

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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