

The Come Up

Logic

Now some guys they just hate for no reason, kapish?

Fuck yo money, fuck yo jewelry, fuck yo cars
Fuck all yo bitches that you got
It's obsolete, now
All that shit ain't fresh no more, fuck all that

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 a 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 mills
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 will run up
But I was never bout that shit, I just worked till the sun up
Oh yeah
Claiming that they got it over there
But they never had it over there
Homie this the come up

Came a long way, this the come up
Been a long time coming, it's the come up
Been a long damn time, it's the come up

Open your mind, this is work ethic
Ninety-nine percent of you couldn't comprehend the method
Cause 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
That super-duper-killer flow
All these bitches in here make you wanna kill a ho
It's kind of funny how the flow make me sound ignorant
But you know the wordplay on another level, isn't it?
I been at it since a young'n on a dolo
Till I got a team and sat by the door in a solo
Bad bitches wanna fuck me on the low though
Tryna' break the ice she like, "Can I get a photo?"
A long time comin', what you call that?
Shorty blowin' up my phone, I promise to call back
Unless you a crazy ass bitch
I'm a tell your ass to fall back
This the come up