

Louis Logic

"Fuck 'Em"

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I diznitavitches for these biznitavitches, you know what
I'm sayin'?

You better take a piznitavicture of mother fuckin' Logic
When I'm spittin' scripture, nigga

I'm the sickest Sigman Froyd, boy, who sees his
profession

As an evil means of aggression that'll leave you kids
destroyed

I love to feed 'em a question that deserves their
deception

That leads to depression by the time they leave from
the session

You easily threatened with a lack of self-esteem

It's cause you always see me on the M.I.C. like Kelly
Green

Now these jelous fiends tellin' me I'm racist and I hate
the Irish

Wait til I spit on a track right next to Seamus Ryan

You can take the privates out my pants and try to
depthroat

So far you wrap your lips around my nuts until you eat
both

Cause y'all chippin' like you trippin' down a ski slope

In a grease soaked fleece coat butted by a mean goat

Each quote by hip-hop's favourite freak show

Creep goes in the what not to section of police code

Please don't try to fight with me like beans and
cornbread

I would like to see to it that your dead

And I ain't gonna rain your parade, I'll piss right on your
doorstep

Til the boards' spread on the door frame and the floors
wet

Come back to your front porch steps for one more
threat

And some poor schlep will get a lumped forehead

[Chorus]

Come on Lou, this type of talk should be against the
law

Just gimme more, y'all sissy's are just insecure
But isn't your pops an ex-cop from in the force?
Man, it doesn't change the fact that I'm immature
I'm in war in y'all basements, plus cellars
Kickin' in your door like what's up fellas
So I doesn't have to trust selfish critics if the fans says
its dope
Your just jelous, fuck 'em if they can't take a joke

I'm like a swami, they way I'm memorizin' mami's
But instead of underneath, I rather have them restin'
on my palm tree
I'm an advocate of master resistance
Bastard stepson of Ghandi that's here to kick the ass of
this business
First up on the list is, the pacifict bitches
That crap in their britches when they get served up with
a fist
Pull the skirt up on a bitch rapper a bit faster
Than a perverted catholic pastor
Well, what do you know? Look who's mad again
Scribblin' raps with a viagra pen
That doesn't write just to spite the vatican
I'm an antonym for weak, I can't begin to speak
On my phantom life as anti-christ of the industry
I'm out in the streets causin' confusion and mayhem
And usually stay bent, PM through to the AM
I got loose in my play pen and started breakin' shit
I'm your favourite kid no one wants to babysit
I built a career on makin' atheists pray then hit the
church pues
Christians commit sins and say that it's a virtue
Does that disturb you, you spaz I'm suppose to
I'm the naughty little devil talkin' trash on your shoulder

[Chorus]

Ahhh, Cocksucker mother fucker 2-Ball bitch
You probably spank your monkey to a RuPaul flick
Ya sick freaks, probably let your shit squeeze in your
trunks
Stick your hands up in your pants and start eatin' the
lumps
You probably have sex with a cow, spread the legs out
With a wide open pie-hole and dive ya head down
You're as gross as spreadin' mentral blood on toast
And dumb enough to fuck a fat chick in the butt and
then boast
You creatons, fuckin' creatons
Ya heathens don't derveve to be breathin'
Fuck you and everything you stand for

Fuck you I hope you get spanked by your landlord
Bitch, you know what I'm sayin'?
This is Lenard Logic aka Larry Lethargic
You know what I'm sayin'? Niggaz know
And if they don't they get fucked quicker than
giggalo's diggin' hoes
Pick your nose you bitchy flowed mother fuckin' pussies
Yeah, suck a dick

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