

French Dispatch

Logic

Roselyn, don't be talking to me when I'm in the shower
Shit's weird

From irrelevant back to relevant, writing raps on a settlement
Hopefully for the betterment, not the impediment, my state of mind
Now I took some time to find the reason I still wanna rhyme
It's kinda hard to find the thing that defines you
Had these thoughts at twenty, now I'm almost that but times two
Intrusive thoughts on the daily, retired but came back quick like I'm Brady
Don't do this for no Mercedes, more like my wife and my babies
Out the Blu like Exile, no time for rest now
I look at my son like, "Goddamn, boy, you blessed, child"
Not a care in the world, but as a kid, I was stressed out like Q-Tip
See my body of work, but this right here, yeah, this that new drip
Check it, I've been steady overthinking 'bout health and 'bout over-drinking
I love that my ego shrinking, I love that I keep my shrink on speed dial
Don't need it now 'cause I would rather write this down
For you listening, not you missin' it, live your life how you envision it
Gather your fear then imprison it like I do with these bars
Anxiety be setting in, but I keep going, on God

On God
On God
On God
On God

Ayo, my fear is kinda gripping me now
Chest so heavy, it feel like it's tipping me now
Anxiety got me out my present, I'm tripping now, feel like I'm flippin' out
Think I should be sipping now, wait now, hold up
Self-medication ain't the prescription I need right now
That's why I'm turning this page, I feel like I need to write down my emotions
Palm sweaty like the ocean, get rid of this, it ain't that easy, a sip and a potion
It feel like my brain is in a constant state of motion
Some say it's therapeutic, others say it's devotion
When it comes to anxiety, I feel like I'm the fucking spokesman
When I was a little boy, finally out my daddy's nuts
I had an invisible friend, they thought I was nuts
But as I got older and lost a little innocence
I couldn't see him anymore, not even if I squint
It's been like thirty something years, I wonder where the fuck he went
Sometimes I wonder if he's pissed that I can't see him
Or if I had more imagination, then that would free him, wait, hold up
Yo, I wonder if the anxiety that I get
Is him getting back at me for thinking that I don't give a shit
Maybe that isn't it, maybe he's got my back and he's the one that deflects it
My mental state he protects it, in a sense
When the bad thoughts come around, he intersects it
Maybe it's both like the devil and angel
Whatever anxiety is, I still don't get the fucking angle, on God

On God
On God
On God

On God

Roselyn, can you easy up a little bit on your chess settings?
You're kicking my ass here

Logic's three loves are
His family, music, and making film