

Mama / Show Love (feat. YBN Cordae)

Logic

[Part I: Mama]

[Intro: Logic]

Mama, look at me now

Mama, look at me now [Verse 1: Logic]

I got the juice, coming for you and I'm bringing the noose

Leaving 'em hanging, my shit banging

Second that I came in the game, I'm aiming

Hold up, wait a minute, break it down for the laymen

(Do-do-do-do-do-do)

I'm killin' everybody, I'm the MC that the MC's study

Look up to me, little buddy (Do it like me, little buddy)

Save yo money, don't think about a Beamer

'Til ya sellin' out arenas, and you're ballin' like a

Ballin'-ballin'-ballin'-ballin'-

Everybody wonder what it be like

Now it what it seem like, now it what it dream like

Go like green light, somethin' what a fiend like

Do it for the drug and we do it for the love

And we do it for the high that we get, when we ride in the whip

And somebody pull up on you and they vibe-vibe-vibing your shit

[Chorus: Logic & YBN Cordae]

Mama (Yeah, uh), look at me now [Verse 2: YBN Cordae]

Mama look what you created, now I'm super faded

And I'm truly hated 'cause I'm real rich

But she too elated 'cause she knew we made it

Got the Louis sueded on some trill shit

I be coolin', nigga, making stupid figures

But the truth is realer than the fake shit

Know they shoot the killers and produce the triggers

I go two gorillas on some Bape shit

Look at all the fame and the fortune, the pain and extortion

The range and the Porches, the same, but it's gorgeous

Mama called me, said your name on the Forbes list

Thank god your daddy never paid for abortion

But sharing clothes, good times, I'ma cherish those

Now I'm stuck doing Paris shows

Embarrass hoes, I'm carousel, I'm careless though

I bear the toe, don't dare your soul (My god)

[Chorus: Logic]

Mama, look at me now [Verse 3: Logic]

Ayy, I'm the one that's where you're from

They get it done, I'm killing them without a gun

Take it in, rake it in like a leaf from a money tree
 Keep it goin', keep it goin', get the money, get the money
 When it's sunny, 'cause when them clouds come
 I can promise it's depression
 That's when you learn your lesson
 Thought you was cut out for this, your profession
 Go be the best and all of that, nah fuck all of that
 No one call him back, yeah, no falling back
 Breaking down on stage, break it down the page
 Breaking down your age
 Like, like now, all you do is compare, compare, compare Comparing yourself to the world
 And you losing yourself to the world
 And you're losing yourself to your money, your fame, and your fans
 You have bigger plans, you is in demand, they don't give a (Damn)
 Spend all your money on bullshit and drama
 Had zeros and zeros, and commas on commas
 On commas, on commas, on commas (On commas)[Chorus: Logic]
 Mama, look at me now (Me now)[Part 2: Show Love]
 [Verse 4: Logic]
 Ayy, ayy, bitch, get the fuck off my dick
 Everybody better, I'ma talk my shit
 Put him on my back, then I walk my shit
 Fuck around, flick my wrist, get it like this
 I got more plaques than I know what to do with
 Believed in myself when nobody else knew it
 Goddamn, I been through it
 Goddamn, I been through it
 You ain't got class, bitch you been truent
 I am the truest, no need to ask
 Back it up, girl, now back that ass
 Bobby get bitches 'cause bitches love Bobby
 And all of the bitches say Bobby delicious
 To say I love bitches completely fictitious[Interlude: Logic]
 'Cause I, I respect women
 But let's be real, man, there's some bad bitches out there[Verse 5: Logic]
 Man, I'm just playing
 She flipped the reefer, don't know what I'm saying
 I'm pushin' 30, my, I'm pushin' 30, my man (It's time to have fun)
 Shoutout that boy Gambino, shoutout that boy K. Dot
 Shoutout that boy young Drizzy, all y'all been doing a lot
 Why the rap game so scared to show love?
 I don't know but I am not
 That shit right there, I'm Black Thought
 Y'all bring it back to the roots
 Yes, I most definitely got the juice
 Yes, I got love for the game
 Don't do this shit for the fame
 It's how we people the same
 Don't care what set you claim

Shoutout that boy YG, Nat King Cole and JID
Everybody know I be in the club V.I.P (Huh)
Psych, not me
Too many people to name, but know I got love for you all
If you need me, I got you, I promise, just give me a call
Hip hop, we a family, but the hype beast wanna ban me
'Cause I am me, speak love, not hate, so they don't understand me
2019 better get that Grammy
Give me my props where props is due
Why everybody wanna come stop you?
Maybe they mad that they not you
When you piece that peace and love
Make them wanna come through, pop shots at you
That's no love, fuck that, show love
Don't buck back like a bitch

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