YSIV

Logic

It's that Young Sinatra 4 shit right here
Rest in peace Mac Miller
It's been like 10 years
Here we go (yeah)

Visualizin' and realizin' my life is fuckin' crazy
Poppin' like Jay-Z, Dirty Dancin' on the game Like Swayze
I'm one of the illest and bitch I've been ready to kill it since
So Amazing Bitch, I've been blazin', I'm talkin' grass, I ain't talkin' graz
ing
They just hit the tape while I sip Scotch Let the haters kick rocks, my shit
 is tip top and never flip-flop
Why? 'cause my soul too strong
Did this all on my own, 'cause waiting took too long
The flow sophisticated, all these youngins do is rhyme like they inebriated
I'm hatin' but yet that's how you know I made it
I'm one of the illest, I'm one of the realest, I'm ready to kill this
The people, they feel us, me and my team made millions but you know we still
 us
That's why they wanna kill us, that's why they wanna kill us
RattPack real all the time, we never phony
I'm single-handedly running the game like a Sony
While the rest of these rappers is acting
Pass 'em the Tony, pass 'em the Oscar
From the new school rappers, Logic's the illest on the roster
Smoke like a rasta
Black and white like Bob Marley, yeah, like Bob Marley
These racist motherfuckers hate that last line
Probably haters on the internet ain't got nothing to bargain
Said I'd never make it, bitch, I just sold out the Garden

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Life's a bitch and then you die, that's why we sip Scotch like Sinatra, scre
amin "Motherfuck the cops"
They say they want the old Logic, the one that flow like a faucet I'm still
the same me, they just don't believe it like they
Agnostic If I spit over the Boom-Bap, then they perceive it as nostaligic
But the truth is, my subject matter has been the same
And my production selection is still flame
But they love you on the come up 'cause you ain't tainted by fame And you st
ill they little secret, that's the type of bullshit that they frequent
From 19, to 2019, been murderin' this shit for a decade
From the Boom-Bap to the Trap, I let my shits cascade (Listen, yeah, yeah)
So what's the dilly, pass the Phillie, get silly, that's on the really
We snappin' like Uma Thurman in Kill Bill, I'm talkin' Aquilies
Play me like I ain't me, but I provided all the deets'
Who you know worth 50 Mil, still rappin on break beats
From Nasty Nas, Big-L, Tribe, The Roots, and many more
Of course we could never forget Biggie and young Shakur

Fuck the police, no we ain't fuckin' with Al Pastor
I'm the bastard that mastered the flow, I said it once before fa sho While 6 ix produce the kicks from the soul, you already know
Fuck these youngins talking outta they ass with no class, I'm here to school 'em
This that real shit, I'm never foolin'
I'm killin' these squares, we call it a massacre
I got the bread, but these fuckers needs the dough like a baker The legends above me love me like the Rza, like Nas, like Jay 'Cause I mastered the flow from back in the day
Respected by my peers from Drizzy to Cole to Kenny
Thank you for the love and inspiration, plenty
Yeah I'm loved by many, and only hated by a little
Now I think it's time to switch the lyricism, peep the riddle
I was born in mint condition, I'm everybody's life's mission
Alright, listen, put me 'round your neck and I might glisten
The ultimate connect, I'll get you anything you need
From good credit, to good weed I can make any woman suck seed, control you w ith high degree
Along with anybody that's in need, I'll make 'em beg and plead
I'm in the pocket of Mafia crime lords and presidents
Without me, they'll evict you from your residence
Hov wrote about me on Dead Prezidents, never irellevent
Not a soul on earth would love me if I weren't me
No matter what year I'm in, I'm current, see?
People that have me, yeah they power's so immense
But people without me, make no sense, god damn
The world revolve around me, the law evolve around me
The shit people do to get a piece of me astound me
Blood stains my face when drug deals go wrong
I'm given to the greatest athletes when they go long
You could put me in check, but I'm still laughing all the way to the bank
I'm the reason that the Titanic sank
I'm always there for you, yeah, when it comes down to the wire And some peop le even tuck me away 'til they retire
I usually come around on the First and Fifteenth
If you owe me to somebody then they'll leave you beneath
People go crazy when they feel me, in the Middle East they drill me
If you let your guard down, then some people'll steal me
I knew these two dudes that's always been homies since fifth grade
Always schemin' on the block, selling crack to get paid
Now they never graduated, thought that shit a charade
Only thing on they mind that wasn't me was get laid
Then one day, they had a falling out on the block
One thought the other one had been stealing his rock
'Cause he coulda sworn he had more weight in his stock
Pulled out the Glock and his homie yelled 'stop!'
But before he had the chance to pull the trigger, oh shit here come the cops
They saw the gun and blew them both away
Now there's two more kids dead in the street all before twenty Over me, the most important thing to man, money!

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We just some motherfuckin' KIDS
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We love and miss you Mac
For those of y'all who don't know man, Mac is the whole reason I started doi ng this Young Sinatra shit
I remember I loved Lord Finesse, all the shit he did with DITC, Diggin in th e Crates
Hip to the Game, one of the illest beats ever and I remember when Mac flippe d that shit for KoolAid and Frozen Pizza
I thought it was the dopest shit man
Mac showed me that I could just do it all on my own
Me and all my boys, all my homies and if it wasn't for him killing that beat I would have never got on that beat for my very first mixtape Young Broke a nd Infamous, damn
It's like 2010 And I title the track Young Sinatra
And that was the birth of all this shit
So, thank you, I appreciate you, love you and miss you, yeah
We just some motherfuckin' KIDS

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