

Louis Logic

"Secret Agent"

Visit "[Secret Agent](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

yo check it out this is Louis Logic
my man Celph Titled on the boards
J.J. Brown on the scratches
fuck all of ya actors, know what I mean? check it out

[Verse 1]

what I spit is slick like, porn star chicks and Vaseline
going down south like big mike
cause when it comes to pushin weight
my wax is like crack to fiends
you hafta like my craft and bytes out of the dat
machine
nigga's afraid to play with me like magic's team
? star catchin purple hearts like Vietnam marines
they hate me but still buy, like nigga's and Koreans
it's a dirty business but my hand are clean
how many worthy critics on this green earth diss Louis
flow?
kids you know would suck dick for a Louis Logic t-shirt
so it's gotta be worth spendin' the loot, on something
one hundred and seventy proof before I step in the
booth
so pissed I never recouped
and if you ever get dissed it's me and family and
friends in cahoots
so send in the troops like ?? renew tha niggaz
cuttin your balls off so you'll never produce
I'll put your head in a noose, not that I chill with the Klan
but I'm an extremely militant man
so down for the cause I spill on your fam
and just know before I beat ya I'll cheat like Hilary's
man

[Chorus]

My squad is like vagrant, rewind to the streets and
pavement
and try to stay bent, disguise the secret agent
motherfuckers are tryin to find out the plans to our
mission
and the position of our secret hideout

{"Freeze!"}
{"Down on your knees"}
{"I never run when I'm in trouble"}
{"My enemies freeze"}
{"Secret"} {"Agent"}
{"Brothers in the place"}
{"Don't fight"}

[Verse 2]

I'm feelin' edgy abducting MC's in the back of a trunk
slappin you punks until you taste more blood than
Dracula's tongue
so place no bets my effects is long range
short change try to come with it like payphone sex
I'm feelin Waco Tex
half loco and half postal from weeks after weeks of
weak take-home cheques
and my work ethic is uninspired, yeah I'm admired
as a talented tongue for hire
but I'm one big liar, under fire with a sick sense of
humor
I don't eat pussy I grew tired of the sick scent of tuna
I'm just waitin to invent a rumor that your a pervert
Swedish sherbet, affluent for sure the words hurt
hide your face in a paper bag
I humiliate MC's to the degree that they take the stage
in drag
it's not too late to add, I'll diss you in your favourite
mag
erase your ? as the latest ad
I mouth off to ?
to say that all fraudulent occupants
in this industry are reported as communist spies
I'm spittin' ominous lies like a compulsive
hover over your dead career ??

[Chorus]

{"Freeze!"}
{"Down on your knees"}
{"I never run when I'm in trouble"}
{"My enemies freeze"}
{"Secret"} {"Agent"}
{"Brothers in the place"}
{"Don't fight"}

[Outro]

Yo this is Louis Logical you know what I'm sayin'
I've been tellin niggaz....
head's is hungry like cats sleepin' in boxes and shit
motherfuckers need to pay the toll

before they cross the bridge.... know what I'm sayin'
get mistreated like foster kids
word is born
yo and we out

Visit [Louis Logic](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.