

## Communards

### "Service the Target"

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[Grand Agent]

My name is Grand Agent

Check check it out

I'm down wit Jim Slade, he's down wit Louis Logic

Jim Slade, Grand Agent, Louis Logic

[Chorus] 2x

Service the target

Where it hurt the most we hit the hardest

Point blank range aimin at them artist

Your game ain't up to par

It's time we turned lames into martyrs

[Grand Agent]

I got a thing for potent words like cocaine

Inside the flow game, they don't know how to show  
shame

Additional instrumentation ain't it, sane it

Strictly words and ventilation when I paint it

Famous as Footwear gear, plane as Goodyear

Black and well-rounded, sales plaques mounted

Invite your dialouge, demigods to the dome

Leave a classic example on the porch if I ain't home

Then BOOM, I bloom just like breasts in the pre-  
pubesce

Easy now, who you test?

MC who stress me, arrest me cardiac

Stat like 'where the party at, black?'

Now it's in your back

Then insert the knife like the earth so good

Inside his wife, drink my flow, it's a way of life

Victory, it be the standard for me

I'm on some "I'm better than the rest of y'all"

As far as Grand can see

Nuttin but smut, now you watchin me

Butt-fuck doctrines clockin me through factory systems

Did you actually listen?

Or am I gonna have to return like I ain't burn you up  
sufficient

Turn me up when I be bitchin, my style is decision

Something like a violent Christian with a molavision

Turn me up when I be bitchin, my style is decision  
Something like a violent Christian with a molavision  
Service the target

[Louis Logic]

I walk up in a strange person's department  
With the purpose of startin  
A fire that burns up your carpet and murders your  
market  
Campaign strategist like a murderous arsonist  
Whose brain passages resemble insane activists  
It's gonna take alot of band-aids  
And governmental mandates to save your fanbase  
When Louis Logic slayed  
And Grand Agent put the heat to the beat  
MC's get so weak in the knees they need to retreat  
This is warfare, combat, that switches sportswear  
On contact, to your ears when we on tracks  
The effect to this is stronger than the head that spins  
In the Exorcist, or cigarettes and gin on a pregnant  
chick  
Somebody's bound to die  
My record company's out to hide something about this  
guy  
They say "Logic's such a character, he'll probably just  
embarass ya"  
That's why I'll never get the fuck wit Arista  
Plus my manager thinks that I drink too much  
I probably think too much, of morbid things and such  
Like ringin sluts' necks, I'm a suspect to the crime  
scene  
Retired green wit my team spillin vats of Visine  
I got a dirty mouth, but I practice hygiene  
What I mean by that is cats will catch a cursing-out  
With the maximum curse amount in a verse allowed  
I don't worry 'bout puttin fuckin clean versions out

Chorus 2x

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