

All Sinatra Everything

Logic

[Verse 1]

Ayo I force MC's to bleed, retreat and recede
That's the Young Sinatra creed
Killin' a track with incredible speed
And doin' it like it's nothin' or bluffin', gotta kill it everyday though
Slice MC's like Kato, gotchya head spinnin' like dreidel
Assassinate em so fatal, grip the heat and then tell ya to freeze
Gettin' chedda' at negative 30 degrees
I'm talkin' mula, money, euro, dollars, that yin
Blow it, let's spend it again, I'm livin' the life until the end
Can't comprehend what I got goin'
Never knowin' when Logic flowin', cause I'm creepin'
Like ether the way that I seep in
Swimmin' in women like the deep end
Chillin' with shorties that smoke reefer and blow like aretha
Uh, now, Sinatra said the best revenge is massive success
I guess that's women and multiple digits in excess
Ya family broke bread but my family's bread was soggy
'Til my brother's broke bricks like Mr. Miyagi
Now what the fuck...

[Verse 2]

All of a sudden I feel the inner killer emergin'
Never splurgin' bingin' money and never purgin'
Urgin' women to fuck on the rug cause it's imported Persian
Then bypass matters of the heart like a surgeon
Now, it's hard to ball when there's problems within the inner circle
One moment they cool as Stephan and flip it like Urkel
Or flip it like keys, yeah they flip it like ki's
From drug lord's overseas that export it with ease
Bitch please we stack cheese so old it's mold
I'm 'bout that money so excuse me if my heart is cold
The magnum? deployed, then I destroy mattresses
Late night love affairs with New York City actresses, I
Broke in the game and destroyed the first couple stages
Visionary takin' over regardless of our ages
Makin' history today to solidify in the pages of tomorrow
The industry is fucked, nothin' but sorrow but I'm
Playin' for keeps in other words no need to borrow
So you can keep your advances, wack hooks, and pop dances

Don't get me wrong, I'm all about the mainstream
As long as I sign the deal I want and have the same team
And now they trippin' like a flight to Vegas
Tellin' me that I'll never make it and this shit is outrageous
Now what the fuck...

[Verse 3]

Therefore you never mourn like a memory repressed
MC's digest quicker than bullets shot from a gat with the barrel suppressed

One to the dome, two to the chest
If by chance they got a vest, however nevertheless
I'm lookin' for that real deal, shit that make me feel
Pleasure and pain, ain't no way to measure the game
I got haters in 57 languages watch me vanquish this
The come up, bust quicker than 357 caliber
Sharp as Excalibur, crushin' muthafuckas like Galaga now
Time is money, something you can never recoup (recuperate)
So stop wastin' mine, hit rewind and then fuckin' regroup
Never messed with them chicken heads, but watch me in the coup
Never in public cause I'm a studio fiend
Rockin' diamonds and gettin' money, we call that ice cream
Now, allow me to give you the scoop, shit I'll make it a double
I came up around more rocks than Barney Rubble
Murderers and drug dealers, I knew it no rebuttal ain't no need to claim it
Picked up the heat but never aimed it now
Jay gave us The Blueprint, I lay the foundation
Tell ya what I'm facin', bars like incarceration
Cause my mind is always racin', ain't no time for vacations
I'm never pacin', unless I'm on the phone talkin' business, get wit' this
Best witness like Christmas, I'm fuckin' rappin'
Walkin' the spot and all these haters go for the dap and I never carried them
Kill 'em with kindness then bury 'em, yeah!
I was born with talent, ya'll gave me the gift
And now I pull more strings than guitar rifts
Now what the fuck...

Now that's all sinatra everything!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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