

Come on Down

Logic

We got DaQuan here, come on down
Now, DaQuan is from southeast D.C.
He says he's willing to sell his soul to make it in the music industry
And today, DaQuan, I believe we can make this a reality
But- but before we make this sa- satanic act a reality
We have to ask, are you ready for the blood sacrifice?
Are you ready to leave your life of love and holiness behind?

I want the world, I want the money, I want the respect (Nigga, come on down)
I want the gold, I want the chains, I want the- I want the- (Nigga, come on down)
Never had nothin' but soul, never had nothin' but hustle (Nigga, come on down)
Wanna be loved, I wanna be famous, I wanna be rich (Nigga, come on down)
I wanna be anything, wanna be anybody that I'm not (Nigga, come on down)

Let me get it all, get the money, get the women
Motherfucker, better give me like ten of them
Glock .9's, I got ten of them
My enemies, I gotta get rid of them
Since I was a little boy, I wanted to be loved
Wanted to be hugged, but the streets wanted me to thug
Sweep my emotions up under my rug
Then call the plug to sell me some drugs
And sell to my people that smoke on the nug'
Sippin' liquor by the jug
I'm tryin' to burrow it down, these feelings inside of me
Can't speak on the things that done happened to me as a child
I'm talkin' 'bout sodomy
Oh no, I can't let 'em see that side of me
Therapy, that shit right there for them white folk
I sold crack, like white yolk
Police, they got me walkin' on a tightrope
Want me on sight 'cause I sell dope
So I'd rather just sell my soul, gettin' this money my goal

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Anyone that I'm not
That I'm not
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That I'm not

Most folks think gangsters like what they do
Think they enjoy killin' their own brothers and sisters
By riddlin' our streets with bullet shells and narcotics
Most people think that shit cool, think again
Why you think they call it the trap, playboy?
We just tryna escape by any means
But we mostly end up escapin' through death