

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