

No Biggie

Logic

[Intro:]

Yeah, my name is Riley, son
But you know what niggas call me?
AKA, Riley Escobar, know what I'm saying?
Cause I be in the streets you know?
I got all kinds of names like HR Paper Stacks
Uh, also known as AKA Horse Choker, uh

[Verse 1]

Hey, yo, I'll chop you up in sixteen pieces
In front of your nieces, while I'm eating Reese's
And won't even offer them any, yes I spit plenty
This is East Coast flow at its finest
In the studio, where you find us, put a bullet where your spine is
At sixteen I was skipping school and smoking chronic
While you was learning about English, Big L was teaching Ebonics
I spit fire so demonic, writing code like I'm Masonite
A Jedi master breaking it down like old plaster
No medication for this track cause this is how a psycho rips
My bank account is like a cino bolt, your pocket's microchips, uh
Motherfucker, I dare you to test it, hope you're well rested
Whoop your ass and get arrested, in a double breasted
Louis Vuitton diamond encrusted tailor made suit
Now that's All Sinatra Everything
I explode like hollow tips on contact
Chronologically murder schmoe there's no bringing Joe back
Puffing cubans and sipping Cognac
Mafietic mentality, introduce me to this beat and it's fatality
I kill mics like Conrad Murray
Sharp like Hanzo steel, the rest is obtuse
I get loose when sipping Goose and rhyme like Doc Seuss
Flow tight like noose, whoop ass like Bruce, no time for a truce
Alphabetical mathematic addict
I spit sixteens so erratic you think it was a semi-automatic
I know by now you thinking "Oh my God, he let them have it"
But that was just a loan, time to collect like I'm Capone
Reep what I've sewn, in other words that is the throne
Chilling while homies smoking marijuan'
If you thinking that this shit is wack well then you're dead wrong
Cause for every emotion and every mood I have a song

For the club, for the streets, for the whip and for the sheets
Cause this is where intellect and versatility meets
I'm Young Sinatra, backstage chilling with Bobby Soxers
I got ya
[Outro:]
Yeah!
You wanna fuck with us?!
Fuck with us, yeah!?

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

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