

# 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