

Logic – Keanu Reeves Lyrics

[Intro]

Yeah

[Chorus]

I'm the one, bitch, I am the one, like Keanu Reeves
Get it done, yeah, I get it done, no blood on the leaves
They can't leave us hangin', no, no, not no more, best believe
Yeah, that shit is banging, Bobby killed it with no time to grieve
I'm the one, bitch, I am the one, like Keanu Reeves
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[Verse 1]

At the Garden, sitting courtside, look around like, "Oh my God"
I just sold this motherfucker out, I ain't even try
I ain't one to floss, but I got plaques, run it back
Once I touch down, I go deep like a running back
Just jumped on the private jet and rolled a joint
Played the beat then wrote that joint
Wrote a whole movie, then I sold that joint
Fuck Illuminati, that boy 6ix got my back
6ix made this beat, 6ix bring the heat you got on repeat
Word on the street
Can't no one compete, I'm spectacular
That boy got the sauce on the RAGÚ-lar
I don't play no games 'less we talkin' Fortnite
Finally knew I made it, sittin' at the red light
When them soccer moms pull up in they van while I ride
Like, "Oh my God, children, it's the 1-800 guy"
But my doors suicide, yeah, I'm too alive
Bitch, I have arrived, everybody know I'm one hell of a guy
I ain't tryna fuck your girl, I'm tryna fuck your mama
Fuck the drama, bank account got a extra comma
Yeah, they sweat me like the sauna
Red carpet in my own merch, like that shit is designer
Did you know I'm mixed like Obama?
It ain't a project if Logic ain't talkin' 'bout being biracial

Bicoastal, I'm platinum, go postal, I'm snappin'
Yeah, you know Bobby, but prolly' only know my new shit
That trap shit, that cool shit, but they all know that fool spit

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[Verse 2]

Yeah, you know you made it when they make a meme for ya
Haters that never made it, I'm livin' the dream for ya
Roll up, grab the kush and then roll up
Hold up, better give me what I want when I show up
You know what I do, not who coming through
How 'bout you?
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, you're cool
I don't fuck with nobody like mean girls in high school
I don't give a damn that I'm famous
Why it seem like every single celebrity shameless, it's dangerous
Got 50 million but my swag on food stamps
All these models poppin' bottles, bitch, I ain't tryna dance
She said, "No, I don't wanna pay my bills"
I need a hard workin' woman with respect who will
This for everybody who ain't made it yet
Got five degrees and six figures in debt
Follow your dreams ho, follow your— follow your—, uh
Somebody calling your, uh, it's destiny
Hold up with the turn up for a second man, who's testing me?
I got so much power, don't know why the heavens blessing me
PLP, I think that is the recipe
So I'ma take a moment, use my power for good
Fuck the bullshit, do what you love and get out the hood

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