

## Young Sinatra III

Logic

Various listeners is wishing this death  
Don't give a damn, I'm reppin' Young Sinatra till my last breath  
Easily my darkest confession is lyrical agression  
Through indiscretion that triggers anti-depression  
With addressin' my profession in every session  
The fact that I'm alive is such a blessing  
Sippin' wine while these honeys undressin'  
What I'm about to say is highly confidential  
And in the music industry today, very essential  
So bust out your pencil, you can do it on your own  
Stop thinking that these labels is the ones that put you on  
Let's change the topic, Who's your favorite rapper?  
I'm the top pick, ha  
The flow is elegant, never irrelevant  
How many times must I say this?  
Cock back and spray this, never delay this  
I pray this, reaches the masses  
And spread like cancer on they asses  
Now, allow me to catch wreck, bust rhymes like tech  
Put me in your box and I destroy the deck

(Life's a bitch and then you die  
I used to bust tables, now I bust rhymes  
Life's a bitch and then you die  
Swear to God I'm the reincarnated Young Sinatra)

(Uh, uh, uh yeah, yo)  
Whipin' through Cabo with a Murcielago  
Dodging paparazzi with the finest dime I met in Chicago  
The baddest Bobby soxer that you ever seen, reppin' my team  
We real all the time, so my squad keen, bing  
Dave, it's me Sinatra and my boy Dean  
The way we (winning) I can't believe there isn't a Sheen  
And pregnant women listen and they give birth to a fiend  
I spit narcotic epidemic all up in your genes  
In layman's terms I disperse your verse, you ever seen  
Assassinate rappers the moment that they intervene  
While you in the alley playing dice  
I'm in the yacht contemplating plans for the next diamond heist  
All thieves and jewel connoisseurs  
I study every part of they mind and make my rhyme better than yours  
Elevated by being hated, sleeping on the brother like they heavily sedated  
Some say I'm one in a million, I say I'm one of a kind  
Only cocky when I rhyme, I'm Muhammad in his prime

(Life's a bitch and then you die  
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Yo, Address the mic and start spillin' like I hit the vein  
Back in the day they used to sleep on me like Tryptophan  
Touchdown now the city screamin' my name  
I flow gunshots and break fingers just to shift the pane  
The weather, hate em', I levitate em' like David Blaine  
Black Ops state of mind, play the game like campaign  
Bumpin' Santana in a finest cope of Cabana

In Havannah with a honey by the name of Hannah  
Wearing nothing but a bandana  
Pussy wetter than Louisiana  
You know the deal, piece the milk bone, I keep it real  
Flyer than a man of steel, motherfucker how you feel, It's Logic