

Anxiety (feat. Lucy Rose)

Logic

Everything is fine, everything is so fine
Everything is fine, everything is so fine
'Cause I'm good, so good
'Cause I'm good, so good, so good
I wish you would, I wish you would
I wish you would, I wish you would
I wish you would, this is my life
This is my all, this is my all
And now I'm happy, right now I'm happy, but sometimes
I'ma get up in your mind right now
I'ma get up in your, I'ma get it
Gon' get up, gon' get up
Gon' get up, get up, get up, get up
I'ma get up in your mind right now
Make you feel like dying right now
I'ma make you pray to God
To the good old Lord for a sign right now
To the good old Lord
I'ma get up in your mind right now
Make you feel like dying right now
I'ma make you pray to God
To the good old Lord for a sign right now To the good old Lord
"I'ma make it some day some how" what you telling yourself
But you ain't focused on what's important: mentality, health
Everybody in the world only want one thing, what's that?
Infinite power and a pocket full of wealth
Its like ohhh I'ma bring it back to the basics
Nobody can erase it
People in the street going ape shit
Battling depression but nobody wanna say shit
I'ma bring it back to the basics
I'ma bring it back to the basics
I'ma get up, get on
That's what I been on
Fuckin' with your mind, tryna turn shit on
But they want to paint me as a villain
Even though I'm here to open their mind
Through the rhyme of life
I gotta open their mind and design the right time
To make a decision and get in 'em like an incision
'Cause I'ma hit 'em and give 'em livin' They wonder what I'm giving, I'ma never give in I gotta
let everybody know

I'm in their mind right now I'ma get up in your mind right now
Make you feel like dying right now
I'ma make you pray to God
To the good old Lord for a sign right now
To the good old Lord I'ma get up in your mind right now
Make you feel like dying right now I'ma make you pray to God
To the good old Lord for a sign right now
To the good old Lord I'ma bring it back to the basics
Nobody can erase it
People in the street going ape shit
Battling depression but nobody wanna say shit
Why nobody wanna say I been living with this everyday
Why nobody wanna say
Everything will be ok I'ma bring it back to the basics
Everything will be okay
I remember somehow, someway
I remember somehow, someway
I remember somehow, someway
I remember somehow, someway It was December of 2015 in sunny Los Angeles California
In the heart of Hollywood
I stood next to my wife in a line surrounded by hundreds of other people
On our way to watch Star Wars
When suddenly I was engulfed with fear and panic
As my body began to fade
In this moment my mind was full of clarity
But my body insisted it was in danger
I looked around and I told myself I was safe, I was fine
But I was convinced that something was wrong
Before I knew it I felt as though I was going to
Fall and fade away
My body grew weak
And soon enough I found myself in a hospital bed
Being told what I went through was anxiety
I refused to believe this story
I searched and searched for the cause of what had happened to me
I began to feel detached from reality
I felt as though I was seeing the world through a glass
I got blood work done
Analysis of my mind and body to no avail
The doctor said it was anxiety
But how could it be anxiety?
How could anxiety make me physically feel off balance?
How could anxiety make me feel as though I was fading from this world
And on the brink of death?
Derealization
The sense of being out of one's body
I'm not here
I'm not me
I'm not real

Nothing is
Nothing but this feeling of panic
Nobody understands
Nobody knows the sufferings
This physical feeling
It can't be anxiety
It can't
Or can it?
Can it in fact be the mind controlling the body?
Yeah, of course
I'm so in control of my mind and my body
But I'm subconsciously forcing myself into a state
Of self bondage entangled by the ropes of my own mind
I am unhappy
Not with life
But with this feeling
I am scared, I am human, I am a man
But I look in the mirror and I see a child
I am an adult who recognize grown ups don't really know shit
And they never did
And it scares me
Cause now I'm just a grown up who doesn't know shit
But one thing is I do know this feeling, this horrible feeling is going to kill me
No, no this feeling
This anxiety is nothing
I have anxiety
Just like you, the person I wrote this for
And together we will overcome this feeling
We will remember despite the attacks and constant feeling
Of our mind and body being on the edge
That we are alive
And any moments we have free of this feeling we will not take for granted
We will rejoice in this gift that is life
We will rejoice in this day that we have been given
We will accept our anxiety and strive for the betterment of ourselves
Starting with mental health
We will accept ourselves as we are
And we will be happy with the person we see in the mirror
We will accept ourselves
And live with anxiety

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