

# Man of the Year

Logic

I wonder what it feel like  
To do that shit in real life  
And now I know I got it  
That's the reason No I.D. has signed me on the dotted  
But it's still Visionary till the death of me  
Yeah, I'm trynna make it but I gotta find the recipe  
Greatest of all time, I want the world addressing me  
At the hotel, these beautiful girls undressing me  
I'm trynna stay focused, I guess that's the lord testing me  
I knew as a child, that this was my destiny  
They do it for the limelight  
But I make sure my rhyme's right  
Waiting till the time's right  
Smiling at my mom's life  
Smiling at my mom  
Smiling at my momma  
Moët what we sippin' now  
We was never trippin' now  
We on private jets, in other words, that means that we trippin' now  
Cause they was over there, I was over here  
They was too scared while I was facing my fears  
I've always been driven, but they too scared to steer  
That's why I compete with legends, motherfuck my peers

I'm the man of the year  
Man of the year (5x)

They said I couldn't do it  
Back when I was broke going through it  
Till I got a deal, now they talkin' 'bout "I knew it"  
But you was wasn't there in the beginin'  
Nowhere to be found when I was down  
But you show up when I'm winnin'  
Uh, left me to drown, now I'm swimmin'  
I do it cause I love this shit  
Fuck the money, and the women, and the-  
And the whips with the rims still spinnin'  
I been at it since the beginin'  
All these girls screaming "Logic"  
But I wanna hear my real name  
Come from the lips of a beautiful woman that's real, man  
Y'all act like I'm Superman  
But I can feel pain  
I shoulda gone crazy, and yet I'm still sane  
Love it when they sing to us  
Been shinin' was bling to us  
Yeah, over here  
It's only been a year  
I was dirt broke, now I'm ballin' like a sphere

Now that I'm in the limelight  
They hit me all the time like (Logic, you never call me!)  
Shut the fuck up, ho!  
Let me get my mind right  
Cause this is for the fans  
Who truly understand  
Real all the time

All of y'all my fam  
Shooting for the stars  
And I ain't finna land  
Givin' everything I can  
While they tell me I'm the man  
Making music is the plan  
Matter fact, you can call it plan B  
Cause I kill these rappers while they're in their infancy  
And I be first to pop off, infantry  
Gotta keep 'em in line like symmetry  
We all fam, same root, smoke a different tree  
And all these people in the crowd sound like a symphony  
Uh, to my ears  
I love it when they cheer  
On the road to success, these haters in my rear  
I got nothing to fear  
Cause the whole team here  
And everybody shouting (What they shoutin'?)  
  
You the man of the year  
Man of the year