

Necessary Pressure

Childish Major

You tryna be catchy, tryna catch you one, huh
Angry, emotions got the best of you, huh
You talk 'bout Hell like it's Heaven, you second guessin' the reverend
You let women get the best of you, huh
You know that serpent be the death of you
Can't keep it in your pants, gotta keep two in your hands
And grab your nuts, uh
Niggas, whoever slept on, aggressive tones, huh
You don't mind being alone huh?
She disagree so she can disappear, you'll get another one bruh
They all the same it's a shame, ain't good for nothing but fun
Fill up the tank with ego, and never pay at the pump
Don't think you'll last forever, 'cause Devil's battery pack
Is fully charged and all up in your back
Dark thoughts all under your hat
Somebody pray

Yeah, black Bond, no job havin'
A block from Hell, how niggas supposed to find Heaven?
Ya daddy tried rappin', ya granddad reverend
Ya scared to go to jail so you ain't thought about trappin'
Lookin' at the ceilin', ways to make a killin'
Peers always lookin' at a nigga like a villain
Peers always lookin' at a nigga like a villain
Ya wife always lookin' at a nigga like a tool
And it's always cool 'cause a nigga brought a drill in
A nigga brought a drill in
Do we got enough in the clip? Lord willin'
Do we got it rough like it's Malcolm in the Middle
Finna kill a nigga like, mm
Finna kill a nigga like, mm
Finna kill a nigga leave a couple weepin' widows, mm
Leave a couple weepin' widows, mm
Good God, Mama, man, today hard
Got the job then got laid off
Got my check and it's way off
Tell me why I even gotta pay off
Yeah, borrowed clothes from my boy he done stole from the store
Why? Why?
He hotboxing the ride and it's smellin' like gas so they swear a nigga high
(High)
God, I think you did the wrong hand, I think, this is for another man
Uh, send a nigga a spaceship, a job with a day shift, or we takin' a shit
I should be glad that I got what I got ain't it
But all these trips on the MARTA got me feelin' basic
Callin' (Ring), hello worry (Ring), I'm prolly cheatin' (Ring), end of story

Pressure I'm feelin', how can I love you and get it?
I want extras, who's giving?
I'll take mine's now
I said, "Pressure I'm feelin', how can I love you and get it?"
I want extras, who's giving?
I'll take mine's now, ow-ow

Ah
Do you want to die in the field? For real
You ain't workin' and you Urkel how I feel, Jahlil

Always distracted by the twins like Phil and Lil'
Every time they come around you gotta feel a lil'
Get it together bro, you got a centerfold
Love in the summer, better hoes when it's winter though
Shoulda let her go a long time ago, you with her though
Fucked her over a couple times, she a rider though
Even though it pours when it rains bro, end of the rainbow
She a prodigal, and all these hoes you know is drugs pimpin'
Woah there she blows, ya nose drippin'
Ya whole look is hook, you need distance
Cold sweats your arms and neck itchin'
Don't lose the one from blurred vision
You know she is what they isn't
Don't trade a dime bro, on the front lines for a side ho
Don't trade a diamond for some down time with a rhinestone
You thinkin' she don't know, tryna act low
And you burnin' down the castle, asshole
Keep runnin' through these hoes like cash bro
The fast lane always fun 'til you crash though

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