

# Midnight

## Logic

Everybody know I be  
Everybody know I be (yeah)  
YeahEverybody know I be, in the club VIP (sike not me)  
Old girl wanna fuck me, yeah she fine  
I'ma give her that D  
Out with the homies, I be  
Sippin' on somethin', oh shit, I might need an IV  
Permanently, permanently  
Ayy, goddamn these bitches is thirsty  
They see a rapper but they ignore the band  
I ain't talkin' 'bout musicians you stupid bitch  
Talkin' about what's on my hand  
Bitch I been addin' it for a minute  
This all been a part of my plan  
Sold millions of records before the radio  
Damn, it feel good to be the man  
Ayy, everybody know I be, in the club VIP  
(Sike not me)  
Old girl wanna fuck me, yeah she fine  
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Old girl wanna fuck me, yeah she fine  
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Sippin' on somethin', oh shit, I might need an IV  
Permanently, permanentlyOh no Bobby, don't do 'em like that  
You gon' fuck around and leave 'em ruined like that  
RattPack the gang, they all on my back  
RattPack the gang, we do it like that  
No, don't do 'em like that  
You gon' fuck around and leave 'em ruined like that

RattPack the gang, they all on my back  
RattPack the gang, we do it like thatThe illest that bring it the realest  
Bitch, I came to kill this  
They can never bear me just the homies and me  
Now we the Grammy family  
You made a couple million, that's it, it's gross  
My net is 30, my record clean, my flow is dirty  
Right, real G's move in silence like  
Who the common denominator?  
Fuck around and bomb a hater  
My flow greater, heart darker than Darth Vader  
Check the data, matter of fact check the state of mind  
After I'm finished, these rappers ain't in a state to rhyme  
Straight to your mind now  
Feel this shit like it's some Braille  
Way too heavy for the scale  
All I know about is bars like I couldn't make the bail  
It ain't never room to fail  
Only growing and prevail  
When my anxiety rise and I feel like I'm in hell  
Take a moment and inhale  
Count to five then exhale  
Then we run that motherfucker like a marathon  
Hits, motherfucker, hits, yeah we 'bout that Barry Bonds  
Brace yourself, you can't retain me  
All that shit you talkin' out your mouth just won't sustain me  
Logic pickin' up the slack like denim  
Spit it with venom  
Never pretend to be somethin' that I'm not  
And you ain't shit when you stand next to me  
No kiddin' like vasectomy  
Step to me, throw disrespect to me and I'll rearrange your trajectory  
Black and white like a piano and I am proud to be  
And fuck whoever tell me that I'm not allowed to be  
I am me, I'm a man  
Can I live? Goddamn  
Yeah, I guess this shit right here is just all a part of the plan  
Haters gon' hate, that's the motherfuckin' sayin'  
So much plaque on my wall I need a dentist  
From Maryland to Venice, this shit is worldwide  
Step up to the mic and it's a homicideOh no Bobby, don't do 'em like that  
You gon' fuck around and leave 'em ruined like that  
RattPack the gang, they all on my back  
RattPack the gang, we do it like that  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>