

## Pressure

AKA

Motherfuckers gonna drop the pressure [x4]

I need a moment of clarity, I need a motive  
I need a worthy opponent  
No one can challenge me, dearly devoted  
Weight of the world on my shoulders  
I'm focused on family, they focused on selling their magazines  
Stuck in a fantasy life  
Talking shit till your battery die  
Oh you wanna see me crumble  
Living in a concrete jungle  
Take a walk in my custom kicks wanna touch these kids  
You can call me Uncle  
I talk insane numbers  
I like my paper large  
Bunch of Blade Runners  
Yeah we some shooting stars

When the pressure's on I keep pressing on and I'm gone [x3]

You might see the life I live and maybe think it looks nice and fresh  
I mean sometimes it is  
They offer me the nicer things but some people trying to fight with it  
While tryna bite your shit  
Fuck it imma fight to live with every lyric  
When I rhyme I kick  
I'm killing everything around the kid  
I can tell by where your hands pointing at, you already know what time it is  
Marra bitch I came up  
From a starving artist  
From the underground now I'm way up  
Couple number ones on a couple charts so I bet awards  
Still I got cred like Pay Pal  
I'm reaching till I hit the ceiling cause I was beneath them like Lucifer's  
playground  
So when the fame just fade out, all the greatness remains just the same as I  
came out blaow

Pardon me I'm just doing my bid  
To legit to be losing my grip  
Mamma Mia I won't let the media under my skin  
Handle my biz  
Plus I'm a genius and I got every ingredient needed to win  
Fuck all these encyclopedias walking 'round telling me how I should live, sh  
it  
The bigger the belt  
The larger the target the harder they fell  
I'm a product of knowledge and self  
You might need a psychologist's help if you think I'm not at the helm  
They talk about pressure but nothing's impressive to me  
I feel so overwhelmed  
Took this shit to a whole other realm