The Pressure

Little Brother

Unh, unh, unh, unh, let it, bounce Unh, unh, unh, unh, let it, bounce

You know sometimes a nigga get tired of always Talkin' about shit he ain't got, milkin on shit Sometims you gotta make use of what you got here, man We right here, doin it, let it bounce

Use to wish on a star that I'd have big plaques Big awards right here on the wall, everything that gleam Lamp shades, back stage, for this nigga askin' Tay, would you work ten years for your dream Seven years later, now I see just what he mean Cuz this is real life and I'm livin' kinda regular Got a house, got a car, got a wife, Big Dho, manager, HOJ's the team You can say I'm satisfied, though I often analyze Why this rap shit rip my hear at the seams This ain't time to fantasize, I'm not a whippersnapper I'm trying to get these crackers for all of they cream Like Dairy Queen or Hgagen-Dazs Cuz the rap audience like the way I handle bars Like it before they thoughts, Oh so easily, just like Sheila E When she was singing Hollyrock, Oh, check out the scene We ain't got time for your bullshit schemes Cuz once Tay begins, they say depends Much bigger than a sword and I'm a lyrical Lance-A-Lot I ain't gotta dance a lot, check the way I lean

Yes, yes, now! You now rockin' wit' the muh'fuckin' best now Think of fuckin' wit the team, I suggest not Real shit, you can feel it in your chest, now Got y'all feelin' the pressure (Got ya'll feelin' the pressure Phonte feelin' the pressure, feelin the pressue Got ya'll feelin' the pressure Big Pooh feelin' the pressure so feel the pressure)

Niggaz block, women jock on your cock, round the clock Get it, get it, don't stop, catch you on the rise Made a lil' dough in this rap game slow See my video, so they swear I'm movin' pies Old whip, new kicks, few flicks, same chick New picks, same bitch, no I'm not a star Let my hair grow, put my mic game down This the third time round, I'm shootin for a par We came this far, and no one assisted Co-signed, or enlisted, like we ain't gifted We be gettin' lifted of the beats and drank liquor We call women hoes, that's if the name fits Put me in the box, I ain't wrappin' up shit Made music my career, some of y'all just spit Homie, just sit back, pay attention Forgot to mention Hall of Justus is the click

Can you feel that? That tight grip around your neck, nigga That's pressure nigga That's pressure nigga (Let it, bounce) Yeah, nigga, Mick I think that's enough Yeah, that's your new name, "Nigga Mick" (Hehe, nigger) NIGGER YOU'RE MY NIGGER!