Glory

The Windbreakers

Listen, they tried to put me in a box, the urban dude.
I'm Mr. Festivals, Coachella, Bonaru
They never really understood what I was trying to do,
And had me feeling Miles Davis kinda blue
I flipped the switch and put the rock star in my show,
Went overseas and had 'em cop cars whipping slow
They're looking for me I was bad with a black band
Eating everybody in the game, Pacman
The only issue is not a game,
I've got these kids looking at me, saying "What a shame!
He's so underrated, he should have sold more
Should've had a number one record with his own tour.
Look at his live show, look how we touch 'em keys,
Look how 'em girls scream when he fall to his knees!
Look how he pour his heart out when he tell his story."
i guess i had to spill my guts so i could get my glory!
Listen,
Have you ever even seen such determination?
Despite it all, I'm still a theme for the adulation.
Everything I ever wrote I did it form the heart
Never had a top ten but you still respect my art.
I'm in the club and they still send me free bottles,
Still push that G-55 with a super model.
It's my reality, this ain't no show, brother
Go check my girl on the February Vogue cover

And catch me whipping through the city in that silver Jeep
Kids screaming "Oh, that's Ryan Leslie," Yeah, they know it's me
I'm not ashamed at all, in fact I love my story,
No matter what it takes oh I'ma keep my glory!
Sh-t!
The glory, give it to me!
oh, oh!
I get it
The glory, give it to me!
Yeah
You asked me why I'm rapping,
Well I give you the reason,
The same reason you're hating when you should be believing

It's in your heart to hate, it's in my heart to win,
So yeah, I'm rapping now, let the hating begin!
I write my own records, write my own checks,
Wonder which hotel and which city I'm calling home next!
One thing i know for sure, one thing that's mandatory,
I owe it all to God, I give him all the glory!
Sh-t!
The glory, give it to me!
oh, oh! (x3)
I'mma get my glory,
Give it to me! (x2)

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