

Logic, Alrtight

[Chorus: Logic]

Hold up

Let me get my mind, let me get my mind right, yeah

Let me get my mind, let me get my mind right

You know everything is alright

You know everything is al-

[Verse 1: Logic]

Just ride with a mothafucka

Keep it real, never lie to a mothafucka, hold me down

Chillin', In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida, rockin' Adidas

With a señorita when 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'ma 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, uh

Wonderin' if I'ma ever fall off

Feelin' mad at the world, wanna hit it with a sawed-off

Blowin' up like a Molotov

This is war, everybody, ain't no reason I'ma call it off

Get it right, shout out to the homie Dizzy Wright

In the studio every day

So you know this shit about to be a busy night

Everything is al-, everything is alright

[Interlude: Big Sean]

It's Finally Famous over everything

RattPack gang

What up though, Logic? Yeah

Day one shit right there

[Chorus: Logic & Big Sean]

Hold up

Let me get my mind, let me get my mind right, yeah

Let me get my mind, let me get my mind right

You know everything is alright (Sean Don)

You know everything is al-

[Verse 2: Big Sean]

Oh my God, they plottin' and schemin'

Fuckboys rather me not even breathin'

They tryna take my blessings away

They gotta be demons, I'm blessed every day

And not blessed like I'm sneezin', I'm healthy and well

On top of my ship and I'm not even sinkin'

And I could just 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

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 (Good, yeah)

She doin' tricks with her pussy, I guess she's a vagician (Good)

She tryna hold on to a nigga sta-sta-stackin' up (Uh-huh)

Purell for these fake niggas tryna dap-dap me up

Hype nigga, back-back-back it up (Whoa)

Claimin' that we homies, boy stop (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 (What?)
Bein' that nigga that these niggas don't know about
Then they throw you in the game
And you mothafuckin' blow it out
Now everything is alright

[Chorus: Logic]

Hold up
Let me get my mind, let me get my mind right, yeah
Let me get my mind, let me get my mind right
You know everything is alright (Yeah)
You know everything is al- (Uh, yeah)

[Verse 3: Logic]

Whippin' 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 novella
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, prolly 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