

# 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