

Paradise (feat. Jesse Boykins III)

Logic

Now this that SpottieOttieDopaliscious, hella vicious
I wonder where is this, hold up
Get the fuck out my business, show enough
We roll up then load up
Just a bastard born in a wedlock
Close to the Earth like a dreadlock
Got my sites on deadlock
Visions of my enemy in a headlock
Feel like I'm livin' in Bedrock, surrounded by rubble
Just a youngin' in trouble
Took a shot and then made it a double
Took a shot and then made it a double
This that food for thought, my school ain't tought me good
No one greedy inside my hood
But a tablespoon of this baking soda gon' make it good, like it should
That's ignant isn't it
Hold up now wait, take a look at my pigment
Tell me again, we can never be kin based on the color of my skin
Matter of fact your lips ain't thin
That's a club I don't wanna be in
My DNA get done integrated
My God it's innovative
That's a million miles away from administrative
I fuckin' hate it, anyway
Long ago, way back in the day in a place called West Deer Park
I was like 5, sit in my mama lap while she would drive
Police would knock on the door, I would hide
Then they would talk to me and I would lie
Hopin' I, don't die on this side of a .45
Then they would handcuff my mama and take her away
Over down on the driveway
Fast forward a couple of years and I'm bumpin' that Sade
Fast forward a couple of more and I'm bumpin' that "My Way"
By Sinatra, so high, so high, oh my, God damn
Now I'm a grown man, oh man
With the fuckin' habits of a the plan
I know, as soon as I write this I might just go crazy
Anything but lazy, I can't sleep
Cause if I do, there's another motherfucker wide awake on the creep
Tryna kill you and he will too
We livin' like civilized people, but far from equal
I hope I live a long life and get to see my sequel

My son, my seed
Watch 'em grown and then watch 'em lead
Let me proceed, bumpin' that that Californication, by the Red Hot
Fuck around and then hit 'em with a red dot
Y'all better not me fuckin' with me
Who, him? Yeah, me, I be the God MC
Follow me to paradise
Follow, follow me
Follow me to paradise
Follow me to paradise
Follow, follow me Follow me to paradise I remember my life long ago in my adolescence
I could feel the presence in my residence
Hesitant even thought it was evident
I should get the fuck
I know something is wrong
Yeah, I know something is wrong
Feel like my mind gone
I know I play along, I might drown in this song
Huh, I'm so focused, huh, I know you know this
Uh, when I make a move and feel like no one notice
Uh, when I quit my job, uh, I fuckin' noticed
Shit made me been unnoticed, huh, but maybe not
Feel like this minimum wage is contagious
So outrageous my age is on my mind
Walking to work and I go blind
Sippin' on that Koolaid, gettin' big wig money, that toupée
Look around and see people with no class, like snow on a school day
Y'all can't do what I do, do what I do
Starin' out this window like, like Erykah Badu
Livin' life how I do is crazy
This shit never amaze me
But I still let it phase me and I don't know why
All I know is my mind racing
A million miles a minute, the second I'm in it yeah I be pacing Bitch I'm back again
Been here since way back when, now let that shit begin This album 2 but this song was written
before the first
My mind racing, I'm sick of pacing, I feel the thirst Of those around me that down me and pray
on my demise
But it only makes it that much better when I rise
This for the people that been through it and couldn't do it
Had a vision but blew it, while haters screaming "I knew it!"
This is real, so real
The type of shit that make you feel like you gotta kill
Most of these people will never hit fruition
Paying tuition when they should've just listened their intuition
Now they wishing they was switching up their lifestyle
All alone with no one to dial
I'm just a man, I got problems, understand
This is all I ever wanted, yes I do it for the fans And I ain't perfect

I've questioned if this life was even worth it
Cause all the people care about is what lies on the surface
And my purpose is to do it like it ain't
never been done

Always keep it real and remember where I'm from, now

This album 2 but this song was written before the first

My mind racing, I'm sick of pacing, I feel the thirst

Of those around me that down me and pray on my demise

But it only makes it that much better when I rise

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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