

# Pressure

Lupe Fiasco

Roc-A-Fella, 1st AND!!  
Jay... Lupe!

Yeah, uhh  
And so it seems that I'm, sewin jeans  
And, 1st and 15 is just a sewin machine  
So I, cut the pattern and I, sew in seams  
And, button in this hustlin then publically I'm Buddy Lee  
There's no bustin them and cuffin them is like  
usherin in the regime, they want me to make Prince pants  
But I withstand, I ain't gotten into that  
A little big in the waist, two-pocket on the back  
Call them Nu-vi's, O.G.'s covered in blue dye  
Give 'em the game, that's like givin chocolate to the fat  
Look, how you think I got here?  
That's the same game that came through where I lived as a kid  
in the bad luck truck and threw boxes off the back  
Made me a ripper, deliver like river  
Content a little more thicker, slicker  
Yeah, and they said oil and water don't mix  
Now they all down at the beach washin off the fish  
Was Blackbeard 'til I brought the Roc into your ships  
YEAH!

It's my life, my life - everything I dooo I doooooo for you  
I do it all for you - everything I say you knowwww it's the truth  
I'll say it is the truth - I'll take all the pressure offfff of you  
Take pressure off of you; I'll take, the pressure off of you

YEAH!  
Uhh, it's hella proper (proper)  
Cause it sag so low you can see boxer, like a boxer's  
That's the way that the Family's pants worn  
Then we slide, and try and put 'em on  
The stones in the pocket'll drag you down to Davy Jones locker  
Beware if you wanna Roc the Knickerbocker  
Other nigga from the block what, they was sellin O's  
like Wheel of Fortune, of imported cocaine  
just to feel important, it was +Do or Die+  
They was tired of bein "Po' Pimps," now for sure  
That was just a product of my common sense  
I guess, I was just guessin like the consonants  
Momma said beware of what the devil do  
Tell 'em that your soul's not for sale like the W's  
So go ahead and pirate, the highest  
cannons make you leak like pirated my shhh..  
It's no shhh.. it's just shhh like quiet  
And big homey's out of retirement

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Uhh, Young, uhh  
So the pen is mightier than the sword my lord  
My first picture was a line-up, now I'm on the Forbes

And I still remain the artiste through thees all  
If you force my hand I'll be forced to "draw"  
If the war calls for war halls  
Hope you got enough space on your hall's walls  
I make niggaz murals, then escape the bureau's  
investigation, out in Europe on vacation  
I'm back for these puppies with the pound boy  
(Blaow) Here's a round boy (blaow blaow) down boy  
Sound boy, you don't wanna soundclash loud noise  
leave niggaz paranoid if not paralyzed  
Which means you can't walk in my shoes  
Too much green you can't talk in my hue  
Extend the team, nigga holla at Lu'  
1st and 15th, that's my cue, I'm through

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