

Mode (feat. Logic)

PRhyme

Yeah, fall in line to fall back
Big L's technique, Pun's grammar
Before the roof went in the trunk
The ragtops sat back behind the head just like a gun hammer
My sickness should remind you of Christmas
'Cause I'm always coming down with something like a young Santa
Understand there will be no rematch
The kinda ass whooping you'll only have to open up one can of
(Nickel Nine the God)
You ain't rolling forward you're rolling wrong
Reaching out to gangstas to be gangsta you holding on
I grab a hold of this 44 alone and let it go
More than a 4 year old singing the frozen song
I put this tec to your eclectic temple and wreck you with
Then carve in your tombstone "Heavenly father he wasn't ready
To collide with with a force to be reckoned with"
Do you boys know who you messing with?
I'm wit, messing with niggas destiny shit Im from the midwest
I stopped drinking so I can start policing the block
Now I just cop smoke like pig breath
Pac's soul would come out if I died a big death
Shoe connoisseur, who's finer, your
Bitch or my bitch? It don't matter cause you with my ex
The name of my ex inked on you, to me homie
Extinct like a dinosaur, you can probably find me
Spoonin with a dime looking like
Lucy Liu, or something to my broom
Looking like a huge China drawer
I'm a motherfucking walking hazard
Find me in the bodying department
When y'all rhyming if y'all don't release, remind me
Of Prodigy partner, y'all can have it
I man up, lifted the can up
Killed the killer who ran up scared
When I was eight my daddy yelled down the basement steps
You only gotta listen to me and the man upstairs 'Cause I'm in motherfucking beast mode
Beast mode, homie I'm in beast mode
(Know who I am) beast mode Yeah, yeah, fuck a black, brown, yellow or white it's about unity
While the media tryna twist my words, feel the opportunity to ruin me

Fuck 'em all, bitch, I'm still doing me
It's you and me on the record I'll detect it like an infected nervous system
I never miss, I murder my mission as the rendition I listen while my chain glisten
I'mma get it like the world is ended dependent only if it's intended defendin' my mind
In the way I rhyme so I'm sending in
The best of the best, no never the less I never digress I just keep it moving
Finger fuck who ain't on improving we finally grooving
On the way no way to remove them
We constantly improving yeah through rejuvenation
I said juveniles run the nation come now fuck your occupation
A revelation I'm facing, more secretive than a mason
It look like we neck and neck but I'm far from adjacent
I come so far from that basement
They look at me and know I'm in beast mode
(Then it's game time) beast mode
(I'm a beast) I'm in beast mode
(Know who I am)beast mode
(I'm, I'm in the zone for realer)
(Then it's game time) beast mode
(I'm a beast) I'm in beast mode
(Know who I am)beast mode

Songwriters

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