

Celebration

Logic

Ayy, it's a celebration, bitches
Came a long way from bus stops and washing dishes
From rags to bitches
Stovetop to Mastro's, man, this shit is delicious
People denying my past like that shit is fictitious
I'm Spike Spiegel, but I'm known to be vicious
I get under people's skin like stitches
No strings attached, I just let it dissolve
Give it time and then let it resolve
It's been a minute now, my style feeling infinite now
Used to people pulling me down, it ain't shit to me now
Don't let it get to me now
Threw out my phone, they can't get to me now
Keep it humble, but love to get big head
Bad bitches wanna fuck me, I get money instead
I mean what's rap without a little braggadocio?
Fuck people telling me to rap just how I'm supposed to
Most people wanna tell you what to do
'Cause it's what they wanna do if they had an opportunity to
But too scared
That's why they live vicariously through you
"Logic, what you should do is rap like"
Uh, uh, nah, I'd rather not
That's why I'm in a mansion and you sleeping on a cot
But you still study everything I drop
Too many people wanna tell you what you can and cannot
Go to school, get a job, get married and have kids
People gon' tell you what to do for long as you live
Break the cycle, and shoot for the stars, moonwalk like Michael
To be a leader, first, you gotta be a disciple

(It's a celebration)
For the beat, the rhymes, the streets, the dimes (It's a celebration, y'all)
You wanna try to eat, motherfucker, this my time (It's a celebration)
For the beat, the rhymes, the streets, the dimes
You wanna try to eat, motherfucker, this my time
Ayy, it's a celebration, y'all, celebration now
Wherever I go in the nation, they celebrating my style
It's a celebration, y'all, celebration now {Yeah}
Wherever I go in the nation, they celebrate the style

Look
I can't front, we was hyped up for some nosebleeds
Now we sitting courtside, still posted in my white tee
I'm a Golden State Warrior when I'm spittin' this
Like KD from MD, that's Montrose, so venomous
You know it's me, Silas never jumpin' for your bitch ass
I'm hopping on a plane that's first class
'Member back in the day, we used to fast
Had no money in the bank account
My cousin showed me, pushing weight
Almost stabbed at the transit in the dead of the night
These fucking zombies, but really that's beyond me
Tryna live my dreams from everything that I seen as a young man
So if you see me rapping, know I got the upper hand
But on the other hand, you see a couple rubber bands
And now Logic really out here makin' dreams come true

Bobby Boy Records spitting thorough
Every time I grab the mic, I'm paintin' murals
Doing shows in other countries, coming back with Euros
This that type of flow that really make your girl go

I'm marvelous, I'm all of this
That's why your girl all on my dick
I make 'em cum, boy, you make 'em sick
My net worth get the bank grossed out
No I.D. up on the beat, but 6ix, he kill it, no doubt
This a revelation, memories when I drive the M5 or the bus station
I have evolved, you's a motherfuckin' crustacean
What more can I say? Run it back and they hit replay
Bobby Boy Records, yeah, we celebratin' all day

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Logic and his crew played chess mercilessly throughout the album's creation