

Growing Pains II

Logic

I'm on the come up
Anything that ya'll do I'm one up
Ya'll grind till like 3 in the morning
I grind till the sun up
Homie that's dedication
This world is what I'm facing
I only hope in the end that they all love and embrace me

(I'm trying to write my wrongs, but it's funny these same wrongs helped me write this song)
Momma I'm sorry that I left at 17
(I apologize a trillion times)

Everything ain't what it seem when you try and follow your dreams
First you saw the bigger picture
Now you see behind the scenes
You though everything was sweet
Now you see that shit is mean
Got a taste now you a fiend
Been into it since you been a teen
Yeah he nice so all his friends say he gon' blow like Hiroshim
Eyes on the prize like the baddest bitch you ever seen
At home late night, chillin, envisioning
Himself on the cover of Vibe magazine
But everything ain't what it seems
Though it seem like he gon' blow
Will he make it?
Maybe so
Too be honest I don't know
He got lyrics, he got flow
But it takes so much mo'
So much love
So much pain
With such little time to grow
Yeah we love it when he smile
But hate it when he frown
Remember when that girl turned his world upside down
But it made his music better
Brought emotion made it clever
Now we growing everyday
But he hungry try to eat
Brain like an EKG the way that he study the beat
Now we know that he gon' make it and he won't accept defeat
Now I ain't tryin to be mean
Now I ain't tryin to be mean
But everything ain't what it seem

So many times did I design a rhyme to blow your mind?
Cause I know that I wasn't destined to live a life of crime
I remember Christmas's with no presents
I use to fear my future now I dread my adolescence
Living a life of logic
But it ain't what it's cut out to be
Cause if I couldn't rap ya'll wouldn't give a fuck about me
Hip hop is politics
Filled with nothing but strife and stress
Time is money and it's hard to invest

Step on the stage I get the honeys so wet
Rockin thousand dollar tuxes sippin on nothing but Moet
Thinking I'm so set but really I ain't done shit yet
This game is war and in my mind I'm like a Vietnam vet
Now I'm on the come up
Anything that ya'll do I'll one up
Ya'll grind till 3 in the morning; I grind till the sun up
Homie that's dedication
This world is what I'm facing
I only hope in the end that they all love and embrace em

For the motherfuckers that hated I made it
Slowly elevated, escalated onto another level ha
My flow is crack the game is Whitney yeah
Fame is Bobby on their first date it ain't hit me yet
Visualizing driving down the horizon
While you despising the fact that I'm rising
So much hate within this world this shit is so traumatizing
Steppin to me yeah you better be alphabetically ready
Aim steady
Lyricism sharp as machete
I got it already
See I was born to sell records
You was destined to sell tunes
All up your headphones
Killing booths like cellphones
(I got it)
Cause everything ain't what it seems
It ain't just him it takes a team
At the ten headed to the zone in his mug mean
Yeah the quarterback shines but not without a sense of safety
So truly he is me and motherfucker you can't face me
Now I've had a lot of doubt
I thought I had to throw that out
Cause I find that they listen when I rhyme not when I shout
And right now shit is rocky
With me and my girl
See music is my moon but this shawty is my world
Think about you all the time
Turn that shit into a rhyme
Cause sometimes you can ignore me
But the beat listens just fine
Tell me do you even know
If you truly want to grow
Hate letters when I'm writing Love Jones all I know
Cause everything ain't what it seems

Living a life you only dream about
Flow angelic but now it's time to bring the demon out
Can you feel me?
I said it's hard being a saint inside a sinner's body
You know it's hard living as Logic after living as Bobby
This is the life I depicted
As a child I picked it
Feeling conflicted
To music I am addicted
Not one of ya'll can predict it
So many bars I'm feeling convicted
Now writing like a felony I'm selling homie who you telling
While ya'll do everything by the book fuck that I'm rebelling
Bitch I'm on another level
A level you ain't seen
A level that is truly only deemed for a king

The second you listen it's my mission to murder any rendition
Busting with precision
If you in my vision I'm never missing
Logic administer sinister verses like a minister for the listener
Can you motherfuckers feel me?