

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 aggression
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

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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