

DadBod

Logic

Yeah, yeah
Hahaha
AyyChillin' with the homies at the crib
Bumpin' Pac Div, this the life I live, you ain't know about it
Hit the studio with No I.D.
Make a couple platinum records in that bitch and then I dip up out it
On the 101, my wife text me
Talkin' 'bout, "You gotta get home feed your son"
Girl, don't trip about it
Walk up in with apple sauce and broccoli
Little Bobby, better eat your greens
Boy, don't give me lip about it
I'm a dad, this my life
This the type of shit I write
I was hungry in the basement, now that boy, he full of life
Smoking dope high as a kite
Only when that babysitter at the crib, thoughTake my shorty to Nobu and dig up her rib though,
ayy, yeah
(Take my shorty to Nobu and dig up her rib though, yeah)
'Cause back in my day it was food stamps
And I love my wife like I am Chance
I bet you'd rap about the shit me and him rap about
If you had ever made it out, but you ain't never had the chanceUh, uh, circumstance
Uh, uh, way of life
Uh, uh, my decisions
Uh, uh, made 'em right
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Boy, don't give me lip about it (Ayy, ayy)Operated while they waited, will they love it, will
they hate it?
Who gives a fuck though
Rappers praying they next, this shit is cutthroat
I'm livin' on another planet
My manic depression make me constantly wanna panic
I'm stressing on stage, pretendin' everybody undressing

I think I'll never learn my lesson
But fuck it all, it doesn't matter Ayo I'm on a lyrical, poetic rhetoric
Lyrical miracle, satirical shit
If you don't like my conscious rap, you won't like my material shit
Love him or hate him, everybody know Logic can spit
Used to be up to date on that rap political shit
But nowadays I'm up to my elbows
And every single inch of my body in my baby's shit I could tell you more about diapers than
modern rappers in cyphers
I used to be about the B-Rabbits and Mekhi Phifers
Hit the stage, grip the mic and murder you like a pro-lifer
But I'm done now, I got a son now
Fuck the rap game, I'm done now Chillin' with the homies at the crib
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Boy, don't give me lip about it They say that that boy done changed
He don't rap about his everyday life, he ain't the same
Goddamn, I already had a hard life once
Am I supposed to recreate it every album for you cunts? Okay
You want to hear about my everyday I wake up, I wake my son up, then I feed him
And lead him into his carseat
Drive up the street down to Target
Don't do hard drugs or beat my wife
But the paparazzi still wanna start shit
I don't answer their questions, I leave 'em in the dark, bitch Then I walk through the automatic
doors
A couple fans spot me but, shit, I ain't on tour
I ain't trying to ignore her
But I head to aisle four 'cause my drawers stank as fuck
And I need some new drawers
Then I spot some more fans
Stan hella hardcore (Can I have a picture?)
Asking for a pic and I say sure
Scratch my dick and shake his hand Shaking uncontrollably, he tells me I'm the man
Now I'm headed to aisle three for some Bounty paper towels
I also grab some wet wipes to clean the shit from my bowels
A really hot girl walks by with a fat ass
But I'm just wondering if Hefty really holds the most trash
Forgot my card at home, thank God I brought some cash Then I grab some Preparation H for the
critics up my ass
Head to aisle five for some Sgt. Smash cereal
Is this what you wanted, everyday life material?
I'm not a kid anymore and be sure shit's boring Made it out the basement, now my bank account

soaring
Most exciting part of my life is probably touring
Don't get me wrong, I love fans in every single city
But hotels suck and the internet is shitty
I mean, why rap about everyday shit
When I could murder punch lines and sound dope like this? Chillin' with the homies at the crib
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Boy, don't give me lip about it Hello, no one is available to take your call
Please leave a message after the tone
Bro, call me back
We couldn't get the fuckin' Super - sample cleared
So fuckin' annoying, bro, but Honestly, I just say that we chop up the Toro y Moi joint
That we were gonna put on Ultra 85
And just like flip, fuckin' freak the shit outta that joint
I think it could be crazy
Call me back, I'ma chop it up on the MPC
Here I go

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