

## Another Man's Logo

Spose

It's the King of Maine  
But I remember getting in the game  
Everybody told me I'm insane  
"He should stay in college, quit the rappin'  
Save a dollar, it won't happen"  
They gave up and they told me to do the same  
But I knew I was gonna bang  
Knew I was emoji with the flames  
Even when your homie told me I was lame  
Now he wants a verse  
Bro, twenty million out the purse  
In my Gmail, replied on the plane  
Now I bag work, I don't mean coke I mean merch  
Twenty-five dollars for a shirt  
Since I pay six that's nineteen, profit for a hit  
I'm a prophet to these kids, I'm like a church, Speezus Christ  
Used to work morning to the night  
So another man could live a better life  
Minimally pay me then he's whipping a Mercedes  
Something shady, so I made it to the majors out of spite  
That's right

You doubted, you doubted  
Can't do shit about it, I'm 'bout it  
They told me, "Keep quiet, don't try it, just be Ryan"  
But I told 'em, "I'm shouting"  
Feeling like, "Haaaaan," the way I went solo  
Check me out, no 'nother man's logo on my polo  
Ooh, did it all on my own now  
Tried to put me in the box, but I broke out  
I feel like a living legend in my hometown  
No other man's logo, got no other man's logo on my polo

Thirty-five hunnid for the show  
That's the number right before I blow  
Me, I used to work for ten fifty in the kitchen  
Boss bitchin' in my vision 'cause there wrinkles in my clothes  
Now I write the checks, I don't know what city up next  
If you think I'm bimpin' you would be correct  
I got fans to my left and some money to my right  
I made what you made in a month in one night  
Now I'm walking in New Orleans with my homies  
And I'm tanning on my shoulder blades  
This is what you couldn't see in older days  
When I was bumping Odelay  
Till I got a whip with a roof that could fold away  
Or secret service jogging by my motor cave  
If I had listened  
My trophies and plaques in the glass wouldn't glisten  
I had premonitions but they were dismissive  
Thought I was lost, but now boss my description  
And if I had listened to you, I'd probably still have the apron  
That goes around back and then ties in the front  
I quit my job, I'm my boss  
I can do what I want, so just pass me the blunt

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I don't split a dollar with a person  
P. Dank Records on the jersey  
'Cause the power of my mind make a hour of my time worth more  
Motherfuckers can't afford me  
You could do this too  
I was just like you  
One-two-zero-seven  
But I been waking up and tryin' to get it  
'Cause I never wanna go back to my old job  
I'm not complacent, pacin', waitin' for a phone call  
They didn't see it, so I guess I had to show y'all  
Bro, my whole circle cold like a snow ball  
It's the P. Dank clan, that's me, Jay, Cam  
Mike Be, Shane and Essence  
repossession, check the replay cam  
If you doubt us, this is payback  
Middle finger to a name tag

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