

Pressure

Kur

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Applying this pressure for years
Came with blood and tears
The sweat, the hurt, the fears
On a jet, it wasn't Frontier
Got a check that's waiting to clear
They got left, now they in the rear
Got respect, you niggas be weird
I'm in Gallery, and I done blew niggas salary
How could you niggas compare?!
I done fell out with most of my peers
I done got to the point I don't care
Got a joint, I put one in the air
Feel like I don't belong in this era
But I'm pushing
I walked in the spot with my niggas
That bitch with her nigga and she just kept looking
I'm texting this bitch from LA
I told her let me know when you ready
I'll book it
They studied my flow and they took it
When it's beef it's best to cook it
In the streets, a vet, you rookie
I miss Reem to death, they took him
Man the streets a mess (Why?)
The cops keep killin' and bookin'

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