

Warm It Up (feat. Young Sinatra)

Logic

You, you
Warm it up, warm it up
Warm it up, warm it up, warm it up
Warm it up, warm it up
Warm it up, warm it up, warm it up This that Young Sinatra shit, yeah this that Young Sinatra shit
Shut the fuck up and listen whenever your Sinatra spit
Yeah your girl as fine as hell but she a Young Sinatra chick
Hey Bobby how can you tell? She on a Young Sinatra dick
All these rappers wack as fuck, make the Young Sinatra sick
RattPack be the squad, that's that Young Sinatra clique
God damn, this the Young Sinatra clique, God damn
Listen, yeah, I'm visualizing the realism in my life and actuality
Stuck to me fatality yeah this shit is my galaxy
I am who the baddest be
I'd rather be at academy
Killers be glad to be me
Magnify the shit like bifocal
Motherfuckers talk on the internet but in person they never vocal
Come to the hood and fuck you up if you prefer to be local
I'm local, from Noho, to Soho,
Getting G's like I'm Frodo, you know ho I'm
Blessed like Sunday, flyer than a runway
Little Bobby never second guess that he goin' make it one day
One wake, or another my brother word to your mother
They should give me a badge cuz I'm always under-covers
God damn I'm a miraculous man
You know I get, I get it, I get it, I get it
They turn out to spit it, rewind it and rip it
I can murder your whole album with a 30 second snippet
Pass the Mary Jane like I'm running a train with Peter Parker
Until I have more sex in the city than Jessica Parker
The deeper and deeper I go it get darker
They say the want the old me, the want the Young Sinatra back
The one that murder it, rip it up
Never gonna give it up around an almanac
Yeah I'm all of that, fall back, like September again
Basking these rappers so hard that they won't remember again
When it comes to Hip Hop, bitch I'm indigenous to this
This apparent, I'm barring down like a parent

When the beef is at steak, I'm Astros
My god level lyricism surpass flows
I'm much more than fast flows,
Money talk cash flows,
Great as the numbers at past shows
Fuck that rap shit this that trap shit (Bobby)
This world is my contraption (Bobby)
I was born and raised in the trap son (Bobby)
Talk shit get kidnapped son (Bobby)
I don't really know why I rap son (ayy)
Money in the bank, yeah I got some (ayy)
Couple sports cars yeah I bought some (ayy)
Thought you never flex Bobby get it done (ayy)
Y'all don't really know where I come from
Talking that shit, I'm a come for it (what's good)
Tell me what you really know about me right now
Everything I want I get it somehow Fuck that rap shit this that rap shit
Give me the hand like John the Baptist
Ready to whip it I hoove in the catcher
Greatest alive like I'm Cassius
I put 'em all in they caskets
They can't see me get past this
I'm a bastard that mastered the flow and none of y'all ready for this massacre though
Fuck what Logic had absent though
Matter of fact it's not impossible but highly improbable like
Saying the police isn't robbable
But I'm liable to walk up into a station in blue face
Like fuck the police!
Blue lives ain't a race
Fuck whoever said this rap shit was never a race
This shit a marathon
Murder you motherfuckers and carry on
Claiming that you really 'bout ya shit
You got your Jim Carrey on, "Liar liar"
I might crucify ya
Number one 'til I die
Will never retire
I am the Messiah
I am the God of this shit
This is how we do it
Yeah I started this shit, yes I started this shit like Fuck that rap shit this that trap shit (Bobby)
This world is my contraption (Bobby)
I was born and raised in the trap son (Bobby)
Talk shit get kidnapped son (Bobby)
I don't really know why I rap son (ayy)

Money in the bank, yeah I got some (ayy)
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Tell me what you really know about me right now
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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