

The Pressure

Phora

Yeah, 6:35 in the morning
We in the studio talking about life
Where we think we going to be in 2 years
Having late night conversations and someone brought up the fact.
We can't take none of this shit when we leave the planet
So what's the purpose?

I've been thinking what's life really mean when it's all over?
I've been drinking too much, my mind been trying to stay sober
Lately I been stressing, all this pressure on my shoulders
I'm trying to get right with god, but I don't feel no closer
Every time I pray man, he never answers my questions
Man, starting to feel like life ain't no blessing
We ain't got no direction, cops killing us not protecting
Pops said if you rollin' round through these streets, carry you a weapon
So I went and got me a .38, but I probably ain't gon' use it
Really man, the only weapon that I need is this music
Never said I'm perfect, but homie I'm not stupid
Sometimes I feel worthless and sometimes I feel useless
But I ain't got no time for that now, I ain't got no patience
Runnin' round through these streets man, only end up in two places
Niggas got two faces, rich folk they all racist
Family comes first man cuz those the ones that I came with

Yeah, they all know I ride for my people
Yeah, they all know I die for my people
They know the deal (deal)
All my niggas know it's real, it's real

Look, I was born in 9-4
Both middle fingers up
Niggas speak on how they feel, but really I could give a fuck
Young nigga trying to change the world
Some people show me love
Some people want to kill me
Some people want to go and set me up
But I been through way too much
So why the fuck would I stop now?
All the haters wanna talk now
Put the fists up, put the Glocks down
And I ride round. my city like
Everybody know. I done came so far, but still got a long way to go

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