

# Clouds

Logic

This concludes the No Pressure program

I can give a fuck the shit you on  
But I'm really tryna put you on  
Finally got this bitch, I'm finally gone  
Lowkey I've been waitin' for so long (Y- Y- Y- Yeah)  
I can give a fuck the shit you on  
But I'm really tryna put you on  
Finally out this bitch, I'm finally gone  
Lowkey I've been waiting for so long

Take two, take one  
Chillin' in the cut with my son and his baby mama  
I was gonna hit the road but I'm staying longer  
Doing whatever the fuck I wanna do when I wanna do it  
People thinking they know it but they never knew it  
What it be like, the spotlight  
The hot takes and long nights  
Yellin' at nobody and winning all of the wrong fights, it's alright  
I'm off like a flight, took a left, did it right, what a sight  
Knowing everything gon' be alright, that K. Dot 2015  
It seem the art that I make over they heads like the Sistine  
It really feel like ain't nobody ever listening  
That's why I do it for me and the homies and nobody else  
Making beats in my room by myself  
Kinda funny how my last studio cost seven zeros  
But I make the best shit when I'm all alone in my room  
College Park coming soon  
In the dark going off to the tune and the 808 boom  
I stay with the trees like a baboon  
Flow kinda fast but it's chill like a pocket full of valium  
Head up in the clouds but I'm coming down soon, yeah

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Lowkey tryna get trophies with my dawgs (Woof)  
Surely, you'll see my face smilin' on the front of a billboard (Soon)  
Truth is that I got a blueprint and I'm finna use it, nigga, let's get it  
I'm tryna get a brand new coupe, she gon' wonder where the roof at when she  
get in it  
(Wheels spinnin')  
While I'm on the e-way, I wish life was easy  
If you a hater, then get the fuck up out the way  
I only hang with my teammates  
Pass the ball to me, mane  
(My niggas, they real, they trill, yeah, all them stick to the code)  
(If you start fakin' over here), I look you dead in the soul and tell you

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She was in and out my suite all fashion week  
Studio up in here, sweet, I was crashin' beats  
'Cause the paper don't sleep and my loved ones have knees  
And my son need everything I never had times three  
You's a cold motherfucker, my homies always remind me  
They lift me up like that bomb weed  
And this palm never found seas  
Just nugs, that's buzz, probably spoke of retirement  
Dawg, all we get out of it was a "Best of..."  
Uh, greatest, here's some real lies  
If you can still make time for the family playin'  
But still make time for blazin' shit  
Inspirational ass motherfucker, ask my brother  
Hustles like no other, rose from my situ'  
Rolls Royces by the gutter  
Bad bitch itchin' to send her buns on the butter  
Like her but I don't love her  
Push her to do better but I don't shove her  
Besides, your bitch, she's watchin' Deep Cover  
Gucci rollaway bag, Louis V duffel