

Louis Logic

"What You Think What I Know"

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[Louis Logic] You think I don't when I do Tell a wino on the street he can't get open like Lou I drink a six pack an hour, piss back and shower And get magic powers to whip ass on cowards Bitch, that's just how it's gonna have to be This isn't a choice, so why you askin' me Submit to the voice, it's hypnotic The listener's choice is Logic Mischievous boy, wonder who destroys a mash pit Obnoxious, toxic, sinister prophet Slick enough to con a television minister's profit From his pocket and shoplift your chick while you watch it And dig up in her crotch quick as if I'm a locksmith I'm a pop hit in a pub for miserable drunks Sippin' a mug of suds till I trip on the rug And when the bouncer tells me that I'm kicked from the club I piss on his Lugz, now that's what I consider a buzz [Chorus] You think I can't when I can Get my hands on a pen and write another anthem again You think I don't when I do Tell I wino on the street he can't get open like Lou You think I won't when I will Tell a ho I might feel that I'm known for my skill You think I'm not what I am The type of guy who might say hi with a swat from my hand I got on the stand in the courtroom, hammered before noon And told 'em to drop the case cause I'm plannin' a tour soon With more tunes than your local Meineke And I'll stick you into your tomb if you want privacy Ain't nobody live as me not when it comes to Logic Diploma Assed like he's hot in the summer I curse better than sailors or rednecks in a trailer And if I lose I'll probably become the best of the failures The tale is told over ages, how we go from stages surrounded By hos in cages, light shows with lasers and explosive vapors And disappeared for years like a cloaked escapist Run home and tape it on your local station Don't be patient, tell your mom, "Bitch, I won't be waitin'" Hos can hate this like an approachin' rapist But they don't, they just tell me that I'm dope and tasteless [Chorus] How 'bout an overnight thrill in the sack, drillin' your cat I'll use my tackle like spackle and fill in your crack It's hip hop's most villainous act, so filthy in fact My track's like a sewer spill on the wax So any militant task force willin' to ask for it Better chill if you have thoughts like killin' the rap lord And boozin,

he drinks like he's more than human And thinks even
quicker, but that's more confusin' Shoot 'em, stab 'em,
run up and jab 'em In the abdomen, nobody can stop a
Madvillain Police are after 'em tryin' to cuff 'em But
they're just a bunch of fags to 'em, tryin' to fuck 'em
And just when you think the kid's style's disgustin' I
rush in to start another vile production Beer funnel and
vodka like I was Russian Now my hangovers come with
a mild concussion [Chorus] Alright, alright, OK Million
dollar question of the week What's the difference
between What you think and what I know? [Lord
Finesse: You thought I wasn't when I was] I'm right,
motherfucker This has been a special presentation
Brought to you by Louis Logic and J.J. Brown [Lord
Finesse: I know and they know that they can't do me
nothin' You wanna riff, I'll be quick to stomp that ass
Bring a whole task force, I'll rhyme my fuckin' ass off
God damn, who gives a fuck, I'm 'bout twenty steps
ahead of 'em]

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