

# YSIV

## Logic

[Intro]

It's that Young Sinatra IV shit right here  
(Rest in peace Mac Miller)  
It's been like 10 years  
Here we go (Yeah)

[Verse 1]

Visualizin' and realizin' my life is fuckin' crazy  
Poppin' like JAY-Z, Dirty Dancin' on the game like Swayze  
I'm one of the illest and bitch  
I've been ready to kill it, it's so amazing  
Bitch, I've been blazin', I'm talkin' grass, I ain't talkin' grazing  
They just hit the tape while I sip scotch  
Let the haters kick rocks, my shit is tip-top  
I never flip-flop, why? 'Cause my soul too strong  
Did this all on my own, 'cause waiting took too long  
The flow sophisticated  
All these youngins do is whine like they inebriated  
I'm hated, but yeah, that's how you know I made it  
I'm one of the illest, I'm one of the realest, I'm ready to kill this  
The people, they feel us, me and my team made millions  
But you know we still us  
That's why they wanna kill us, that's why they wanna kill us  
RattPack, real all the time, we never phony  
I'm single-handedly running the game like a Sony  
While the rest of these rappers is acting  
Pass 'em the Tony, pass 'em the Oscar  
From the new school rappers, yeah I'm the illest on the roster  
Smoke like a rasta  
Black and white like Bob Marley, yeah, like Bob Marley  
These racist motherfuckers hate that last line  
Probably haters on the internet ain't got nothing to bargain  
Said I'd never make it, bitch, I just sold out the Garden

[Chorus: AZ & Logic]

Life's a bitch and then you die, that's why we get high  
'Cause you never know when you're gonna go  
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Life's a bitch and then you die, that's why we get high  
'Cause you never know when you're gonna go  
Life's a bitch and then you die, that's why we sip scotch  
Like Sinatra, screamin', "Motherfuck the cops"

[Verse 2]

They say they want the old Logic, the one that flow like a faucet I'm still the same me, they just  
don't believe it like they agnostic  
If I spit over the boom-bap, then they perceive it as nostalgic  
But the truth is, my subject matter has been the same  
And my production selection is still flame  
But they love you on the come up 'cause you ain't tainted by fame And you still they little secret  
That's the type of bullshit that they frequent  
From 19, to 2019, been murderin' this shit for a decade  
From the boom-bap to the trap, I let my shits cascade (Listen, yeah, yeah)  
So what's the dealy? Pass the Phillie, get silly, that's on the really  
We snappin' like Uma Thurman in Kill Bill, I'm talkin' achilles  
Try to play me like I ain't me, but I provided all the deets'  
Who you know worth 50 million, still rappin on break beats?  
From Nasty Nas, Big-L, Tribe, The Roots, and many more  
Of course we could never forget Biggie and young Shakur  
Fuck the police, no we ain't fuckin' with Al Pastor  
I'm the bastard that mastered the flow, I said it once before fa' sho'  
While 6ix produce the kicks from the soul, you already know  
Fuck these youngins talking outta they ass with no class  
I'm here to school 'em  
This that real shit, I'm never foolin'  
I'm killin' these squares, we call it a massacre  
I got the bread, but these fuckers need the dough like a baker  
The legends above me love me like the RZA, like Nas, like Jay 'Cause I mastered the flow from  
back in the day  
Respected by my peers from Drizzy to Cole to Kenny  
Thank you for the love and inspiration plenty  
Yeah, I'm loved by many, and only hated by a little

[Verse 3]

Now I think it's time to switch to lyricism, peep the riddle  
I was born in mint condition, I'm everybody's life's mission  
All right, listen, put me 'round your neck and I might glisten  
The ultimate connect, I'll get you anything you need  
From good credit to good weed  
I can make any woman succeed  
Control you with a heart of greed  
Along with anybody that's in need, I'll make 'em beg and plead  
I'm in the pocket of mafia crime lords and presidents  
Without me, they'll evict you from your residence  
Hov wrote about me on "Dead Presidents," never irrelevant  
Not a soul on earth would love me if I weren't me

No matter what year I'm in, I'm current, see?  
People that have me, yeah, they power's so immense  
But people without me, make no sense, god damn  
Yeah, the world revolve around me, the law evolve around me  
The shit people do to get a piece of me astound me  
Blood stains my face when drug deals go wrong  
I'm given to the greatest athletes when they go long  
You could put me in check  
But I'm still laughing all the way to the bank  
I'm the reason that the Titanic sank  
I'm always there for you, yeah, when it comes down to the wire And some people even tuck me  
away 'til they retire  
I usually come around on the first and fifteenth  
If you owe me to somebody then they'll leave you beneath  
People go crazy when they feel me  
In the Middle East they drill me  
If you let your guard down, then some people'll steal me  
I knew these two dudes that's always been homies since fifth grade  
Always schemin' on the block, selling crack to get paid  
Now they never graduated, thought that shit a charade  
Only thing on they mind that wasn't me was get laid  
Then one day, they had a falling out on the block  
See, one thought the other one had been stealing his rock  
'Cause he coulda sworn he had more weight in his stock  
Pulled out the Glock and his homie yelled, "Stop!"  
But before he had the chance to pull the trigger  
Oh shit here come the cops  
They saw the gun and blew them both away  
Now there's two more kids dead in the street all before twenty Over me, the most important  
thing to man: money

[Chorus: AZ & Logic]

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Like Sinatra, screamin', "Motherfuck the cops"

[Break]

We just some motherfuckin' kids  
We just some motherfuckin' kids

[Outro]

We love and miss you, Mac

For those of y'all who don't know man, Mac is the whole reason that I started doing this Young Sinatra shit. I remember I loved Lord Finesse, all the shit he did with DITC, Diggin in the Crates. "Hip to the Game", one of likeâ€”one of the illest beats ever and I remember when Mac flipped that shit for Kool-Aid and Frozen Pizzaâ€”I thought it was the dopest shit man. Mac showed me that I could just do it all on my ownâ€”me and all my boys, all my homiesâ€”and if it wasn't for him killing that beat I would have never got on that beat for my very first mixtape Young Broke and Infamous. Damn... that's like 2010. And I titled the track "Young Sinatra." And that was the birth of all this shit. So, thank you, I appreciate you, love you and miss you,  
yeah  
Yeah, we just some motherfuckin' kids

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