

## Pressed

## Atmosphere

(Get things straight once and for all)

It goes truth to power to responsibility  
Mama tryin' to put the whole litter out their misery  
If you can feel me, lick shots at the ceilin'  
Until the 'bots come back from the future to try killin' me  
Nah dude, I'm just sayin' it's true  
And you namin' me and blamin' me for hatin' on you  
Pssh, I got way better things to do  
Never forget this is America, banks rob you  
Raise your hands up and pay that ransom  
We made this anthem over breaks that Ant brung  
You caught a bad one and bought you a handgun  
Moved to Montana, now you rockin' a man bun  
And I ain't even tryin' to clown it or clone it  
It fits your persona, it's sick, you should own it  
No bones to pick and no stones to kick  
Just the leftover microphones blown to bits

I decided to scribe this today  
Eight times outta ten  
It's suicide inside of my mind  
Image of lyin' to side with one eye showin'  
Close it, it won't blink, still open  
All the emotion I felt for it, I poured in the felt and fell forward  
Even if it felt foreign  
I thought that I would be scored historically  
As one of the best doin' it, now I'm not pressed for it  
Shed tear for it, I sweat for it  
Cut up until my flesh porous  
A mesh, I bled for it, a mess for it  
I lost homies yet  
You don't wanna flow toe to toe, that's a death warrant  
I been definitely outta your depth, I etch torrents  
'Specially my delivery, I was dep on it  
Just keep the shit, I got nothin' left for it  
I'm heavy while you rubberneck me like a fuckin' tourist

I been in this for life, you just cheat on your wife  
I'm the type to a take a chance, you just take the advice  
You been window shoppin' this, I been payin' the price  
They call me BlackLiq, and listen, you can love it and like  
Only time I ever stop is when I'm takin' a pee  
You take an L, I get a fee, you been spittin' for free  
I'm the type to build a lock, you just askin' for keys  
I go online and look at you while you lookin' at me  
I'm what it's like to see the thing that you'll never be  
Do the thing you'll only dream since you choosin' the sleep  
I'm up and performing, my presence is global  
Warning a warning that's so abnormal  
It's normal to keep ignoring I'm hot  
Matter fact, I'm the reason you're heated  
And if you can't stand me, we got tickets for seating  
They wanna play for a quarter, but I'm here for the season  
So if you wanna stop losing, stop competing

Picture me impressed by an IG flex

Roc'll strongarm the mic and exercise these pecs  
With breath control ironclad like a knight getting dressed  
I'll pull a biting rapper's card and call it ID check  
See, I don't chase clout, but I'm still a track star  
Shine on every beat like a black eye 'til I leave that charred  
You gon' need your shade to keep you warm when I go flash, bwoy  
They lapping up these DC origin stories like it's NASCAR  
They want me to cool down, they say I'm too fired up  
Been having some episodes since they lit the pilot  
Y'all gon' get this clenched fist raised a half a mile up  
'Til Breonna's killers in a penitentiary lineup  
Said I gotta show some skin, keep 'em interested  
But I bare it all in every stanza, every measure drastic  
Work them fingers to the bone 'til the digits fractured  
To show the difference 'tween the real ones and the manufactured, Roc

Haph the magi who moves matter like Black lives  
Same energy for the enemies of my allies  
Have nots, underrepresented, disenfranchised  
Past due, we ain't through with you by a damn site  
High caliber, diaspora time traveler  
Pen with more torque than a Wildcat Challenger  
Vice chancellor, fine manicured mic handler  
All in my bag after the Benjamins like Banneker  
No biz like showbiz until COVID  
Opiates stole our hero and left no Prince  
All this drama makes it hard to stay focused  
It's still fuck 12, 45th, and his four kids  
True believer since DMC rocked them loose Adidas  
Sprinkle voodoo when in the stu' like a brujeria  
Lucid dreamer, grew up pissing off the music teacher  
Guess I won at life, wife looking like the new Aaliyah

Making a million exploiting your fellow citizen really isn't the same as giv  
ing people medicine  
Regardless of feelings, imperialism will only benefit a few, the rest are on  
the receiving end  
So when you witness this loveliness that we're hustling, just know that it i  
sn't an ad or photo op for Benetton  
It's a solution in action, independence  
Longevity prioritized over everything  
Let's start assembling people with some togetherness  
Let's hold a rally and introduce them to special guests  
The master of ceremonies in effect  
And when it comes to mics, he's a specialist  
Terrorist from the West, blessed with the weapons in the flesh  
Bombs he's constructed with the alphabet  
I suggest listening to lessons that address the proper progressive thoughts  
that'll have you pressed