

Young Jesus (ft. Big Lenbo)

Logic

Okay, now take a trip inside my mind like you was off to Venice
It's me and B-I-G L-N-B-O cooking like chemists
Take them back to way back when like Dennis, The Menace
Causing mayhem on the come up like a young apprentice
Smoking weed and getting higher then a flight attendant
Hip-hop descendant, gold Jesus on my pendant
Got to pull it out for everyone that's in attendance
Okay, back in the day as a college park tenant
Still can't believe I didn't get a shorty pregnant
Man, that's the definition of a life sentence
A whole lot of beef, no bread, no lettuce
'Cause I couldn't keep it in my briefs, man that's pathetic
Fuck all that back and forth, this ain't a game of tennis
I'll be in my mothafuckin' chamber like the senate
Scared to go outside but I know I can't prevent it
I'm, forever alone in my mind
See I'm a self diagnosed hypochondriac
Either at the crib, or on the tour bus is where you'll find me at
Yeah, I know that I'm livin' like I got it okay, yeah
But I swear that I'm not that neurotic over here, yeahOver here, over here
Over here, over here
Over here, over here
Over here, over hereAyo, fuck all that, it's the fat young Jesus
Flow prestigious
Stackin' money and playing the field man like Regis
Better believe us or leave us
Grabbin' your bitches' cleavage like, oo-ah
I went from surveying to Super Saiyan slayin' the man
Bitches want an autograph, I sign them titties in crayon
Like goddamn
It's me and B-I-G-L-N-B-O cooking like chemists
It's me and B-I-G-L-N-B-O
Posted in the club in baggy jeans and a beanie
Sippin' on a martini, takin' my pick at bitches like eenie meenie
I'm unscannable, young cannibal
Eat wack MCs like Hannibal
'Cause Joe Pesci's my spirit animalOver here, over here
Over here, over here
Over here, over here

Over here, over here Okay the flow delicious, bounty huntin' like Sid Vicious
The young Spiegle, interstellar with my retrieval
Furthest from evil, I throw this shit back like medieval
I spit at it like a Baretta, you know I get better by givin' the people
Not a fuck given, check the method, that's how we livin'
Always been driven, out of sight and yet never hidden
The Return of the Jedi, bitch I bet I do the show and catch a red eye
Ho I said I leave 'em dead, I know I do
This shit is, Overdue, pass me the fifth and I'm comin' through
The B-I-G-L-E-N-B-O on the way to Rio
Aye dios mio, lookin' for a Latin Leo
To hold a brother down like the white man
Fuck that, nigga Ayo enough's enough, man of my word, I never bluff
Even in a pair of cuffs know we always keep it real
Like goddamn, don't even step like I ain't the man
I'm just 301 reppin', second I step in Maryland
I gotta conceal it like a murder weapon
I kept in the glove, Ratt Pack you know it's all love
We the realest so fuck you if you ain't feel this
Throw a Molotov in your crib and tell them bitches to bill us
We the illest
Finger fuck a critic, shit is darker than The Chronicles of Riddick
Yes I did it, while they bit it, you know we got it
Smack you with the palm, save the back for your mom
Sound the alarm, you know we got it goin' on

Songwriters

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