

# 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 many 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

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  
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