

# State Of Emergency (feat. 2 Chainz)

## Logic

Yeah, yeah, yeah

2 Chainz

Okay, I think these niggas is tryin' me  
The irony, I used to iron jeans that had the heavy crease  
You know my destiny is somewhere over the catastrophe  
You know your majesty  
You don't smoke strong, that's must or ass or feet  
That's such a tragedy  
I see murder like it's Master P  
Drug dealin' academy, summa cum laude  
I made A's, rarely made a B  
Watch in 1080P, cost 80 apiece  
I need 80G, flows is ADD (tell 'em)  
It was me versus the APD (APD)  
'Cause they know I'm ballin' hard like the ACC  
I ride this beat like an ATV  
To see me you need HDTV  
Bein' broke is like an allergy  
Ballin' with my homies now  
Everybody know me now  
But they don't really know me now  
Yeah, this shit is real life  
Haters talk shit, but deep down still wonder what it feel like  
Yeah, you know I am right  
I just signed a 30 million dollar deal  
How that feel? Goddamn right  
No, that ain't a rapper flex  
I just gotta let 'em know that money don't mean shit without self-respect  
Built myself an empire  
You can have rap, I'ma set the whole wide world on fire  
Rattpack, that's a fact  
How you go from Bobby Tarantino to the boom bap?  
It's a trap  
Bring it right back, I do it all 'cause I like that  
You can't put me in a box, my talent put me in the mansion  
Rap without Logic's like the game with no expansion  
Answer, damn I'm feelin' handsome  
I ain't in the club throwin' dollars, I'm at GameStop  
'Member used to sell trees on the same block  
I went platinum and double platinum then triple platinum  
From rappin', I'm snappin', I'm snappin'  
They wonder what happened

They was hatin' on me now they clappin' like yeah, yeah  
Bobby got the Grammy this year  
Call me Nostradamus, not cocky, I'm honest, well to be honest  
I spit the finest of flows, I count cash, you count hoes  
You'll never get, that's why your shit is counterfeit  
This that Reasonable Doubt shit, Jay in his prime  
This a state of emergency, now sound the alarm  
I'm comin' for your neck but first I'ma slice off the arm  
Of anybody who ever try to bite the hand that fed 'em  
I'm too powerful, try to double-cross me and I dead 'em  
Kill 'em with kindness, you too weak like 7 x 2  
So show some respect when this muscle comes through, woo  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>