

# Young Jedi (feat. Dizzy Wright)

## Logic

1: Logic]

Back again like I never left  
Young Sinatra, that's to the death  
We turnt up 'til we go deaf  
Rep RattPack 'til my last breath  
I cut records like Kid Cudi  
Day and night, that's all the time  
From the underground to the mainstream  
My same team get all the shine  
They wanted beef, but I never knew  
I just keep the peace and get revenue  
Stay true they never do  
Cut all ties, I'll sever you  
These rappers like women, how soft they appear  
We keepin' it real but they flow is irregular  
Grab the mic and I murder on the regular  
While these bitches hit me up on my cellular  
I can't take the time that I take to rhyme  
And just bullshit, man, that blow my mind  
I'm 23 like MJ  
That's no rest like overtime  
Writing rhymes on the tour bus  
We stay real to the core of us  
They talk shit 'bout RattPack  
But every day, man, there's more of us  
That money come and that money go  
But this music shit, man, that's all I know  
I been broke and I got paid  
Like a Goodfella that got made  
I'm draped up and I'm dripped out  
Went to school, got kicked out  
Told my mama, she flipped out  
Said "fuck it all" and I dipped out  
But I'm back though, whole time  
Fuck bitches, I just rhyme  
Brand new state of mind  
My lifestyle is so divine  
'Cause I've lived and I've learned  
Now I hustle and earn

'Cause once you in the limelight, everybody concerned  
With your wellbeing, and if you feel okay  
Bitch, you wasn't here a year ago  
Why are you here today?  
I've got professor paper, your money need an extension  
I'm sellin' success, save up and pay attention  
Money can't buy happiness, but that shit can support it  
'Cause what's a family of five if you can't even afford it?  
Feelin' good, feelin' great...  
Feelin' like a XXL Freshman on your bitch ass, nigga...  
Creepin' on the come-up with my nigga Logic  
Time to get it poppin'  
Got your city watching, hit the stage, them titties poppin'  
What it do? Bruh, I fuck with you  
Don't let these haters knock ya  
Keep it gangsta, keep it, keep it G  
Don't keep them lames around  
And fuck the world, fuck the, fuck the world  
Y'all gon' feel my passion (pass the blunt)  
I'mma create that shit that's fuckin' everlasting  
And I'm overboard with the tactics  
Walk out the house and I ain't even matching  
But I'm stuntin' 'cause I'm the coolest and the youngest  
I told 'em I was a threat - they scared of what's next  
I'm Christopher Dorner in effect if you speakin' down on my name  
Walkin' down this road, I'm the only one in my lane  
And my fingers gettin' itchy, that's that money comin' to get me  
Mr. Wright, Mr. Dizzy Wright, Vegas nigga shit (makin' noise)  
Wait a minute, ain't them niggas on the list?  
Makin' moves, making super moves, who the fuck is you?  
Nigga what? Nigga, nigga, what? Them niggas the truth  
It's an honor to be a part of the heart of the young Sinatra  
You ain't gotta smoke weed, we gon' celebrate with this vodka  
Grindin' for some time, and I'm hella straight with the dollars  
So if you call me, and you need me, then I've got ya  
Don't talk about being the realest, niggas gon' feel us regardless  
We gotta keep on killin' - I've got the mind of Martian  
I'm spaced out... somewhere in a world where I've never been  
Livin' out my dreams and I'm still tryna settle in  
See, it's amazing - studio sessions, beautiful blessings  
I'm faded, usually quiet, but I've got this message  
So I speak it like I know it  
Got my shot, I took it and I didn't fuckin' blow it  
Now everything is in motion  
Callin' out my homies who understand what it means

To get off your ass, get on your grind and follow your dreams  
Makin' it a fact to be great at what you achieve  
If I lead, would you follow with a ease?  
Open your mind - elevate to the level of this rhyme  
Keep it G to the dime, many seek, never find  
Never knowing when I'm flowing, feeling heroic, never ask  
Chillin' with your bitch, I can't help but grab up on that ass  
Swervin' at 120 while she's rolling weed on the dash  
Many never follow their dreams, but follow the cash  
And this is the reason the Reaper is comin' for they ass  
Top dollar, money, bitches, Impalas  
Fuck it all, let me holler  
And show you how we do it where I come from  
We gettin' money for the long term, not just no lump sum  
How you feeling? Make a killing, bitches higher than the ceiling  
I'm Goku, you fuckers is Krillin with the spirit bomb  
Fuck around, throw your body on the lawn  
Right in front of your mom, motherfuckers, I'm gone  
RattPack...

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

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