

## i made it

Logic

Oh, I can't wait to say  
I can't wait to say  
Bitch I made it  
Yeahh

Just a youngin' with a dream  
Both his parents were some fiends  
Living life behind the scenes  
He was destined for that cream  
Smoking weed, sipping liquor, skipping school  
Falling quicker as he elevates with fame  
All the haters they gonna bicker  
Yeah, but little did he know  
He was set to detonate and surely blow  
That's just how the story go  
Motivated just to flow  
White boy with the soul of a strong negro  
Let them know daddy black mamma white that's how he roll  
Will he drink from the coloreds?  
Will he sip from the whites?  
1950s, why they fighting, fuck them both that shit ain't right  
Now, raised with killers  
Wolves and drug dealers  
Living on food stamps and sleeping on dirty pillows  
Thinking

I'm living every rappers dream  
Motivated by my team  
Now let's take it back a bit  
2006, that was the scene  
Spilling ink upon my paper  
High as a sky scraper  
Now I'm spitting so hot that I'm salivating vapor  
Forced to be reckoned  
Spitting at a million mother fucking words per second  
With punches like Tekken  
The moment the mic beckons  
This is everything, all I got  
And I'm a be rhyming until they drop the casket  
I mastered impeccable flows that could not be captured  
The God of this rap shit  
I just raptured the game  
I'm the man  
And you might think I'm cocky but that's not me  
I say that I'm the best to envision what I want  
While you partied getting' drunk  
I wrote endlessly for months  
Now I got so many rhyme books they can't fit inside my trunk  
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Like

A natural born killer  
Egotistical pistol packing mystical blood spiller  
When that full moon hit  
Run the mic and I'm a leave the room lit  
For the people that never gave a shit  
I'm a give the world hit after hit

This is my destiny  
Recipe for success is the best of me  
Thank God for blessing me  
With a life in this hip-hop world  
And the moment that it all unfurl  
Ain't no way that I'm looking back  
You know I live for this, die for this  
Laugh for this and I cry for this  
Hip-hop metropolis  
Ain't no one toppin' this  
Haters ain't stoppin' this  
Moment I'm droppin' this  
Fans will be coppin' this  
Take a moment let it sit and hall of fame is where I'm headed  
Set to detonate and bitch I'm blowing up like Armageddon