

# Pressure

Cordae

Now let me tell you bout this rap nigga who would never blow  
He got all the Fucking talent yea the kid is hella dope  
Couldn't see through all phoneys should've bought a telescope he was aiming  
too high so he had to settle low  
Shopping label after label  
Never signed him a deal  
So retarded couldn't find the appeal  
Didn't matter bout the work or how he rhyming with skills  
Just another young nigga tryna grind for the bills  
I mean I never was too tall or skilled to go shoot ball  
I know i'm a move far  
But dammit it's too hard  
Imagined if you starved  
But dreaming of shoes cars  
And everyone around you is just wishing that you'd fall  
But nah I refuse see a nigga came to carry a mission  
People all from different places come with varied intentions  
I'm a great and I knew that from the very beginning  
But barely ambitious  
Not to mention the larry I'm piffin  
Ain't no friends people wanna you buried or prison  
Me and all these others man it's scary the difference  
I'm too ahead  
Plus I alway kill tracks and I shoot em dead  
The difference is blue and red  
And I never salute the Fed  
Cause the system so corrupt they just after the loot and bread I rather just  
lose my head  
Think shay would pastor do instead  
My guidance when I'm arriving  
Through all of the flashing lights and  
Love for the passion writing  
But dying a crashing Viking

They never love you forreal- keep it subtle and chill- on my way to top abou  
t the bundles and mills- oh how what a wonderful feeling

I'm thinking back to into time before my life was obsene  
At times I be the only enemy just fighting my dreams  
This rap shit is whole my life it's like a pipe to a fiend  
Or better no metaphor it's like a mic to a me  
I Reminisce my childhood and I ride my bike in the street  
And we go straight to Marcus he get to slicing a beat  
And we in school till 2  
But shit was writing by 3  
But that was back when it was fun it was enticing at least  
And then I almost lost it all and used to cry in my sleep  
And lay awake And always pray something the righteous could beat  
Take me back to the days when I used to work at the mall  
Take me back when I wasn't perfect at all  
And when you climbing from the bottom it never hurts when you fall  
Got some problems I been hiding but I'm working to solve  
Don't let me blow and realize it wasn't worth the recalls  
Lay a verse and into the earth and pop a perk till I'm off

They never love you forreal- keep it subtle and chill- on my way to top abou  
t the bundles and mills- oh how what a wonderful feeling