couldn't do it  
Had a vision but blew it, while haters screaming "I knew it!"  
This is real, so real  
The type of shit that make you feel like you gotta kill  
Most of these people will never hit fruition  
Paying tuition when they should've just listened their intuition  
Now they wishing they was switching up their lifestyle  
All alone with no one to dial  
I'm just a man, I got problems, understand  
This is all I ever wanted, yes I do it for the fans  
And I ain't perfect  
I've questioned if this life was even worth it  
Cause all the people care about is what lies on the surface  
And my purpose is to do it like it ain't never been done  
Always keep it real and remember where I'm from, now  
This album 2 but this song was written before the first  
My mind racing, I'm sick of pacing, I feel the thirst  
Of those around me that down me and pray on my demise  
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