

Orange Jumpsuit

Pressa

Pressa Pressa
Press Machine, Press Machine
Press Machine, Press Machine
Presserr

Only 18 hours in a Toronto cell
Screaming Wass gang at the top of lungs
I'm like Pressa you know you ain't make back in the cell
Jumping off my bunk as soon as breakfast announced
I'm like Pressa in the building but my opps got a full house
They say by morning that's something to rap 'bout (exactly)
What Pressa gon rap 'bout?
Tried crack me
You know I'm used to the hard route
Server at my head he say he drift at the next house
But I ain't leaving range 'less I leave with a bangout
I'm half philipino so I feel like I'm Pacqiao
Get coked off of blood you can call it collateral
Soon as I'm doing crack you can call me a greyhound
Then he grab jump my jumper said he don't need a lockdown
Little fucking nigga he wan bring me on workouts
But where I come from we neglected to back out
Ain't bitch up then so I ain't bitch up now
I dun seen niggas
Turn bishop now
Its me in the back with that one trey pound
So its me in the back with my hundred pounds
They gon rush me
But I couldn't wait
I knew niggas gon jump in once a fight was engaged
How could you watch your dog fight when you both in the cage
He be like Michael in the wire
In the sun and we baked
That nigga crazy
Turning back to range
Hit him with a left hook now that nigga dazed
Now its a 3 on 1
But that didn't faze
Bitch nigga tried to grab my hair but I got it in braids
I'm like uh nigga got PressMachine
So much blood on the unit guess some time to machine
Can't trust a nigga cause these niggas turned frenemies
Cause I'm realer than death there ain't no realer than me
Now the rumors round the streets that I broke my 2 arms
When I sent him to ER
Can't take his teeth out cause he already toothless
And I left that fight with little scrapes no bruises
Niggas ain't real yeah they bitch made
Like fuck it all I missed was a birthday
I'm feeling like the weather so I'm floyd may
They got my ass on a thursday
I'm Wassi
That Wassi dance more than saucey
I was in the hole shadow boxing with Wassi
What happens when presa mix this hook with that beat
I know the city minds like john tory wheres my key
Ay ay ay ay

All I really want is my city
We can overseas or near me
Niggas wan call me for shows now
But I ain't even really wanna go now