

Pressure

Huskii

(Are you fucking cunts listening? I don't wanna fucking do this anymore!
It's too much... fuck!
Lately I feel this pressure on my chest, I swear it wants to get the best of
me
I just need a sec to breathe sometimes, but there's so many hands out, so ma-
ny mouths to feed. Who the fuck am I to deny that shit? True?
The whole ship sinks when I quit. I will always feed my people. I will never
go ghost. Never. Where I'm from, they know me.)

I got big respect on my name
How's my crew all eating, he ain't cheffin' his mates
I ain't come with violence if there's debts to be paid
I stay silent, keep em working for the rest of their days
But fix it up lad, eetswah, let's get this pay
All this extra shit talking that just gets to my brain
Makes me scheme like a villain, mask up like I'm Bane
Can't mask all this pain, I can't ask for my mates
We on cyphers, can't even answer our names
Keeps me awake, knowing that I'm half of the blame
We come from nothing lad, we aren't gonna change
And if I stop now what will I do after the fame?
I could harp on for days and my heart is gon' flame
So I could write another song, yeah I'm the master of pain
But I found this bitch's lipstick hit list and tonight I'm about to mark off
my name

I feel this pressure getting the best of me
Too many people to feed, I just know one recipe
Let me get a sec to breathe
Fuck the section beef, my biggest opp myself but now I'm dead to me
I feel this pressure getting the best of me
Too many people to feed, I just know one recipe
Let me get a sec to breathe
Fuck the section beef, my biggest opp myself now I'm dead to people

(See once I stop, it's only drop and roll. Every motherfucker around me turns
to ashes. Trust that
So I keep it pushing
Always, fuck you!)

I swear I wish that I could disappear
But all my people freezing man, it feels like it's been winter years
I got youngins tryna feed their fam from shiftin gear
I told em no and then they missed out on their Christmas gear
I'm close to the edge, I swear I ain't never been this near
You ain't seen this fear
When your baby brother crying cause of hunger and there's something in the bin from here
Nah, I'mma get it in from here
Everybody eats until that day I swear that I ain't ever in the clear
All this pressure mounting up, this shit could bring me tears
You ain't been out on this street, doing this thing for years
I'm paranoid, I know that everybody thinks I'm weird
I try to stay to myself but these bitches interfere
I won my trial, caught another case and now I'm looking at a recall waiting
in my dirty prison gear
I'm thinking this is it from here

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