Warm It Up

Logic

You, you, you
You, you, you, you, you, you
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Warm it up, warm it up
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It's that Young Sinatra shit, yeah, this that Young Sinatra shit
Shut the fuck up and listen whenever Young Sinatra spit
Yeah, your girl fine as hell but she a Young Sinatra chick
Hey Bobby, how can you tell? She on the Young Sinatra dick
All these rappers wack as fuck, make the Young Sinatra sick
RattPack be the squad, that's that Young Sinatra clique
Goddamn, said this the Young Sinatra clique, goddamn!
Listen, yeah - I'm visualizing the realism of life in actuality
Step to me, fatality; yeah, this shit is my galaxy
I am who the baddest be, I'd rather be at the academy
Killers, I'm be glad to be me, magnify the shit like bifocal
Motherfuckers talk on the internet, but in person they never vocal
Come to the hood and fuck you up if you prefer to be local
I'm loco from Noho to Soho
Gettin' cheese like a photo, you know, ho
I'm blessed like Sunday, flyer than a runway
Lil' Bobby never second-guessed that he gon' make it one day
One-way or another, my brother, word to your mother
They should give me a badge 'cause I'm always under covers
Goddamn! I'm a miraculous man!
You know I get, I get it, I get it, I get it
The Young Sinatra spit it, rewind it, and rip it
I could murder your whole album with a 30-second snippet
Pass the Mary Jane like I'm runnin' a train with Peter Parker
On tour, I have more sex in the city than Sarah Jessica Parker
The deeper and deeper I go, it get darker
They say they want the old me, they want the Young Sinatra back
The one that murder it, rip it up, no, never givin' up 'round the almanac
Yeah, I'm all of that, fall back, like September again
Baskin' these rappers so hard they won't remember again
When it comes to hip-hop, bitch, I'm indigenous to this
It's apparent I'm bearin' down like a parent
When the beef is at stake, I'm Mastro's
My god-level lyricism surpass flows, I'm much more than fast flows
Money, talk, cash knows, greatest of levels - I've passed those

Fuck that rap shit, this that trap shit (Bobby!)
This world is my contraption (Bobby!)
I was born and raised in the trap, son (Bobby!)
Talk shit, get kidnapped, son (Bobby!)
I don't really know why I rap, son (ay!)
Money in the bank, yeah, I got some (ay!)
Couple sports cars, yeah, I bought some (ay!)
Logic never flex, Bobby get it done! (ay!)
Yeah, y'all don't really know where I come from (come now)

Talkin' that shit, I'ma come for 'em (what's good?)
Tell me what you really know about me right now
Anything I want, I get it somehow

Fuck that trap shit, this that rap shit
Give me the hand like John the Baptist
Ready to rip it, I hope in the captives
Greatest alive like I'm Cassius
I put 'em all in they caskets, they can't see me get past it
I'm a bastard that mastered the flow
And none of y'all ready for the massacre, though
Fuck with Logic? Yeah, that's a no
Matter of fact, it's not impossible, just highly improbable
Like, saying the police isn't robbable
But I'm liable to walk up in the station in blue-face
Like, "Fuck the police!" - Blue lives ain't a race
Fuck whoever said this rap shit was never a race
This shit a marathon
Murder you motherfuckers and carry on
Claimin' that you really 'bout this shit
You got your Jim Carrey on
Liar Liar; I might crucify ya
Number one till I die, will never retire
I am the Messiah, I am the god of this shit
This is how we do it - yeah, I started this shit
Yes, I started this shit like

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