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Logic "The Come Up"

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On the real homie on the real tell me how you feel Everything I spit is gold like I got a grill Bet you people talking thought I'd sell out once I got a deal Still me and my team only difference we live in the hills We living the dream These bitches perpetrating the skills At the soup kitchen with my mama they giving us meals I was poor in my adolescence but now I'm getting meals Come on tell me how it feels When that brand new record spills Homie this the come up I'm from where them drug dealers are running But I was never bout that shit I just work til the sun up Boy yeah Claiming that they got it over there But they never had it over there Mu' fucka this the come up Came a long way this the come up Been a long time coming this the come up Been a long damn time this the come up Yeah, yeah, yeah Open your mind this is work ethic 99 percent of you couldn't comprehend the method Cuz you too wrapped up in the money and bitches I get riches but never sacrifice the art Been real from the start now Break it down on that super duper killa flow All these bitches in here make you wanna kill a ho It's kinda funny how the flow make me sound ignant But you know the wordplay on another level isn't it? I been at it since a youngin' on the dolo Til I got a team and said bye to doin' it solo Bad bitches wanna fuck me on the low doe Tryna break the ice she be like can I get a photo? A long time coming what you call that Shorty blowing up my phone I promise to call back Unless you a crazy ass bitch Imma tell your ass to fall back This the come up!

Came a long way this the come up Been a long time coming this the come up! Been a long damn time this the come up Yeah, yeah, yeah

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