

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
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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