

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>