

Good Pressure

¡Mayday!

Get paper
Get love
Get riches
Get fucked
Get lifted
Get buzzed
Get back
To who I was

One time for my ace with the mace
Gotta get away from this place
Hollywood hills and dreams of the taste
Of the good life too bad I'm stuck in the rat race
No trace of the person I was
Even though a motherfucker got a buzz I swear I ain't abusing these drugs
But I used to care a lot more if I got love
Now I'm Mike Fox in a silver box Delorean
Hop to the future trying write my story and
I can't disappear off this polaroid
Jump to the front grab the wheel time to steer into the orient
So far from the soylent fiends for the green I'm a meme with a poignant
Blurb for the herbs
Never mince my words while I spit on the curb looking up at these birds

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One time for the real believers
Struck a chord with the underachievers
And my mans with the bloody cleavers
And them bitches with the disco fevers
See the things I fight with are like ghosts
They haunt me on a personal note
Fuck a toast let's smoke
Forgot what I wrote cause it don't matter yo
Lost faith in the process and my heroes
Never got props from my pops for the steelo
Man it don't stop gotta rock for my folks
Even though hope ain't got hope under kino's
Put a noose up but the crew never choked
I'm a elope with my ho up to Hiro's
Hit a drink till we both fall on the floor
While the whole world rocking out to placebo's

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