

Logic

"Used To Hate It"

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Undeniable, Yeah
Logic
Bitches be pressed for paper
Chillin with my homies slay joe while he ignites the
paper
Life is a bitch and you cannot escape her
I know she talking suicide
What the fuck you mean that I'm changing
Cuz I finally got a little bit of money and a range in my
driveway
with the rattpack smoking on Zimbabwe
Cranking Sinatra
That my way bitches they love it
Visionary nothing above it
Get shorties wet when I rub it
Carbon copies they dub it

Ha ha ha
You used to hate it
Now you love it
Smile in my face
I think nothing of it
Yeah I'll shake your hand
Kill 'em with kindness
Homie this is young Sinatra at his fucking finest
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This for my independent women that's running shit in
high heels
Educated in business but majored in sex appeal
My shorty she gotta
Sporting Gucci Louis and Prada
Looking beautiful in it all
But I prefer nada

Yeah, low maintenance and high scale
Type of shorty that when you get locked up she pay the
bill
I used to follow my dreams
Until I caught up to 'em
People talkin' shit but pay attention to what we doin'
It's never been done
Watch me go platinum just for fun
Far from materialistic But never stunt son
You know what I been on
You know where I be at
The proof is within the numbers
they slumber but now they react
I got 3 tapes
Zero tolerance one of the greats
Put that shit together and what you get that's where I'm
from
The 301
Smoking joints with your girl for fun
Staying strong and never run 'les po-po go for they gun
like

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Yeah, we snatch it like interception
Met the girl of my dreams
Our love resembled inception
Her sign was a Leo
Me, her and music that's the perfect trio
Spanish honey we met in Rio
Future looking Cleo
Bitches be bragging
So much money my pants sagging
VMG is up to date with these business men be lagging
Eve with the apple
Steve changed the world

Getting money like Zuckenburg my bank account is
sterile
I am not defined by that in which I do possess
Cuz all it takes is riches get bitches to undress
I need drive in a lady
Not a girl that drive me crazy
Need a girl that don't care if I drive a Honda or
Mercedes
Spit fire like Haiti
I infect it like rabies
It's All That, shootout to them 90's babies
Never hesitate to supply the heat
Run 6 producers from his chest we call that a heart
beat
I'm a king, you fuckers my pawns
Shortcut to the desktop I am your newest icon
These bitches they love it
I truly can't stress it enough
Girl got them daddy problems that's why she be acting
tough
Innocent in person but in the bed she love it rough
Running away from reality then smoke and puff so
Let me get it the second I spit it you will think that
everybody wanna come around
They used to hate it
But now they love the sound

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