

## Loggy

### "Words Of My Songs"

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Ya I'm hung over, but last night was a blast  
After all yesterday was the last day of class  
Tossed my reader in the trash sold my books for cash  
And I know wikipedia made sure we passed  
Time to basque in the sun and forget the facts  
Bout the business bio sociology and math  
Cuz there's too much on my mind to let it all go to  
waste  
And too much coffee on the grind to let me sleep these  
days  
But it's okay cuz I know that with the help of the sage  
That I can find a way to empty out my thoughts on the  
page  
High school college work then death  
Four reasons why you'll never see me workin at a desk  
Stear clear from from the normal my dear  
Cuz these ears right here only wanna hear clear  
And these chiefs here only have one fear  
And it ends up drownin out in the pitchers of beer  
Coffee, splenda half and half cream  
3 more reasons why I never get a chance to dream  
Know what I mean? but it never really bothers me  
Cuz the more I stay awake the more I'm not asleep  
And the more I look at life I know I gotta look deep  
Cuz we all climb hills, and theyr all real steep ya

Cuz these hands stay soft and these eyes stay young  
And this mind stays right in the faces of Wrong  
And the only place I know that I'll ever belong  
Is in the music, music and the words of my songs

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Mixed the advil with some adderal pills  
Then sit and chill waitn for the page to fill  
I'm feelin shitty hangin out the window sill  
Yelling at the world, but it's no big deal  
Cuz I still got a bed that I love to sleep in

And a girl that I can call laet night on the weekend  
Don't cheat no peakin, cuz the mind that stops thinkin  
Is a mind that sees it's own mentality get weakened  
Man this beat makes me smile and it's been too many  
wiles

Since I told my parents that they raised me well as a  
child

Cuz what your hearin today is the product of a healthy  
home

And what your hearins not comin from a mouth of  
chrome

So help me build on my thoughts by addin your own  
I'm in my ungrown zone, so ima never get old yo

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Shades on my eyes to protect from the uv  
Uc berkeley certainly  
Prepared me to rap perfectly  
Cuz I'm high on life, buy it by the LB  
Dry ice on me wherever I go  
Walk down tele like I'm on stage at a show  
Cuz real life isn't bout the skill of the flow,  
When you measure your dick like your tyin your tie bro  
And the percs in life come from the percs n vics  
I only got one mic, and ima finish tonight  
I'm nothin less than a mixed up kid  
With my wristwatch hid  
So I can't tell what time it is  
And I'm deaf to what the blind man says  
And I'm stuck here waitin for the world to end  
I guess I'm glad I'm not the guy that waited till it began  
haha

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