

# The Come Up

Logic

Now some guys they just hate for no reason, kapish?

Fuck yo money, fuck yo jewelry, fuck yo cars  
Fuck all yo bitches that you got  
It's obsolete, now  
All that shit ain't fresh no more, fuck all that

On the real homie, on the real  
Tell me how you feel  
Everything I spit is gold like I got a grill  
Bet you people talking thought I'd sell out once I got a deal  
Still me and my team, only difference - we live in the hills  
We living a dream, these bitches perpetrating the skills  
At the soup kitchen with my mama they giving us meals  
I was poor in my adolescence but now I'm getting mills  
Come on, tell me how it feels when that brand new record spills  
Homie this the come up  
I'm from where them drug dealers will run up  
But I was never bout that shit, I just worked till the sun up  
Oh yeah  
Claiming that they got it over there  
But they never had it over there  
Homie this the come up

Came a long way, this the come up  
Been a long time coming, it's the come up  
Been a long damn time, it's the come up

Open your mind, this is work ethic  
Ninety-nine percent of you couldn't comprehend the method  
Cause you too wrapped up in the money and bitches  
I get riches but never sacrifice the art  
Been real from the start, now break it down  
That super-duper-killer flow  
All these bitches in here make you wanna kill a ho  
It's kind of funny how the flow make me sound ignorant  
But you know the wordplay on another level, isn't it?  
I been at it since a young'n on a dolo  
Till I got a team and sat by the door in a solo  
Bad bitches wanna fuck me on the low though  
Tryna' break the ice she like, "Can I get a photo?"  
A long time comin', what you call that?  
Shorty blowin' up my phone, I promise to call back  
Unless you a crazy ass bitch  
I'm a tell your ass to fall back  
This the come up