

## Growing Pains III

Logic

Outside I can hear 'em bussin' bussin'  
And the police they rushin'  
Go to my head like concussion  
I'd rather not have this discussion  
My mind racing for the elevation of the toxic in my blood  
Where my mind, don't know now  
But I know where it was  
I need Nikki, where is Nikki  
Baby girl please come and get me now  
I'm old and shit is trippy, but I know that god is with me  
This that baby mama drama  
Give a fuck about a man I know Imma  
Be there for my son, talking with my sister it begun  
End of the month, that's the worst of the month  
But the first of the month put the weed in the blunt  
That welfare check, won't ever bounce like my daddy did  
But I'm glad he did cause it made me strong  
Made me help somebody with this song  
Paint the picture of my life  
Growing up what it was like  
Section 8, grab a plate  
Food for thought, gravitate  
Food stamps, social services tryna take me away  
My mama locked up, I pray to god that I see her today  
Maybe not, maybe so, West Deer Park that's all I know  
Just me and my homies, people that know me  
Only ones that know  
Around my way, living day by day  
Corn rows and hang time, automatics and gang signs  
5 O with them canines  
Manhunt when it's game time  
They was robbing the ice cream man in broad day  
Now I'm running from the police, don't know how but I got away  
Selling weed to my homies, and a girl in the building that know me  
At 15, such a fiend, for the shit, that I seen  
All my homies smoking green, fucking bitches, sipping lean  
It was king, it was cool, seemed like something I should do  
Such a youngin, such a fool  
Now I'm breaking into school  
Cause my homie told me to  
What to do, what would you  
When will I lose my anonymity and become one with the enemy?  
Tell me would I be the enemy, feel like nobody in front of me  
I can feel the vibe

Bobby what are you thinking?  
What are you dreaming about?  
Bobby, what's inside?  
What are you thinking right now?  
What are you thinking?  
Go to sleep

I guess that I was just thinking things would be different now  
Cause when I wake up my dreams fade  
Everything cascade  
In this vanilla sky, I feel like David Aames  
Why must I open my eyes

I wish that I could stay asleep forever  
Attain every goal I wanted and watch it repeat forever  
Will it happen, maybe never  
Maybe so, I got to know  
But tell me why  
I picture myself at the top but I know that I'm dreaming  
Will I wake up before I finally confront all my demons  
Maybe not  
All I know is this life I live I can't live it no longer  
Wish I was stronger, wish that I could survive  
Turn on the TV let it wash my brain  
Pretend that family's my family to avoid the pain  
Hello children, how was school?  
It was good, how bout you?  
I love you (I love you son)  
I love mama too  
Are you ready for dinner? I'm able to set the table  
Till I snap out the fable when that TV turn off and I realize I'm back in he  
ll  
(Bobby)

Logic has recorded 1700 songs in the span of his 10 years as an MC  
However, only just over 150 have been released to the public