

Logic "I Made It"

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[Hook x2]

Oh, I can't wait to say
I can't wait to say
Bitch I made it
Yeahh

[Verse 1]

Just a youngin' with a dream
Both his parents were some fiends
Living life behind the scenes
He was destined for that cream
Smoking weed, sipping liquor, skipping school
Falling quicker as he elevates with fame
All the haters they gonna bicker
Yeah, but little did he know
He was set to detonate and surely blow
That's just how the story go
Motivated just to flow
White boy with the soul of a strong negro
Let them know daddy black mamma white that's how
he roll
Will he drink from the coloreds?
Will he sip from the whites?
1950s, why they fighting, fuck them both that shit ain't
right
Now, raised with killers
Wolves and drug dealers
Living on food stamps and sleeping on dirty pillows
Thinking

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2]

I'm living every rappers dream
Motivated by my team
Now lets take it back a bit
2006, that was the scene
Spilling ink upon my paper
High as a sky scraper
Now I'm spitting so hot that I'm salivating vapor
Forced to be reckoned
Spitting at a million mother fucking words per second

With punches like Tekken
The moment the mic beckons
This is everything, all I got
And I'mma be rhyming until they drop the casket
I mastered impeccable flows that could not be
captured
The God of this rap shit
I just raptured the game
I'm the man
And you might think I'm cocky but that's not me
I say that I'm the best to envision what I want
While you partied getting' drunk
I wrote endlessly for months
Now I got so many rhyme books they can't fit inside my
trunk
Now I got so many rhyme books they can't fit inside my
trunk
Like

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

A natural born killer
Egotistical pistol packing mystical blood spiller
When that full moon hit
Run the mic and I'mma leave the room lit
For the people that never gave a shit
I'mma give the world hit after hit
This is my destiny
Recipe for success is the best of me
Thank God for blessing me
With a life in this hip-hop world
And the moment that it all unfurl
Ain't no way that I'm looking back
You know I live for this, die for this
Laugh for this and I cry for this
Hip-hop metropolis
Ain't no one toppin' this
Haters ain't stoppin' this
Moment I'm droppin' this
Fans will be coppin' this
Take a moment let it sit and hall of fame is where I'm
headed
Set to detonate and bitch I'm blowing up like
Armageddon

[Hook x2]

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