

Alright (feat. Big Sean)

Logic

Just ride with a mothafucka
Keep it real, never lie to a mothafucker hold me down
Chillin' in a-gadda-da-vida, rockin' Adidas
With a seniorita and she sippin' liquor by the liter
That's royalty, like the homie Gambino
He know we be in the casino lightin' Cubans with a C-note
I'm a fuck the game, dare you to test my libido
Comin' up shorter than Danny DeVito whenever I step on the beat, ho
Like a killer on the creep slow
Had my share of defeat, but we still gon' eat, ho
While the fans bumpin' Welcome To Forever on repeat though
Wonderin' if I'm a ever fall off
Feelin' mad at the world, wanna hit her with the sawed off
Blowin' up like a molotov
This is war everybody ain't no reason I'm a call it off
Get it right, shout out to the homie Dizzy Wright
In the studio everyday so you know this shit about to be a busy night
Everything is all, everything is alright
It's finally famous over everything
Rattpack gang
What up though Logic, yeah
Day one shit right there Oh my God they plottin' and schemin'
Fuckboys rather me not even breathin'
They tryna take my blessins away
They gotta be demons, I'm blessed everyday
And I'm blessed like I'm sneezin', I'm healthy and well
On top of my ship and I'm not even sinkin'
And I get to sit back and say that I'm happy
But can't spend a day without smokin' and drinkin'
Got champagne problems And I order more, of my wardrobe is aura gold
I'm a young nigga with a older soul
But still young enough to know I gotta know some more
I made somethin' out of nothin', Sean Don the magician
She doin' tricks with the pussy, I guess she's a vagician
She tryna hold on to a nigga sta-sta-stackin' up
Purell for these fake niggas tryna dap dap me up
Hype nigga back-back-back it up
Claimin' that we homies, boy stop
That's the type of shit I boycott
Yellin' fuck the 5.0, state troops
Any nigga with a badge, I don't even trust the boy scouts
I got these good girls hoin' out

Tell me what the fuck you know about
Bein' that nigga that these niggas don't know about
Then they throw you in the game then you mothafuckin' blow it out
Now everything is alright
Rippin' through Gotham, hatin' mothafuckas, I wanna off 'em
Hella endorphins, got me livin' life to the coffin
I'm coughin', wonderin' if I'm goin' insane
Nobody knowin' my pain but I be killin' cause I'm into the game
Now lookin' back it's like ain't nothin' the same
All these Spanish women watchin' me like a novela
Hit you with a Beretta get you wetter than a umbrella
Ain't nobody better do it like me
I know a lot of mothafuckas don't like me
Probably wanna fight me, but I just keep the peace
No need to keep a piece
I keep my enemies on a leash capiche?
And keep it real for the people I reach!

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

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