

# Anxiety

## Logic

Everything is fine, everything is so fine  
Everything is fine, everything is so fine  
'Cause I'm good, so good  
'Cause I'm good, so good, so good  
I wish you would, I wish you would  
I wish you would, I wish you would  
I wish you would, this is my life  
This is my all, this is my all  
And now I'm happy, right now I'm happy, but sometimes

I'ma get up in your mind right now  
I'ma get up in your, I'ma get it  
Gon' get up, gon' get up  
Gon' get up, get up, get up, get up  
I'ma get up in your mind right now  
Make you feel like dying right now  
I'ma make you pray to God  
To the good old Lord for a sign right now  
To the good old Lord  
I'ma get up in your mind right now  
Make you feel like dying right now  
I'ma make you pray to God  
To the good old Lord for a sign right now  
To the good old Lord

"I'ma make it some day some how" what you telling yourself  
But you ain't focused on what's important: mentality, health Everybody in the world only want one thing, what's that?  
Infinite power and a pocket full of wealth  
Its like ohhh I'ma bring it back to the basics  
Nobody can erase it  
People in the street going ape shit  
Battling depression but nobody wanna say shit  
I'ma bring it back to the basics  
I'ma bring it back to the basics  
I remember some how some way I remember some how some way  
I'ma get up, get on  
That's what I been on  
Fuckin' with your mind, tryna turn shit on  
But they want to paint me as a villain  
Even though I'm here to open their mind  
Through the rhyme of life  
I gotta open their mind and design the right time  
To make a decision and get in 'em like an incision  
'Cause I'ma hit 'em and give 'em livin'  
They wonder what I'm giving, I'ma never give in  
I gotta let everybody know  
I'm in their mind right now

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Make you feel like dying right now  
I'ma make you pray to God  
To the good old Lord for a sign right now  
To the good old Lord  
I'ma get up in your mind right now  
Make you feel like dying right now  
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To the good old Lord for a sign right now  
To the good old Lord

I'ma bring it back to the basics  
Nobody can erase it  
People in the street going ape shit  
Battling depression but nobody wanna say shit  
Why nobody wanna say:  
I been living with this everyday  
Why nobody wanna say:  
Everything will be ok  
I'ma bring it back to the basics  
Everything will be okay  
I remember some how some way I remember some how some way  
I remember some how some way I remember some how some way

It was December of 2015 in sunny Los Angeles California in the heart of Hollywood  
I stood next to my wife in a line surrounded by hundreds of other people on our way to watch Star Wars  
When suddenly I was engulfed with fear and panic  
As my body began to fade  
In this moment my mind was full of clarity  
But my body insisted it was in danger  
I looked around and I told myself I was safe, I was fine  
But I was convinced that something was wrong  
Before I knew it I felt as though I was going to  
Fall and fade away  
My body grew weak  
And soon enough I found myself in a hospital bed being told what I went through was anxiety  
I refused to believe this story  
I searched and searched for the cause of what had happened to me  
I began to feel detached from reality  
I felt as though I was seeing the world through a glass  
I got blood work done  
Analysis of my mind and body to no avail  
The doctor said it was anxiety  
But how could it be anxiety?  
How could anxiety make me physically feel off balance?  
How could anxiety make me feel as though I was fading from this world and on the brink of death?  
Derealization  
The sense of being out of one's body  
I'm not here  
I'm not me  
I'm not real  
Nothing is  
Nothing but this feeling of panic  
Nobody understands  
Nobody knows the sufferings  
This physical feeling  
It can't be anxiety  
It can't  
Or can it?  
Can it in fact be the mind controlling the body?  
Yeah, of course  
I'm so in control of my mind and my body  
But I'm subconsciously forcing myself into a state  
Of self bondage entangled by the ropes of my own mind  
I am unhappy  
Not with life  
But with this feeling

I am scared, I am human, I am a man  
But I look in the mirror and I see a child  
I am an adult who recognize grown ups don't really know shit  
And they never did  
And it scares me  
Cause now I'm just a grown up who doesn't know shit  
But one thing is I do know this feeling, this horrible feeling is going to kill me  
No, no this feeling  
This anxiety is nothing  
I have anxiety  
Just like you, the person I wrote this for  
And together we will overcome this feeling  
We will remember despite the attacks and constant filling of our mind and body being on the edge  
That we are alive  
And any moments we have free of this feeling we will not take for granted  
We will rejoice in this gift that is life  
We will rejoice in this day that we have been given  
We will accept our anxiety and strive for the betterment of ourselves  
Starting with mental health  
We will accept ourselves as we are and we will be happy with the person we see in the mirror We will accept ourselves  
And live with anxiety