

City of Stars

Logic

I know that you think this song is for you
I used to long for you when you do you
My life was just fine way back before you
Now when you reach out I just ignore you
Cause this not a love song
This is so long
You did me so wrong for so long, for so long
No I never thought I could live my life without you
All you ever seem to do is scream and make it all about you
And so I doubt you
I doubt you even know what's on my mind
I said I doubt you
I doubt you even know why I left you behind
I know that I've been living
I know that I've been living
I know that I've been living
I know that I've been living
In the city of stars
Where there's these flying cars
A brand new home for everyone
And even life on Mars
In the city of stars
Where there's these flying cars
A brand new home for everyone
And even life on Mars
In the city...
Cause this not a love song
This is so long
You did me so wrong for so long, for so long
And so I doubt you
I doubt you even know what's on my mind
I said I doubt you
I doubt you even know how I let you...

Much love to Def Jam, even though they undershipped me
Did me like Bobby did Whitney but the fans was with me
Know my name around the world but it still ain't hit me
All the talent in the world and they still don't get me
I didn't talk about my race on the whole first album
But black vs white bullshit was the still the outcome
How come these motherfuckers can't seem to let it go
Judging rap by race instead of the better flow
Who gives a fuck who made it, I penetrated and innovated
While they emulated, give a fuck if I'm hated
I'mma do it til I get it, fuck a nominated
Bitch I dominate it
Yeah, emails from Rick Rubin, dinner with No ID
Chilling with B-I-G D-A-Double-D-Y K-A-N-E
Not many get to what I do and my enemies
Thinking they slick as fuck like the finna befriending me
But let's get back to the music, I'm gone
Outside of this solar system I'm searching for paradise
Livin' the life, bitch I've been a vet
Fuck all these cats on the internet
I love Hip Hop and I hate Hip Hop
Cause people that love Pac hope that Drake get shot
Cause he raps about money and bitches, for heaven's sake

Pac did the same shit, just on a drum break
Now I ain't wanna name names, I'm just droppin' this game
We all people, all equal
Now let me let off, yeah
Now let me let off
Tougher than raw denim, my flow you can't identify
Talib said it best back in the day, we just tryna get by
Two words, Mos Def, in my headphones
Black on one side, now I'm in another zone
Switch flows, fuck 'em up
Play the game, run 'em up
Yeah I sold a couple records but people don't give a fuck
All the people want is real
Guess that's why Logic appeal
All the power in the world, hold that, tell me how it feel
Racism on television and in magazines
Paying taxes so soldiers don't run out of magazines, god damn
Country don't give a fuck who I am
Just a youngin' on the rise with a mic in my hand
And I am, here's the the Roc
The .45 Glock that my older brother pop, shot
And I am finally on top
Too high up, not a drop
Stop, we gettin' guap, gettin' guap
I am livin' like I ain't got it
Spit the flow so robotic, man who gives a fuck about it
Maryland 'til I die but I had to get the fuck up out it
I love it and hate it, you probably don't know man, I doubt it