Pressure

Gucci Mane

The waves in my fade will make a bitch need a surfboard
I ain't on the track like gds, crips, and vice lords
Plus latin kings if ya bang throw yo rag up
Whole clique flagged up, zone ghetto tags up
Black car, white guts, you can call it oreo
Gucci bring pies to yo door like he dominoes
Soldier like Geronimo my house big as the pinnacle
Used to trap at Texaco but now I'm finna buy the one
Rims on my M, bitch a trim, wanna lay with him
Slim with the tilted grill, flossin all the diamond gems
Actually trapping got me counting cash rapidly
Wheels spin backwardly, Bricksquad factory
Pressure, Pressure, these boys under pressure
I know he a college boy I heard he a stepper
Hydro, Eyes low, Whoo Da Kid and Gucci Mane Oh No
All I know is click cock, hit pop I can't let this shit stop
Just to see is everything, that's go help my shit pop
Whoo da King, Whoo da Kid whatever you call me bitch
But I'm not Alfamega never turn my back and turn snitch
Red Maserati peanut butter seats will kidnap you
Running day shit I call that my rotten apple
I don't need no chauffeur I can drive that shit my fucking self
Ooh my smoke my Glock my bro I'm strapped in here with no seat belt
And I move the punchlines I'm pimpin the track
Ol cliffhanging nigga stop swinging on the sack
What's that shit he said about homie run it back
Track work studio so everything is crack
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I know he a college boy I heard he a stepper
Hydro, Eyes low, Whoo Da Kid and Gucci Mane Oh No
I don't got no brain no more my brain probably in lost and found
If you find it give it to me I'll give you 800 thou
Million worth of jewelry on, when now, right now
Bling blaow, your out, kids see it's safe now
Chopper size of you shower, rims bigger than your house
When you see me girl smile, I stay for a lil while
In the back with a strap and the clip don't crack
10 pounds of loud, 200 thou
My dead homies could see me now
I bet I make sun valley proud
Bouldercrest my stomping ground
Stand 10 toes down to stomp you down
40 Glock you double pump you
Fucking fuck ya Wacka trunk you
Gucci Mane invisible mane I'm right man can't see me lame
Rims so hot like stove top stuffing, lil pussy ass nigga...
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