

No Pressure

OG Maco

No pressure, it's no pressure
Just pressure inside my gauze
No effort, truthfully most of these niggas fraud
Pancake hundreds, stacking, I hop on planes for the nachos
Up here plotting on extra leg room

Plotting on a few estates
Bet I get my acreage up, taking care of home first
Then I build my haters up, equal opportunity
If it's some for you, it's more for me
Tell em how it's supposed to be
Direct, not metaphorically
Forgi's on McLaren feet, I see it when I go to sleep
I eat my pain along with steak and lobster tail
I remember telling my cellmate, this some fuck shit
This that duck shit, what they really want from a nigga?
Just some dumb shit, dirty gun, wrong place shit
Reaching for your wallet, gun in face shit
I'm praying to God while I'm rapping, I make shit [?]
I ain't sparing, chase the rod, bitches suck me good till I'm hard
Baby bounce that ass till I'm soft, this life reserved for a boss
Type of nigga who don't look at costs, he just look at work
Born to get it, motherfucker want it
There's no pressure cause we dancing for it
There's no question they been waiting on us