

# Isis (feat. Logic)

## Joyner Lucas

[Intro]

Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder, or better known as ADHD, is a mental disorder that affects an individual's ability to focus

Causing them to move around more frequently

They may also have trouble controlling their impulsive behaviors [Chorus 1: Joyner Lucas]

One time for them prayin' on my downfall (Yeah)

Two times for the homies in the chow hall (Whoa)

Three times for them hoes on the internet

Shittin' on niggas when they really should get out more

Four times for the days I would hold back (Woo!)

Five times for the bitches who ain't called back (Yeah)

Six times for the kids like me who got ADHD just to— (Brp, brp, brp)

[Verse 1: Joyner Lucas]

Kidnap a nigga like ISIS (Whoa)

Turn a whole world to a crisis (Whoa)

Walk around the city with a ice pick

I been paranoid, usually I ain't like this (Boop, boop)

Ain't no tellin' how crazy I might get, uh (Woo!)

Beat the police with a nightstick (Boop)

And my whole life, I been lifeless

Now I'm so fly, I'm a motherfuckin' flight risk (Woo! Whoa)

Fuck a couple hoes 'til I pass out (Whoa)

Niggas throwin' stones at my glass house (Whoa)

I remember sleepin' on my dad's couch (Whoa)

Now I got the Bentley, and it's blacked out (Whoa)

Family lookin' at me like a cash cow (Whoa)

Errybody dissin' just to have clout (Whoa)

Thought you had a chance, now you assed out

Nigga, I'm the motherfuckin' man, where you at now? (Whoa)

Fuck it, I'ma hit 'em 'til they jumpin'

I ain't trippin', this is nothin' (Brp, brp, brp)

I been livin' in the dungeon

I done held a couple grudges

What the hell I got to duck to meet the devil?

I'm his cousin, I ain't settlin' for nothin' (Brp, brp, brp)

Got a metal in the truck, I keep a semi when I'm bussin'

Niggas duckin' (Bop)

Even Stevie Wonder couldn't see it comin' (Brrrap, brp, bop)

I ain't judgin', I just want the money, I don't need a budget

I been hungry, I ain't got no weapon (Bop, bop, brrrap, brp)

But I got the munchies, nigga

How you gon' move on the front line? (Woo!)

If I don't fuck with you, I just cut ties (Whoa)  
My high school teacher said I'd never be shit  
Tell that bitch that I turned out just fine (Joyner)  
And no, I don't know you for the twelfth time (Woo!)  
We do not share the same bloodline (No)  
You love to run your mouth like a tough guy  
Hope you keep the same energy when it's crunch time (Woo!)

[Interlude]

According to the American Psychiatric Association  
It affects roughly eight percent of children  
And two percent of adults  
Commonly believed to only affect boys  
Because they are perceived as rowdy and rambunctious [Chorus 2: Joyner Lucas]  
One time for them prayin' on my downfall (Yeah)  
Two times for them bitches in the South Shore (Whoa)  
Three times for them days on the block  
Gettin' chased by the cops like a motherfuckin' outlaw  
Four times for them days that were all bad (Woo!)  
Five times for the bitches who ain't called back (Yeah)  
Six times for the kids like me who got ADHD just to— (Brap, brap, brap) [Verse 2: Logic]

Me and Joyner need a couple hearses (Woo!)  
Double homicide, kill the beat and the verses  
Everybody livin' on the surface  
But we came from the underground, yeah, we deserve it  
What's beef?  
Beef is when you murder motherfuckers on a beat, kill 'em all, kill 'em all  
Nah, nah, what's beef?  
Beef is brothers dyin' over shit that never mattered in the first place, lyin' in the street  
What's peace?

Peace is when you leave it in the past, let it heal like a cast  
When enough time pass, and you blast  
Kinda like John Wick, bars like a convict  
Fuck around and you don't wanna start shit, woo!  
Comin' with the hot shit, all they do is talk shit  
You could never top it, boy, just stop, stop it  
High and drunk, call that HD vision  
All these other motherfuckers full of indecision  
And I murder with precision all over your television  
I'm numero uno, number one and you is just a subdivision  
Never listen, we gon' leave them missin'  
That's the mission like ISIS (ISIS)  
Ain't no time to bicker over who the nicest  
It's Logic, it's obvious, just ask the audience  
I've come to body this shit (Body this shit)  
Yes, it's egregious, I'm Regis  
You Kelly, you pussy, you pussy  
Don't push me, I'm Louis Vuitton  
You at Target with your mom  
On the internet still hatin' on my last post (I hate this nigga)

I just had a steak back at Mastro's, my god  
Me and Joyner need a couple hearses (Woo!)  
Double homicide, kill the beat and the verses  
Everybody livin' on the surface  
But we came from the underground, yeah, we deserve it  
Yeah, uh, far from the minimum, killin' 'em with no Ritalin  
And 5'9

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>