

Illogic

"Me VS Myself"

Visit "[Me VS Myself](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Illogic]

This is a little tale I like to tell, everybody

About me, and when I finally meet my match on the
battle scene

Check it out, yo

Now I was strolling down the block blessing my mind
with freestyle scriptures

In battles I emerged triumphant within my mental
pictures

Then there's a tap on my shoulder, a cipher appears
from thin air

Crews form circular groups on blocks to shock the
cyclops, Illogic me

Cats gave daps and formal introductions of rap names

As I made my way to the center I heard this kid bustin

He flipped dope syllables and colloquialisms line after
line

Rhyme style was undefined but it reminded me of mine
as I listened more intently

He didn't offend me, cuz son was kind of fresh

But, as far as Illogic's style goes, Illogic does it best

So, I stepped closer to the center, but yo, do my eyes
deceive me?

Now, for this next line, most of y'all cats won't believe
me

But he reflected my identity perfectly to a T

I was sent, I couldn't move just because

of the sheer amazement of the symmetry between me
and he

An exact replica

In one line, he said his name was Illogic

So you know I had to step to the imposter

Yo, what what? You think you me?

What's this? You ain't Illogic

You ain't the dopest emcee in the universe, punk

You need to...yo, we gotta settle this by battling

What's the deal? What's up?

The site of this imitation has me squeamish

Soon I'll excavate lunch from my sto-mach

You couldn't attempt to burn me because you're no
match

[Illogic 2]

Yo, yo, yo

Hold that cat you're wack so being you is not an option

Cuz I rock you, so my superiority stays clear like fiber-
optics

So stop this treasonous misbehavior

You better call your savior if you think defeating me's
worth the try

As I speed up the purpose of the process of your life: to
die

The cipher and I are one and the same

Another one in the flame, I'm toasting

In life, hip hop's a parasite, and it's obvious I'm hosting

[Illogic]

Yeah, it's obvious you're roasting in my presence

As I heat up the spot with my explosive effervescence

Lessons in identity

Being me is impossible, to be you, you strain

[Illogic 2]

Yeah right, I'm you

With the height of my IQ you think I'm off the brain

I run insane emcees out the realm of sanity

You're not even worth the oxygen I bless you with

So, as I live I've been given the gift to concentrate

And make the fake Illogic levitate off the face of the earth

For what it's worth, I'll abort you mom's face from birth to nullify your existence

[Illogic]

What? Whatever...

You're not even clever enough

I spit verses at you in 3-D

Lyrics get complex as pyramids or as simplistic as teepees

You wanna be me so bad you can taste it

So watch your mouth or I'll slap the taste

My tongues the pencil, and the wack has been erased

[Illogic 2]

Yo, yo you crazy chasing dreams

(?) Word is chance, chase the coal (?)

You're already feminine

So when it's that time of that month you can't even
come with a flow

That shows your lack of skill

You're wack at will

So I guess you'll will it off

And with no delay, I guess you got nothing left to say

The real Ill has sealed the coffin, punk

What?! What now?

(That's cool, you got me)

Yo, this is for all the kids that be biting the third

Biting our joints, biting our shows

You know what's I'm saying?

This joint proves that the only person dope enough to
defeat us is us

You know what' I'm saying?

This verse is for y'all punks

Check it out

Yo, yo now

Now are you done yet?

I hope so, cuz my next step is to stick a fork in ya

In the road, the end of the road

Forks five di-mensional

I'm tri-di-mensional

You should try di-mensional thinking

Cuz you're shrinking

Must be losing tall props

It all stops when the phenomenal instance, so it's
logical if the ball drops

In your your team's first string

It's yours if I pull the first string to string you along

Bring you along on the ride of your lifetime

At which time we'll end your lifetime

You only punch, but I bruise with used lifelines

On all lifelines death's pulling, but mine

I'm out of this planet

You see, my blood's liquidated granite

AS I attack you'll have panic in mind

And to make moves I'll pantomime

To paint silence I'll paint a mime

An audible silence I'll take to mind

So you're now polluted

Whatever concentration you had has been diluted

Am I really that cruel? Thanks for the flattery

After this battery you'll be flattery as plattery

Whichever comes first

You come first often, I've been told

Your girl knows me personally from the waste down

In my mind I'll rewind time and rewinding emcees

CM, I see him, in a hypothetical synthetic hallucination

Wouldn't want to be him

That's for your your, check it out

This is Illogic, Blueprint

Me Myself, featuring I

You know what I'm saying?

Bordo (?) punks that be biting

Thinking they be dope enough to take us out

The only person that can take us out is us

You know what I'm saying?

That goes for all the hip hop community

All the REAL hip hop community

All you punks trying to be, trying to be hip hop

Saying y'all quote unquote "hip hop"

Real heads

You're not

You know what I'm saying?

Y'all need to sit back down

Sit back down, listen to this joint

Than cower back in that corner and try to come up with
creative stuff

You know what I'm saying?

This is Illogic, signing off

Peace

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