

Like Woah

Logic

Aye, this that shit
I'm looking at you 6ix
I've been feeling like a
I've been feeling like a mothafuckin' postman
Sending letters to the people
All this knowledge that I got, I'm like an old man
Hold up, wait now oh man!
Let me back up in this bitch
I'm platinum in this bitch, I'm rapping in this bitch
Running the game, yeah I've been lappin' in this bitch
You know it's alright
Fuck around and they all might
Look at a brother different, I've been at it all night
I think I said it but I know I do it, this for everybody going through it
Like woah
Through it like woah
Through it like woah
Going through it like woah
You already know
You already know
Gotta get it like woah
In this bitch like woah
Get it like, like, like woah
Let's go
Uh, I'ma get it like woah
Back up in this mothafucka livin' like a goddamn king
Tell me money ain't a thing now
30 thousand feet above the world right next to the wing
Too high to hear the birds sing now
All around the world and back again it's finally happenin'
I'm lappin' in this luxury by nappin' in a big ass house
Chillin' with my homies on the West side, West side
Bringin' out my best side
I was on the road for like a quarter I was in and out the border
From London to Paris, yes it's very extraordinary
Fuck around and took the bus and a ferry
Should've seen the itinerary, then we made it back home like woah
Tell me how you're feelin', higher than the ceilin'
I know I've been illin'
Probably wonder where I'm at, bitch I've been chillin'
Why they grillin'? Yeah I'm still in like I never left
They know I had to go but then I brought it right back

Like woah
Do it like woah
Do it like woah
Going through it like woah
You already know
You already know
Gotta get it like woah
In this bitch like woah
Get it like, like, like woah
Let's go
Uh, I'ma get it like woah
I get so high they wonder why no I can't go away
I gotta hold my own, know that's the only way
I've been vibin', let me guide em, I said I gotta know
I've been ridin' for so long I think that it's time to go
Feeling like an addict that ain't had it, up and at it in a minute
If it hadn't been invented, my limit wouldn't be infinite
I'm feeling like an infant in a womb
I'ma be here 'til the tomb
Lately I've been in my room
Lookin' and lookin' at records on the wall
Hold up
Like woah
Yeah I hope we make it to fuckin' paradise and not die on the way there, mothafucka
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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