

Lightsabers

Logic

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Talk shit, get hit, nigga
This is a world premiere
Logic, Juicy J, College Park
Takin' 'em back to 2011, my nigga

It's a good day (Good day, good day, good day, good day), yeah, uh
Had a lot of bad ones this year, this— this year, but— but— but
Today's a good day (Good day, good day, good day, good day)
I've been up and I've been down, but you know any day you wake up
That's a good day (Good day, good day, good day, good day)
Had a lot of bad ones this year, this— this year, but— but— but
Today's a good day (Good day, good day, good day, good day)
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That's a good day

Livin' life like a renegade
Most people just livin' they life tryna get paid
Goodfella wanna get made, tryna get that paper
Me and my neighbors, we shinin' like lightsabers
Ain't handin' out no favors, we lucky to be alive
Smoke somethin' to this and vibe
I hope you don't give up your dreams for a nine-to-five
Don't get me wrong, it'll pay your bills
But if you don't love your job, tell me, what's the point?
Don't disappoint, better make it a point to do it a better way
Everybody wanna get away
But no matter the shit that you goin' through, already knowin' you know

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Let me get up on my MPC
When it come to makin' beats, I'm the MVP
I'm the main motherfucker, you're an NPC
Got 'em full of envy, the boy from MD
Destroyed what I see, deploy, then I be
The illest MC, braggadocios flow
Vein like an IV, and I'm all up in the system
Blink once and you might have missed him
Pack a punch like I'm Sonny Liston
Better listen, like I always do the intuition
Never missin', 'less I'm on tour
Then the family, I miss 'em
Come and get some money (Money, money, come and get some)

Some money (Come and get some)
Come and get some money (Money, money, uh, uh)
Some money (Money, money)
Come and get some fame (Get some fame)

Come and get some (Get some, come and get some)
Come and get some fame (Some fame, some fame)
Come and get some (No, uh)
What then, motherfucker? (I'ma tell you right now) Hurry up
Boy, you better calm down (Man, just spit it out)
Boy, you better reckon who you talkin' to, I'm tryna talk to you
(Well, all this time you've been talkin', you still ain't said shit)
Shut the fuck up when you talkin' to me
'Fore I bust your head, just for talkin' to me
Don't do it for the money (Don't do it for the money)
Don't do it for the fame (Don't do it for the fame)
Don't do it for the money (Don't do it for the money)
Don't do it for the fame (Don't do it for the fame)
But you did it for the money (You did it for the money)
And you did it for the fame (You did it for the fame)
You did it for the money (You did it for the money)
You did it for the fame (You did it for the fame)

Well, that ain't the same, I already broke in the game
If you knew hip-hop, then you knew my name
But I was tired of broke
It was time to retire, it broke
I was so sick of bringin' all that fire to folks that wouldn't pay attention
So I made it all from the heart, then I put it on the business
Cap, and the rest is a wrap, from the boom-bap to the trap
Bust like a gat
I did it for the money and I did it for the fame
Ain't nothin' wrong with that
And did it for the kid with the dream
Rappin' in the mirror in his room as a teen
Hopin' that he'd be seen by the world, and he would be (Would be)

Yeah, be (Would be)
Yeah, be (Would be)
Yeah, be (Would be)
Yeah, be (Would be)
Yeah, be (Would be)
Yeah, be (Would be)
Yeah, be (Would be)
Yeah, be (Would be)
Yeah, be (Would be)
Yeah, be (Would be)
Yeah, be (Would be)

Everybody in my business, homie
Give a fuck about you and the critics, homie
Made a couple million, now they all up on me
I remember the days when they wasn't though
I remember the days when I was cookin' crack with my cousin
No, but on another note
I remember all the days in the basement, yeah
I remember no communication
'Cause I was hustlin', stackin' the ammunition
Know the RattPack was on a mission, homie
See the vision, me and my division finna make it out
Now let me travel in time to 2011
And pass the mic to my homie all alone in his house
Talkin' 'bout where we grew up and hopin' we would make it out
Homie, make it out

Hopefully, one day, I get to be famous
Hopefully, one day, I'm hittin' these stages
Hopefully, they gon' get lit to these bangers
We start the set, one of these bitches just fainted

Hopefully we get this shit before we go and get evicted
I keep missin' these payments
Warrant for my arrest, 'cause I done skipped the arraignments
Sometimes I feel like I can't win, yeah, yeah
Plus 'round my way, bro, this shit can get dangerous
'Round my way, they always grippin' the stainless
Spin the block twice if they miss where they're aimin'
Yeah, your chain for your life, and they're quick to exchange 'em
Yeah, that's just the way that it is, don't think it's ever changin'
One day, I'll say that I made it out
Look at my life while I sit in amazement
One day, I'll throw an obscene amount
Out in Nobu, ten band tip to the waitress
One day there'll be no debate about
Who the greatest out, bitch, it's him, no replacements
We'll never choose the safest route
Put it all on the line, it's a risk, then we take it, one day

Hello?

Hey, what's up, bro, you at the crib?

Yeah, I'm just writin' this verse

Alright, me and Lenny are just hittin' a Mr. Burger

We'll be there in like ten minutes