

## Pain & Pressure

Foolio

I put that on gang, boy, if you speak on my name  
That come with insurance and stretchers  
All my niggas thuggin', I know I'm handsome as hell  
But baby girl, my past ugly  
My cup muddy, I'm numb to the pain and the pressure  
'Bout Bibby, we goin' extra, can't wait 'til we catch 'em  
Surrounded by shooters and steppers  
I send 'em, they shoot up your shelter

I'm steppin' on leaks, bitch, and who fuckin' with me?  
Who got them choppers like me, rockin' like me?  
Who catchin' bodies like me?  
Shoot up the 'partment like me? Slidin' with three  
I got my eyes on his Jeep 'cause this bitch here lookin' creep  
223, kill for Osama, I guarantee that nigga killin' for me  
We pull up and hurt shit, thuggin' like BG, that No Limit, Turk shit  
This Perc' hit  
R.I.P. Durk, bitch, we hop out and shirt shit  
My chopstick, I love my Glock, bitch  
Fuck all the opps, bitch  
That hot shit, they gon' feel that hot shit  
I'm gettin' their block hit  
Lowkey in the Scat, back-to-back stolos and splats  
Back-to-back, touring Jack  
This shit forever, I swear, boy, we need some medals  
'Cause war, we dominate that  
I'm still in the bricks, young nigga still on the Six  
Young nigga still hittin' licks, still got a Glick  
Just got a million dollar deal and we still on the block with the shits (Uh)  
Flexed up on my ex (Uh)  
Fresh off a jet and went straight to the 'jects  
That shit's on my neck (Wow)  
Fell back from that fake shit and ran up a check  
That thot, she a bopper (Damn)  
Post up in the trap, got choppers on choppers  
Niggas know how we rockin'  
Any time of the day, we can get shit poppin'

I put that on gang, boy, if you speak on my name  
That come with insurance and stretchers  
All my niggas thuggin', I know I'm handsome as hell  
But baby girl, my past ugly  
My cup muddy, I'm numb to the pain and the pressure  
'Bout Bibby, we goin' extra, can't wait 'til we catch 'em  
Surrounded by shooters and steppers  
I send 'em, they shoot up your shelter

We pull up and hurt shit, thuggin' like BG, that No Limit, Turk shit  
This Perc' hit  
R.I.P. Durk, bitch, we hop out and shirt shit  
My chopstick, I love my Glock, bitch  
Fuck all the opps, bitch  
That hot shit, they gon' feel that hot shit  
I'm gettin' their block hit  
We pull up and hurt shit, thuggin' like BG, that No Limit, Turk shit  
This Perc' hit  
R.I.P. Durk, bitch, we hop out and shirt shit

My chopstick, I love my Glock, bitch  
Fuck all the opps, bitch  
That hot shit, they gon' feel that hot shit  
I'm gettin' their block hit (Their block hit)  
Ayy