

I Made It

Logic

[Hook x2]Oh, I can't wait to say

I can't wait to say

Bitch I made it

Yeahh

[Verse 1]Just a youngin' with a dream

Both his parents were some fiends

Living life behind the scenes

He was destined for that cream

Smoking weed, sipping liquor, skipping school

Falling quicker as he elevates with fame

All the haters they gonna bicker

Yeah, but little did he know

He was set to detonate and surely blow

That's just how the story go

Motivated just to flow

White boy with the soul of a strong negro

Let them know daddy black mamma white that's how he roll

Will he drink from the coloreds?

Will he sip from the whites?

1950s, why they fighting, fuck them both that shit ain't right

Now, raised with killers

Wolves and drug dealers

Living on food stamps and sleeping on dirty pillows

Thinking

[Hook x2][Verse 2]I'm living every rappers dream

Motivated by my team

Now lets take it back a bit

2006, that was the scene

Spilling ink upon my paper

High as a sky scraper

Now I'm spitting so hot that I'm salivating vapor

Forced to be reckoned

Spitting at a million mother fucking words per second

With punches like Tekken

The moment the mic beckons

This is everything, all I got

And I'mma be rhyming until they drop the casket

I mastered impeccable flows that could not be captured

The God of this rap shit
I just raptured the game
I'm the man
And you might think I'm cocky but that's not me
I say that I'm the best to envision what I want
While you partied getting' drunk
I wrote endlessly for months
Now I got so many rhyme books they can't fit inside my trunk
Now I got so many rhyme books they can't fit inside my trunk
Like
[Hook x2][Verse 3]A natural born killer
Egotistical pistol packing mystical blood spiller
When that full moon hit
Run the mic and I'mma leave the room lit
For the people that never gave a shit
I'mma give the world hit after hit
This is my destiny
Recipe for success is the best of me
Thank God for blessing me
With a life in this hip-hop world
And the moment that it all unfurl
Ain't no way that I'm looking back
You know I live for this, die for this
Laugh for this and I cry for this
Hip-hop metropolis
Ain't no one toppin' this
Haters ain't stoppin' this
Moment I'm droppin' this
Fans will be coppin' this
Take a moment let it sit and hall of fame is where I'm headed
Set to detonate and bitch I'm blowing up like Armageddon
[Hook x2]

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