

Louis Logic f/ R-Son**"Logic & Reason"**

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(uh, ah) Together again for the first time (yeah) R-Son,
the voice of reason (check it out) Louis Logic, J.J. Brown
Back up in this motherfucker (yo, yo) Before you even
knew [R-Son] Be prepared when the clock strikes, we
ignite these hot mics To heat up the spot like bauxite
Snatchin' the spotlight from those who don't deserve it
When you want the set wrecked, my bros is at your
service Be careful what you ask for, the chaos'll be
extreme enough To warrant a FEMA task force For a
damage assessment, batten down the blast doors You
had your chance to study up, these here is the crash
course Down to the last straw, we take cats that were
passed off as emcees And strip their masks off, the
black Isaac Asimov My sci-fi imagination is so sick
you'll need vaccination Causin' exasperation (Damn!)
and scientists tryin' to find a cure Failin', cause the
toxin's so pure and I'm so sure Of the venom Randy's
droppin' That each record comes with a vial of anti-
toxin [Chorus] R-Son...in your sector...Louis
Logic...cocaine with words verified...the question is
this...you wanna battle? Jay scratch the wax...R-Son, in
your sector Louis Logic, cocaine with words...verified
Yeah, real logic and reason...like this, yo, yo [Louis
Logic] Back in part one, R-Son left you far from
stardom Now it's bar-none, I'm tryna leave you locked
up in a car trunk With large lumps on your dome like
the Epcot Center Many a venomous snake skates once
the despot enters (Here ye, here ye) The ruler in
charge, cooler than Arctic snowstorms Louis is artistic,
this is bully your squad with no horns Clothes torn like
you're in a schoolyard grudge match With two hard
thug brats who aim to take your lunch bag And once
back on Memory Lane, you'll get chased By the dude in
the dunce cap who never gets blamed So save the
judge act for Mills Lane, I never arraign Though I'm
more able than the man who killed Cain to spill shame I
will maim your respect, will place you in check I will
strangle your neck, and you'll still bang my cassette
And I ain't threatenin', that's just how it is You need to
be more like Mrs. Markie and get the fuck out the Biz
[Chorus] Uh, yo yo check it out, yo [Louis Logic] When

I'm comin' down the home stretch, sudden death rules
in effect With no rep', that's the type of fight that you
can expect Cause I'm flier than stupid insects, ya'll
bang on the ground So if you're still hangin' around it's
with a noose on your neck [R-Son] If the prospect of
lynchin' causes tension on the surface The purpose of
this word is to make you nervous And when the
paranoia sets in, it'll make your head spin Clairvoyantly
reading your thoughts like Kreskin [Louis Logic] And I
got a plan for your dissection and a fresh blade scissor
To remove your breastplate quicker Understand I could
kill y'all with a rhyme So you best wait, mister I'm still
strong in the mind like an ex-weight lifter [R-Son] The
best shape shifter can't mimic this The power of logic
and reason combined is limitless That's why we left
behind witnesses, to remind innocents In our presence,
the ones who survived are the penitent [Chorus] Yeah,
yeah yeah, so if you didn't know, now you know (Now
y'all motherfuckers know) Motherfuckin' Louis Logic up
in this bitch (The original Shadow Cabinet) You're man
R-Son, aight, takin' this motherfucker over I been tellin'
y'all niggas, it's time to take this game a little more
serious Yo, J.J. Brown on the motherfuckin' boards
(Comin' through in your sleep, comin' through in your
memory, it's like that, what?)

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