

Growing Pains

Logic

I'm Tryna write my wrongs but its funny them same wrongs help me write this song now

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See I was born into a world of food stamps and welfare
No dollar for the ice cream man and nappy hair
Raised by a single mom but in the back of my mind I thought I gotta have my pops no cereal
Never had a lot but now I got plenty material
No longer, do I wish for money cause being broke made me stronger, Harder, f
aster, better
So now I alphabetically murder every letter
Uh, feel the conviction in my words like a jail sentence
Murderin' a first through a verse won't be no repentance
Momma I'm sorry that I left at Seventeen
But I had to chase my dream and get this mofuckin cream
Only people that I got is the people that's on my team
Cause when I roll up on the scene I see everyone start to scheme
Talk about they connections, talk about who they know
Then they beggin' me for a feature and I'm like hold up yo
If you know who you know why the fuck you ain't blow
Matter fact you ain't fuck with me this time last year though
I was kicking rhymes but you ain't paid on mind or the soul
And you on my dick ridin' like the baddest of hoes
You think its easy but its not
See the talent that I got
Determination keep it fresh if I don't shine in this gold mine
Cause it don't happen overnight
One hit wonders don't keep the spot
And I plan to hold the torch until I pass it and get shot, What

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See this is dedication running up on radio stations
They with the glind enter my mind they was just hatin' haha
Testing my patience they got me pissed like probation
But I had the mind to keep going and the heart to keep racing
And as the world crumbled beneath my feet like a Hatian
I was inspired by them to persevere through dedication
Failure I'm never facing my lyrics is education
So if you got the tape crank that shit like Jason Statham
Yeah, this is my story word by word as I'm emerging just relax and let me op
en your mind like brain surgeon
Uhh, fresh in the game they should sign me the the virgin
But me and solo know that I would only get to splurgin'
I see the road to success and now its time to merge em
Don't forget its when you gone what my homies urging, don't forget its when
you gone, uhh I gotcha
You see these Seinfeld rappers talking a whole lot of nothing so allow me to
curve your enthusiasm or something
This is kinda like M.J before his prime when he dunking cause I ain't 23 yet
but when I'm there it'll be something

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Growing up there was baby momma drama everyday and every way

But now my kids I ain't got none to this day

Cause a rubber 'round my Jimmy when I consider foreplay

Hey, back in the day West Deer Park where we stay

I was running around while momma was drinking everyday

But its okay I wouldn't have it any other way

Cause it developed me into the young man that you see today

Through dedication Yeah, Yeah

Never follow traditions you see I had a different vision

I always skip school and writin' compositions 'bout my home conditions

You know the usual no money and family division

In specific I remember this time in my kitchen

With my sisters man back before he went to prison and got into religion

He showed me how to cook crack at 12 and I ain't kiddin'

After releasing him with ba-- he no longer living

And I'm pretty sure his last breath was lord forgive him

Now my nephew ain't got a father that'll keep him safe

All I can hope is he a good boy for his mommas sake

Cause she never did recover from his fathers fate

And if he grew into a man that made the same mistake

Well to be honest I don't know how much more she could take

So to every baby momma that could truly relate it is you unto this song that

I should dedicate

Yeah