

# Overnight

Logic

Yeah, maybe this should just be the intro, like this  
That's it, squad, bitch

All these bad bitches say they love me, I already know  
Check the, check the ring that's on my finger 'cause I'm married, ho  
There he go, everybody know that boy pockets is swole  
What's good? That sound familiar, never been here before  
Life good, 'cause I just got quoted two hundred a show  
Oh no, oh no, two hundred a show  
Overnight, all this money that I've been makin', I gave it right back  
To all of the people that made me, you know we like that  
Don't know why your bitch wanna date me, but I can't fight that  
Guess you ain't done shit for her lately, not on the right track  
If I think that shit sound good I gotta write that  
Weed man knockin' on the door, I'll be right back  
Pass the shit to 6ix, watch him light that  
Hit the studio, record the shit, then mix the shit, then master it  
And then we do the show and they recite that  
Bitch, I'm right back, told 'em 'bout my life, told 'em 'bout my life  
Told 'em I was broke as fuck too many nights  
Now I see my name up on so many lights, but everybody prolly think this shit  
done happened, happened, happened

Overnight, people think this how this shit happened, but they never right  
Acting like they got it, they got it, but they never quite  
Seem to understand that this right here deeper than all that  
Hustlin' the streets that they trap over-over-overnight  
People think this how this shit happened, but they never right  
Acting like they got it, they got it, but they never quite seem to understand that this right here deeper than all that  
Hustlin' the streets like they trappin' and burnin' (woo, woo)

Tell me how you really feel, how you really feel  
All they ever do is hate the boy, but now they know the name  
Tell me how you really feel, how you really feel  
All they ever do is hate the boy, but now I run the game  
Tell me how you really feel, how you really feel  
You can hate now all you want, but shit won't ever be the same  
Tell me how you really feel, how you really feel  
You can hate me, but I'm not the reason that your life is lame

Tell me, is it really so hard? Really so hard, to be a good person?  
Tell me, is it really so hard, really so hard, to stop acting like a bitch?  
(woo)

I treated everybody with respect and now I'm rich (woo)  
I treated everybody with respect  
Maybe you got issues with your daddy, though  
Maybe you was bullied back in high school  
Maybe you are just a tool

Maybe you're the reason, you're the reason  
The reason I don't fuck with nobody, and  
Maybe you're the reason, you're the reason  
The reason I came up with nobody, and  
Maybe you're the reason, you're the reason  
Everybody think this right here happened

Overnight, people think this how this shit happened, but they never right  
Acting like they got it, they got it, but they never quite  
Seem to understand that this right here deeper than all that  
Hustlin' the streets that they trap over-over-overnight  
People think this how this shit happened, but they never right  
Acting like they got it, they got it, but they never quite seem to understand that this right here deeper than all that  
Hustlin' the streets like they trappin' and burnin' down, shit