

Louis Logic f/ Celph Titled "Gentleman and a Scholar"

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[Intro: Celph Titled, Louis Logic]

Uhh...what...yo..

My man Louis Logic, up in the Chrome Depot once
again, baby

D-Minor on the motherfucking beat

Yo Lou, who you talking to?

To all the sexy women (You're so beautiful)

Dressed in linen (So cute to Lou)

Yeah...have a candlelight dinner with you

And a nice bottle of Mo before you drop to the flo', ho

[Verse 1]

I look at beef like a chick with crooked teeth: turn the
cold shoulder

Down a Brooklyn street, whenever stoned sober

But when I'm drunk, I look deceased, show's over

A boatload of licks 'till I'm sick, and rolled over

Laying in my own piss on an old sofa

In strips of a police line that I dove over

Chicks in dip Range Rovers following me

The MC who wiped his ass with his college degree

Who's the biggest lush? Probably me

Who swigs enough to spit the sickest stuff

After chugging a bottle or three?

It's making sense Logic-ally

If heads don't take offense to what you spit to me

You're not an MC

I deal in reality, selling your hope

Developing quotes for folks to make a pelican choke

You fucking big-mouths have never been dope on one
track

Has-beens, forget all your hopes for comeback

[Chorus: Louis Logic (Celph Titled)]

I'm classy in a Caddy or in an Impala

Even riding on an old ??? women will holla

Broke niggaz want me to lend them a dollar

I tell them, "Thanks, but no thanks"

('Cause he's a gentleman and a scholar)

[Verse 2]

If you ask me what hip-hop means, I'd have to say
Spitting one ob-scene rap a day to blasphemous pop
queens
Stage diving drunk into a mob scene
To fight a punk and when the cops come driving up
Scream in the mic, "It's not me!"
I'm like a virus that gets in your ass, still infectious
A mad scientist in the lab when I'm spilling measures
You get the type of smackdown a credit card fraud
villain catches
When he's tracked down by bill collectors
Filthy lectures with the illest textures, outbreak
Your next course of action I'd suggest, about face
All kidding aside, my records outweigh most
The last man who came close didn't survive
Shit, isn't it fly how your sister replied
To assist me in the kitchen 'till the dishes are dry?
You got a nice family, except for your deadbeat daddy
Tell him to do his chores first, or he'll never get the
Caddy

(Chorus)

[Verse 3]

Venomous nemesis who sits in a bar
Sipping a jar of Russian vodka from an infamous czar
It's one of the gifts that a star has at his disposal
Whipping my car after I drank it into an accident,
totalled (Thanks for nothing)
Tanked and buzzing, with wood in my jeans
Looking for queens with legs for loving, to put it
between
My idea of romance is pulling off a ho's pants
With no dance and dinner unless she's cooking for me
I'm not a chauvinist...just bend your ass over, Miss
And show me both your tits while you choke on this
The sex crazed ex-slave came back to the farm
To pack the piper master's wife 'till the mattress is
warm
And after I'm gone, I want my anaconda bronzed
And made into a dildo-shaped statue on your mama's
lawn
Don't get offended 'cause my songs are long and
nonsense
Wrongful comments and strong in content

(Chorus)

[Outro]

And so...at this time I'd like to thank all the people who
can suck my cock

You're all pieces of shit
I hope you get hit by a speeding bus
And everyone who showed up to my party tonight, in
such fly attire
Very nice to have you
Don't let the door hit you in the ass on the way out

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