

Young Jedi (ft. 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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