

# 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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