

# Young Jesus (feat. Big Lenbo)

## Logic

Yeah, yeah  
What up Bobby  
This that 95 shit right hereTake 'em back to the 90s!Okay, now take a trip inside my mind like  
you was off to Venice  
It's me and B-I-G L-N-B-O cooking like chemists  
Take them back to way back when like Dennis, The Menace  
Causing mayhem on the come up like a young apprentice  
Smoking weed and getting higher than a flight attendant  
Hip-hop descendant, gold Jesus on my pendant  
Got to pull it out for everyone that's in attendance  
Okay, back in the day as a college park tenant  
Still can't believe I didn't get a shorty pregnant  
Man, that's the definition of a life sentence  
A whole lot of beef, no bread, no lettuce  
Cause I couldn't keep it in my briefs, man that's pathetic  
Fuck all that back and forth, this ain't a game of tennis  
I'll be in my mothafuckin' chamber like the senate  
Scared to go outside but I know I can't prevent it  
I'm, forever alone in my mind  
See I'm a self diagnosed hypochondriac  
Either at the crib, or on the tour bus is where you'll find me at  
Yeah, I know that I'm livin' like I got it okay, yeah  
But I swear that I'm not that neurotic over here, yeahOver here, over hereOver here, over here  
Over here, over here  
Over here, over hereAyo, fuck all that, it's the fat young Jesus  
Flow prestigious  
Stackin' money and playing the field man like Regis  
Better believe us or leave us  
Grabbin' your bitches' cleavage like, oo-ah  
I went from surveying to Super Saiyan slayin' the man  
Bitches want an autograph, I sign them titties in crayon  
Like goddamn  
It's me and B-I-G-L-N-B-O cooking like chemists  
(It's me and B-I-B-I-B-I-G L-N-B-L-N-B-O)  
Posted in the club in baggy jeans and a beanie  
Sippin' on a martini, takin' my pick at bitches like eenie meenie  
I'm unscannable, young cannibal  
Eat wack MCs like HannibalCause Joe Pesci's my spirit animal  
Over here, over here  
Over here, over here  
Over here, over hereOver here, over here  
Okay the flow delicious, bounty huntin' like Sid Vicious

The young Spiegle, interstellar with my retrieval  
Furthest from evil, I throw this shit back like medieval  
I spit at it like a Baretta, you know I get better by givin' the people  
Not a fuck given, check the method, that's how we livin'  
Always been driven, out of sight and yet never hidden  
The Return of the Jedi, bitch I bet I do the show and catch a red eye  
Ho I said I leave 'em dead, I know I do  
This shit is overdue Pass me the fifth and I'm comin' through  
The B-I-G-L-E-N-B-O on the way to Rio  
Ay dios mio, lookin' for a Latin Leo  
To hold a brother down like the white man  
Fuck that, nigga  
Ayo enough's enough, man of my word, I never bluff  
Even in a pair of cuffs know we always keep it real  
Like goddamn, don't even step like I ain't the man  
I'm just 301 reppin', second I step in Maryland  
I gotta conceal it like a murder weapon  
I kept in the glove, Ratt Pack you know it's all love  
We the realest so fuck you if you ain't feel this  
Throw a Molotov in your crib and tell them bitches to bill us  
We the illest  
Finger fuck a critic, shit is darker than The Chronicles of Riddick  
Yes I did it, while they bit it, you know we got it  
Smack you with the palm, save the back for your mom  
Sound the alarm, you know we got it goin' on

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>