

# ICONIC (feat. Jaden Smith)

## Logic

Shout out to that boy Slim Shady for all the love, yeah!  
(Sinatra) Tell me what you know about real life  
Tell me what you know about dark nights  
Bitch, I'm Bruce Wayne in the game  
You just perpetrating from the side line  
What it feel like? (Huh)  
Metaphor game too silly  
Punch lines way too silly  
Fuck a Milli' now I'm comin' for that William  
Hold up, wait a minute think about it that's a Billi' (Woo!)  
God damn, boy you know I'm puttin' in the work  
I'ma get it, I got 'em and now they all hurt  
I'm a let them know, I never let them know  
They never seem to know that I am a master (At work)  
Bitch I'm all up in it come and get it  
You could never get rid of it  
Every bit of it in this motherfucker  
Like I'm in the middle of little Italy  
A lot of shit was never given to me  
That shits a fallacy told by the enemy  
Trying to get ahead of me  
They dead to me, everybody dead to me  
Everybody know that Bobby will body anybody  
Like Gotti did Gambino, from Maryland to Reno  
We know Tarantino a killer  
But the Young Sinatra got you by the neck  
And the spirit the second they hear it  
They fear it as soon as they get near it  
Everybody revere it like  
Tell me-tell me-tell me what you know about real life, real life  
Tell me what you know about dark nights, dark nights  
Bitch I'm Bruce Wayne in the game  
You just perpetrating from the side line  
What it feel like, feel like  
Metaphor game too silly  
Punch lines way too silly  
Fuck a Milli' now I'm comin' for that William  
Hold up, wait a minute think about it that's a Billi' Everybody know that boy Sinatra, he the  
King now!  
Nobody want to step up in the ring now  
I sacrificed my twenties now that money ain't a thing now  
Now that money ain't a thing

Everybody know that boy Sinatra, he the King now!  
Nobody want to step up in the ring now  
I sacrificed my twenties now that money ain't a thing now  
Now that money ain't a thing Everybody talk about my race on socials (Socials)  
Make the boy wanna go postal (Postal)  
Since I went triple plat' I only identify as Bi-Coastal (Coastal)  
I don't live life like most do (Like most)  
Never did the shit I was supposed to  
Not a lotta shit you could say about me  
Yeah my hairline faded but my bank account will roast you (Roast) Tell me-tell me-tell me what  
you know about real life, real life  
Tell me what you know about dark nights, dark nights  
Bitch I'm Bruce Wayne in the game  
You just perpetrating form the side line  
What it feel like, feel like Metaphor game too silly  
Punch lines way too silly  
Fuck a Milli' now  
I'm comin' for that William  
Hold up, wait a minute think about it that's a Billi' You already know what that is  
Young Sinatra, icons inspire icons  
Gold chains wrapped around my neck like pythons  
The drip way, yeah Yeah! Greatest alive, I'm the greatest alive  
I'm the greatest at being me, ain't nobody seeing me  
So, check it like CMB, thats word to the DMV  
I'm straight from the basement, I made it like a villain,  
I'm hated Word to Jermaine, this shit just ain't been the same  
Never simple and plain like a bullet to the brain  
I'm blowing minds, yeah I gotta kick shit with this rhyme  
Second I spit it so divine thats word to your mom  
Sweeping these rappers up like it's a chore, who want more?  
I'll leave anybody two times four  
Dropping pounds in London like I lost weight  
My mindstate, is like a freight when I rhyme  
Check the state of mind  
Yeah, my train of thought is never off the track  
When I drop it, so stop it I'm killin' 'em like a virus  
After they dead I'm still in 'em, who feelin' 'em, everybody now  
It's never nothin' like the first time,  
nothin' like your first rhyme Nothin' like  
you're in there nuttin' for the first time  
That's the type of shit they never tell you now  
Bitches come and go I know I know you can't  
fuck with this flow Bobby Tarantino gettin' a C note  
Oh yeah there he go  
Tell me they love it they want it they need it  
I never been defeated, no never given up  
Do what I do how I do gotta live it up  
This shit right here on the real, I can't get enough  
God damn, uh, I'm the motherfuckin' man

Went from gettin' close to the gang  
To sipping champagne on a plane  
Do what you love in life and never second guess it  
Even when haters protest it now  
You ever wonder what it means to  
You Ever wonder what it, uh  
You ever wonder what it means to finally limit your dreams  
Then realize that everything, it just ain't what it seems  
Uh, yeah, I thought I wanted to be the greatest alive  
Until I realized that being the greatest is just a lie  
Like the opening words in this verse  
That as soon as they disperse make other rappers converse  
I'm glad to put in you a hearse, real talk fuck rap  
I hate and I love it 'cause it's so negative  
Everybody selfish, nobody wanna give  
A helping hand to the next man, well fuck you then  
Fuck your ethnicity we all one  
'Cause when my last album dropped you know we all won  
Yeah that shit went number 1 so everybody won I said  
"Yeah that shit went number 1 so everybody won" (Yeah)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>