

The Glorious Five

Logic

Yeah
You know that shit rock
Hey
That's the Cole hey from back in the day
Hey yeah

Just a youngin' with a dream
Tryna get this money, yeah I'm tryin' get this cream
Not a lot know what I'm like for this rap shit I'm a fiend
Not one to talk about poppin' pills and sippin' lean
Just a passin' for pussy I'm tryin' to get up in the spleen
This is my mentality rappin' at nineteen
Back in Maryland just tryin' to break out on the scene
Buyin' fake chains at the mall so girls be like "oh he clean"
Day dreams that my life is like a movie scene
Sippin' liquor fuckin' green so obscene
Riddin' 'round the city with my homies in a gat
We was lookin' for trouble now where's it at
Paint the picture like Picasso mater fact like Sam Spratt
Even younger I was trippin' skippin' school writin' raps
Never on the road but on the roll like them craps
Check the facts
Endless rhyme books in my back pack
Like that uh
I guess I acted out from lack of a father figure
Go bigger performin' at open mics wishin' I could go bigger
I was never in it for the money like a gold digger
Every time my daddy call me he be like "ayo nigga, where the money at"
Yeah that's what he say, little boy you know you know I saw you on a PJ
When you gon' fly me out, when you gon' smoke me out
Always throw the mans out, mother fuck a hand out
All I ever wanted was a daddy
But that man priority was huggin' with a fatty
But I'm glad he dead, that's what made me who I am
Yeah I'm the man I always wish he would've been
Never started smokin' crack just imagin' what could of been, damn
Always felt like somethin' it missin'
Wish we could have played catch, had talks, and went fishin'
But had no one there to listen
I feel like my life mission is to be the best dad when the time comes
For my daughter and my son when the time come
Teach them 'bout their heritage and where they come from
Teach them 'bout their family history and then some

I've been on the grind tryin' find my way
People come and go but I'ma be the one to stay
People tell me I should let my light get away
Heaven knows that I'm gonna make it one day
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Yeah, yeah
Bobby don't do it to 'em
You're beautiful and you don't gotta prove it to 'em
Come on come on Bobby you ain't shit though

Why your personality be split though
One minute it's PLP, the next that shit be slit throats
Devil and an angel on my shoulder that's my conscious
Greatest rapper alive but never actin' ponchis
Keep yourself in check like a dollar amount
You ain't better than nobody based on your dollar amount
Yeah you've grown accustomed to the lifestyle but you're never boujee
Now you never brand new, no it's never who's he
Yeah I hate when I get reconized
And while the fan is hypnotized
I'm rushed by random guys who feel the need to emphasie
I don't know who you are
I reply "I'm a gentlemen and a fuckin' rap star"
Put your lighters in the sky if you got 'em
This for anybody that feel like they at the bottom
Nobody to tell 'em they special you know I got 'em
Nobody there to tell them they love them well I got 'em
No mater where you go you gotta persevere
Ain't no fuckin' around, and no makin' a sound you just got a murder to fear
Yeah I've been thinkin' about it tryin' to get out of it
Fuck what I'm thinkin' it's time to break out of it
Found myself in the thick and the debit of it
Had a bit and I knew murder son
And I murder again mother fuckin' critic I'm livin' my life

I've been on the grind tryin' find my way (yeah)
People come and go I'ma be the one to stay (yeah)
People tell me I should let my light get away (oh yeah)
Heaven knows I'm gonna make it one day (oh yeah)
I've been on the grind tryin' find my way (ah)
People come and go I'ma be the one to stay (yeah)
People tell me I should let my light get away (yeah)
Heaven knows I'm gonna make it one day
Yeah