

# Under Pressure

Logic

Work so fucking much my greatest fear is I'mma die alone  
Every diamond in my chain, yeah, that's a milestone  
People calling me, asking me for money, man  
The only thing I'mma give you motherfuckers is the dial tone

Flashbacks of a youngin' sipping that purple Kool Aid  
Skipping school with my homies and chiefing reefer for two days  
Running from the law, living how I'm living, fuck 'em all  
Bumping Triple Six  
Hennessy in my cup, driving through the sticks  
Who the bitch riding with me?  
Man, the devil tryna get me  
Motivated, under-educated, and hated  
But finally getting cake like a happy belated  
Bitch I made it, we on  
Buy it, break it, roll it, light it, smoke it, inhale it  
Write it, record it, mix it, master it, press it up, unveil it  
Feel like I've been waiting forever, forever to inherit  
This is war, I declare it  
Time is money, I can't spare it  
Futuristic, so simplistic  
Please decipher my linguistics  
Slow it down, Robitussin  
I'm the king, ain't no discussion  
And now we blowing up like spontaneous human combustion  
My consumption is the illest  
Section eight, I know you feel this  
On the come up, where they run up on you for nothing at all  
Brighter than eleven suns, this the first, where my funds?  
EBT, that's the card  
I thank God, I thank God, but it's hard, but it's hard

God damn, god damn, we at it again  
Me and my homies that know me blowing up like the Taliban  
Yeah, my stress up, but I'm blessed up  
Fuck around and get messed up  
When I murder the rhyme, I'm living divine  
You know that I'm one of a kind  
Lemme get it right now, ho  
Draped up and I'm dripped out, right now, ho  
Caked up 'til I cash out and I got 'em all wondering how, so  
On the down low, haters drown slow  
On the down low, haters drown slow  
Oh God, my God, we got it all right  
Oh God, my God, we gotta get it, right?  
These fuckers facades, they just a mirage, right?  
I said these fuckers facades, they just a mirage, right?  
Tell me that they love me, know damn well that they don't give a fuck  
I be on that finger flipping killing shit up in the cut  
That's what's up  
All these bitches out here tryna gas it up  
This is everything I ever wanted, I can't pass it up  
Life changed in a year, couldn't happen fast enough  
"Can I do it like you do it?" That's what they be asking us  
White Benz, black card, bitch better get your plastic up  
Man, this shit is hella hard, but we never acting up  
Live it up, hold on to your dream, don't ever give it up

Finally had my share of success, and shit, I can't get enough  
Now they know my name through the nation  
Cause my single like that good shit, man, always in rotation  
Now they know Logic for Logic, not through my affiliations  
Stacking profit on profit, from this music I'm making  
Even Jesus had haters, so when you feeling forsaken  
Tell 'em jealous Judas is who this is, and man, that'll break 'em  
And bitch I'm still the same  
Dash of auto tune so y'all can feel the pain  
Broke as fuck, back in that basement, not a dollar to my name  
Chasing fame, chasing glory, 'til the day we make a story  
Positive that life ain't mine, bitch you can take that shit to Maury

(Hello, no one is available to take your call)  
I been working hard, I been searching for God  
I been working hard, I been searching for God  
(Please leave a message after the tone)  
Little brother, this is your sister, you're busy, I get you  
But I insist you call me back cause I miss you  
I wish you well, well, I wish you would call  
Cause lately you feel like I'm just not your sister at all, all  
I'm sorry for calling and balling, I'm all in  
And I feel like I'm falling lately, it feel like my children hate me  
You tell me I'm beautiful and yet no man wanna date me  
Haunted by vivid memories of that man who raped me  
And lately I, I feel more like mommy, I know I'm me, but still  
You always seemed to pick up the phone and somehow I feel  
Better, but you been answering me lesser and lesser  
So I resorted to the pills in my dresser, I'm gone  
As as for he left and he ain't coming back  
I hate the man, if I see him I swear I tell him that  
No longer cooking crack in my kitchen, cutting, selling that  
He broke my heart, that relationship been to hell and back  
I been working hard, I been searching for God  
I can feel the Devil around me as they all applaud  
Promise you won't forget me, that you'll always be with me  
And even when you gone I can call whenever he hit me  
Under pressure, I've been feeling under pressure

Hey, son, this is your father, don't mean to bother  
How are you? Heard you were in town, but I never saw ya  
Tried to call ya, where are ya?  
In Paris? What a beautiful destination  
In Paris, right by the Eiffel, come now, please don't be spiteful  
Of all my small talk, I think we're overdue a long talk  
When I see kids around the way I say how I'm your dad  
It gets me thinking of incredible moments we've had  
And on the real I'm trying so hard not to bug you  
But do you think you could stop rapping about my drug use?  
I'm two years clean, no longer a fiend  
Yeah, I'm 57, but I feel 19  
And I love you I swear, Bobby, I know you're there  
And when the time is right I know that you gon' take care  
Of anything I need, of your family  
Can I have some tickets to your next show?  
Would you stand with me?  
Can I have some money for my new honey that's hella fine?  
I forgot to mention I got divorced from your step-mom  
My mind going crazy, but I still look hella calm  
Maybe you could tell \*beep\*  
I've been feeling under pressure

Hey, what's up, bro? I didn't want much, man, just calling to see what's goi

ng on. I know you're busy. Dad hit me up, it's his birthday today, but I know you know that. Yeah, he calling, he be tryna introduce me to his new chick and stuff, man, I don't know how to handle that. I don't wanna tell him like nah, I ain't trying to meet her off top, you know. So what you think I should do? Text me, I know you're busy, dawg. But he been calling me saying he wanna come down, he wanna bring his new chick and Brenda's like "damn, he really tryna rock out with his new chick" cause you know we all talk to Debbie. But I don't know, I don't know how to tell him this shit so just hit me back whenever you got the time, man, I know there's more shit on your plate. You ain't gotta hit me, dawg, but if you do I'd appreciate it. When you back, love you, do your thing. Swag RattPack all day, boy. Alright, nigga

Yeah, dear family, I'm so sorry that I've been distant  
Everything changed in an instant, my time has been inconsistent  
I know that you been insisting, I know that birthday I missed it  
I swore I told my assistant, but I guess my mind is in another place  
Thoughts often in another world, I started seeing another girl  
It fell through, man, what a world  
But I'm so focused on my craft, on employing my staff  
Such a perfectionist, I can't even finish this draft  
This letter to the ones I love, the ones that I miss  
Brothers and sisters that hit me up just to reminisce  
Meanwhile people outside of my blood asking for favors  
I don't owe you a fucking thing, you best switch your behavior  
Truly remarkable how I barely know you, but somehow owe you  
When you don't even know 'bout the shit I go through  
We ain't spoken in a while, tell me sister, how your child?  
Come now, girl, give me a smile, come on, girl, don't do me foul  
Sorry I ain't call before, but I'm calling you right now  
I heart that you was popping E, stop resorting to the vowel  
How my mama, how she doing, does she know what I'm pursuing?  
I ain't talk to her in years, that relationship she ruined  
But sometimes I wake and wonder just what the fuck I'm doing  
They say family is everything, I swear that shit the truth  
I should spend it all with y'all, but I spend it in the booth  
This is everything I love, this is everything I need  
Never sacrifice this feeling even though my heart it bleed  
This is everything I love, everything I need  
Never sacrifice this feeling even though my heart bleed  
Under pressure, I've been feeling under pressure

Hey, son, I'm sorry I missed your call today, but I was in an AA meeting. A friend of mine was celebrating four years so I couldn't get you right then. And then when I called you wouldn't even answer or whatever. Just wondering how things are going. Jenn and I aren't together anymore. Living on my own, you know. Anyway, the whole family, even the ones you don't know, my sister, some of your aunts that you've never met are very proud of you. Your cousins just love you too. Anyway, son, I love you, I just want you to know that. And just keep grinding, you know. And I don't wanna hear you joining the Illuminati. Then I gotta jail you out. I love you, son. So