

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