

Pressure

Dr. Dre

Snoop, Snoop, Snoop
Ah, ah

Got this city on my back, nigga, Eastside savage
Pistol grip pump on my lap automatic, shit
Indo smoke, fuckin' with a nigga cataracts
Roll down the windows, sound of the battle axe
Popo outside lookin' for the shooter
Hoes sat with me, we don't need no approval
Always sleep with one eye open, Snoop Dogg the ruler
Finger on the trigger, watchin' these niggas
Swingin' down on my chariot dodgin' the law
Lookin' in my rear view, nigga, guess who I saw (Who?)
Dre the dopeman cookin' that dope
He was swervin' that thing, I was sellin' that coke
Doin' 'bout a hundred on these century spokes
With a pocket full of money and a fat-ass robe
Precious diamonds on my finger like the Lord of the Rings
Liftin' up my left leg just to piss on your dreams

(Now when they let the dog out)
These pussy cats get frisky
(I think you took the wrong route)
My nigga, that shit risky
Psycho, I know you don't want a light show
Eyes slow maestro, smokin' on that nitro

Motherfucker, be real (Pressure)
The woman wan' fuck with the man still (Oh, oh, pressure)
A nigga hurtin' them heels
Would do anything for them dollar bills
Talkin' 'bout mass appeal, ooh (My dog)
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Been a long time comin', now we back on the move
Nothin' to prove, it's just another rendezvous
Speakin' of which, I'm lookin' for a bitch to please
Which of these in need of a different breed? Yeah
Yard dog in the yacht, hood, no Addy
She said she wanna eat a hot dog, I'm 'a relish it
You ever met a billionaire with a million fetishes?
This ain't for the delicate, all my shit is effortless
Dead, that's how I like my fuckin' presidents
Thirty years later and your nigga still relevant
Top of the world, yeah, nigga, that's my residence
Eastside Crip shit, bang bang, ghetto kid

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