

# Under Pressure

## Logic

[Produced by Logic]

[Intro]

Dog 'round—from a—from a—dog 'round—once a  
Dog 'round—from a—from a—dog 'round—once a  
Dog 'round—from a—from a—dog 'round—once a  
Dog 'round—from a—from a—dog 'round—

[Chorus]

Work so fucking much, my greatest fear is I'ma die alone  
Every diamond in my chain, yeah, that's a milestone (I'm lovin' it!)  
People calling me, askin' me for money, man (Uh)  
The only thing I'ma give you motherfuckers is the dial tone (Yeah)

[Verse 1]

Flashbacks of a youngin' sippin' that purple Kool-Aid  
Skippin' school with my homies and chiefing reefer for two days  
Running from the law, livin' how I'm livin', fuck 'em all  
Bumping Triple Six  
Hennessy in my cup, drivin' through the sticks  
Who the bitch ridin' with me?  
Man, the devil tryna get me  
Motivated, under-educated, and hated  
But finally gettin' 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 waitin' 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 blowin' 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 nothin' 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  
Uh, but it's hard

[Chorus]

Uh, work so fuckin' much, my greatest fear is I'ma die alone  
Every diamond in my chain, yeah, that's a milestone  
People callin' me, askin' me for money, man  
The only thing I'ma give you motherfuckers is the dial tone

[Verse 2]

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 livin' divine  
You know that I'm one of a kind  
Lemme get it right now, ho  
Draped up and I'm dripped out (And I'm dripped out)  
Right now, ho  
Caked up 'til I cash out and I got 'em all wonderin', "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?  
Uh, tell me that they love me  
Know damn well that they don't give a fuck  
I be on that finger-flippin' killin' 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 askin' us  
White Benz, black card, bitch better get your plastic up  
Man, this shit is hella hard, but we never actin' 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  
Stackin' profit on profit, from this music I'm makin'  
Even Jesus had haters, so when you feelin' forsaken  
Tell 'em jealous Judases who this is, and man, that'll break 'em  
And bitch, I'm still the same  
Dash of autotune so y'all can feel the pain  
Broke as fuck, back in that basement, not a dollar to my name  
Chasin' fame, chasin' glory, 'til the day we make a story

Positive that life ain't mine, bitch you can take that shit to Maury

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 3]

(Hello, no one is available to take your call)  
I been workin' hard, I been searchin' for God  
I been workin' hard, I been searchin' for God  
(Please leave a message after the tone)  
Little brother, this is yo' 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 it feel like I'm just not yo' sister at all—all  
Uh, I'm sorry for callin' and bawlin', I'm all in  
And I feel like I'm fallin' 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 and 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 answerin' me lesser and lesser  
So I resorted to the pills in my dresser, I'm gone  
And as for... oh no, he left and he ain't comin' back  
I hate him and if I see him I swear I tell him that  
No longer cookin' crack in my kitchen, cuttin' an' sellin' that  
He broke my heart, that relationship been to hell and back  
I been workin' hard, I been searchin' for God  
I can feel the Devil around me as they all applaud  
Promise you won't forget me, that you'll always be wit' me  
And even when you gone I can call whenever he hit me  
Under pressure, I've been feeling under pressure

[Verse 4]

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  
To perish 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 thinkin' 'bout incredible moments we've had  
And on the real, I'm tryin' so hard not to bug you  
But do you think you could stop rappin' 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 yo' family  
Can I have some tickets to your next show?  
Would you stand wit' me?  
Can I have some money for my new honey that's hella fine?  
I forgot to mention I got divorced from yo' step-mom  
My mind goin' crazy, but I still look hella calm  
Maybe you could tell \*beep\*  
I've been feelin' under pressure

[Interlude]

Hey, what's up, bro? This Ralph, I didn't want much, man, just calling to see what's going on. I know you're busy. Uh, Dad hit me up, it's his birthday today, but I know you know that. Uh, 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 callin' 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 fuck with 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—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, hit me

[Verse 5]

Uh, 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 insistin', I know that birthday I missed it  
I swore I told my assistant, but I guess my mind is in another place  
Thoughts off in another world, I started seein' another girl  
It fell through, man, what a world  
But I'm so focused on my craft, on employin' 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 askin' for favors  
I don't owe you a fuckin' thing, you best switch yo' behavior  
Truly remarkable how I barely know you, but somehow owe you  
When you don't even know 'bout the shit I go through, uh  
We ain't spoken in a while, tell me sister, how yo' 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 callin' you right now  
I heard that you was poppin' E, stop resortin' to the vowel  
How my mama, how she doin'? Does she know what I'm pursuin'?  
I ain't talk to her in years, that relationship she ruined  
But sometimes I wake up and wonder just what the fuck I'm doin'  
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 feelin' even though my heart it bleed

This is everything I love, everything I need  
Never sacrifice this feelin' even though my heart bleed  
Under pressure, I've been feelin' under pressure

[Interlude]

Hey, son, I'm sorry I missed your call today, but I was in an AA meeting. Um, a friend of mine was celebrating four years so I couldn't get you right then. And then when I did call you, you weren't able to answer or whatever. Just wonderin' how things are going. Deb and I aren't together anymore, um... Livin' on my own, you know, um... Anyway, the whole family, even the family that you don't know, my sisters and 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 grindin', you know? And um, I don't wanna hear you joinin' the Illuminati 'cause then I gotta kill ya. Hm-hm, I love you, son, bye

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