

Logic "One"

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When I was 21
It was a very good year
It was a very good year for city girls
who lived up the stair
with all that perfumed hair
and it came undone
when I was 21

It was all a dream just a year ago
Bussing tables and serving food but y'all don't hear it
though
Now I'm on another level
But y'all ain't near it though
My soul bleeding on the tracks so spiritual
It's a blessing 'cos now rapping is my profession yo
Set to detonate I'm just waiting for my time to blow
White boy at first glance but when I rhyme they know
Race don't mean a fucking thing the second that I flow
It's been a year and everything I said would happen
has
While everybody I know was out having a blast
I was right here in the studio busting my ass
It's been a year I'm 21 but I feel 35
Yeah and now I got this
I taste the blood no one can stop this
Second I drop this
Die hard fans is finna cop this
While the rest of the world follows through fiber optics
I took my time see I studied the game, learned how to
rhyme
I was around drugs and gats but never delved in crime
Had other things in mind
So I began to grind
First tape was a success
Locally I got press
But I knew this one right here would run the world a
mess
But I digress
A year ago I was a youngin in this room
Staring out the window looking at the moon
Knowing it's coming soon

But today I board this rocket ship and sonic boom
'Cos I am no longer a seed homie It's time to bloom

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