

Where You Been (feat. Logic)

Michael Christmas

Open my eyes, what the fuck do I see?
I see the world lacks time, and I don't need no clock for this
Wait, that's the wrong song, shit
The world got confusing for a bit, and still I don't get it
Everybody want some shit a whole lot of [?] are at this party
Listen to me spit like I'm a rapper
Like I got bars for days and gold chains
Like I live up in a mansion, no apartment, out in [?]
Still I pay my rent, momma still be callin
I got all I want, it ain't impress [?]
Bethany just blocked me, I ain't even read her tweets
My dad ain't pay his phone so I ain't heard from him in weeks
Got used to niggas lookin at my shit like, "boy, you weak!"
Cuz I'm still Michael Lindsay still come from Warren Street
Momma said don't go to Copeland they got niggas in the street
They don't care if you eleven they'll leaven twelve up in your cheek
At thirteen I was writing whole tracks with no beats
At fourteen I was writing on them Blackberry keys
At fifteen I was doing open mics, all free
At sixteen I recorded in the basement up at Keiths
At seventeen I was rocking with Monroe, tryna eat
At eighteen I met Goodwin, Tim, all through OG
At nineteen dropped Is This Art? and now shit different
At twenty years old I [?] division that's gon stop the bitchin'
Got a lot of love, don't got a lot of wishes
All I want is glory in the crib for my lil ma to live in
If you got a story then you tell it then they gotta listen
Where you been? (Where you been?)
Where you goin'? (Where you goin'?) Don't be so emotional
Just staring at this open road
Two seconds I turn off my phone
Just ride for a minute, let all the bullshit slide for a minute
They told me that the sky is the limit
They told me that the sky is the limit
The sky is the limit
They told me that the sky is the limit
They told me that the sky is the limit
Elevated my vision and threw out my indecision
I'm bustin' like jizzin', this mental prism is prison
I've risen out of this shit, made a million out of spit
If you feelin' inadequate and mad a bit like when Anakin had a fit
Then keep it going, knowing it could be nothing

While society bluffin', lying and huffing, we keep it movin'
Over and over, we provin' the realest, illest, and chilliest
Rockin' chinchillas, like what the fuck? It's mathematical
Never had a crew, what would you rather do?
Serving customers with attitudes or flying private
While the pilot only focused on latitude
Just cause he got it that don't mean you should be madder, dude
Do what you want in this life, do what you rather do
Never get caught in the middle, belittled, and feelin' little, fool
Just do you Where you been? (Where you been?)
Where you goin'? (Where you goin'?) Don't be so emotional
Just staring at this open road
Two seconds I turn off my phone
Just ride for a minute, let all the bullshit slide for a minute
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