

Under Pressure

GAWNE

I woulda stayed with you till the end of time
You were like the reason I became the dude that they despise
Bitch I laid with you in this bed of lies
Every fucking day, 7:45 AM I was late for school
But still I stayed home praying that this pain would subside
Please, just one time, God heal my ill mind
I will find a reason to live before I kill myself

Depression almost made me do it, betrayed me
And it made me ruthless, I'm fucking crazy, baby
No need to label me stupid, already knew it
Not a human, I'm a mutant, he was born in the sewer, yeah
But still I maneuvered out the gutter
Made myself some bread, spreading out the butter
Some to my bros, a lot to my mother
Swear to God I'm never gonna fail under pressure, getting very close

My cell keeps ringing, leave me alone
We're not that close, don't call my phone
And act like you care now, but you never did
All you want is a handout, it's what it always is
It's what it always is

Jogging your memory I'm reminding you there's so much I was tryna prove
Rather than go and buy new shoes, I saved a dime or two for some studio time
And yes I had anxiety 'cause I was new to rhyiming but I knew I had to try it
Then was failing school so everything was riding on me
Showing up inside the booth
And spitting rhymes to blow me up so mom can retire
Look at you now, Luke, uninspired from running untired
But hell no, failure's not an option, coming down to the wire

I feel the weight of the world, my shoulder blades, how they curl
Pressure is breaking my neck, ten thousand people expect
Me to deliver my soul even when nothing is left
Gotta dig deep in my chest, ninety nine reasons to stress
Hell, I be aiming for more, momma she need me to blow
Twenty five years even bro, promised I'd buy her a home
I feel the weight of the world
I feel the weight of the world
(I feel the weight of the world)
(I feel the weight of the world)

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That's just what it always is, who's then left to call a friend
Publicly, I'm crying out for help, nobody offered it
The industry would let me die if it meant more views
No, they don't care, they're profiting
Long as I keep entertaining the audience
Fuck it though, if I'm going down in flames, I better tuck and roll
Then get it back up with a punctured hole in my lung and a busted nose
But I'm still never ducking no punches though, my stomach rumbles, I'm under

pressure

Been hungry for too long, yo, Luke gone, we cutting it close

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It's what it always is