

# 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  
Spoonng 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 bodyng 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 modeYeah, 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 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

ADRIAN YOUNGE, ROBERT HALL, CHRISTOPHER MARTIN, RYAN MONTGOMERY  
Published by  
Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song  
Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>