

(Pressure)

I thought I told you niggas
Put the food on the table, sat down, showed you niggas (Let's eat)
I don't know you niggas
Apply heavy press now, been done squoze you niggas (Squeeze)
My homie blow through chickens
Why you think when we out, it's a motion picture?
Coupe clean, but the Rover tinted
I'm ridin' low 'cause your ho up in it
I just hope she keep it quiet, you exposin' bitches
You spoke when I said don't, you broke the code, my nigga
On the block in RtAs, you don't know the denim (You don't know them?)
We be grindin' summer days, we couldn't wait for winter (Fuck that shit)
Niggas got they lil' raps, I can't wait to hear 'em
'Cause they got some clever ways to state how we livin'
Man, I got some better ways to change how we livin' (For real)
Until then, I'm touchin' down, fuck tryna send 'em
I went to Hush to stop the chatter, bought a diamond pendant (Stop the chatter)
One call, get a hundred on consignment, nigga (Come on)
No cap, I'm cool if I retired, nigga
But I don't see myself quittin', 'cause I'm tired of niggas (Sick of you)
Chest poked out like they doin' somethin' (What?)
I need a million cash, I done blew a hundred (Fact)
I ain't quick to flash, 'cause I'm used to money
My youngin quick to shoot, he got a stupid jumper (Eat that nigga)
Call me Chuck E, I bust stupid moves
Runnin' with the plug and I was still in school
I'm on an all-green diet, I ain't talkin' food (Uh-uh)
Too much codeine in me, I can't talk or move
Took some losses, fuck the pain, man, I feel numb (Numb)
I know He heard me, I just prayed for a pill run (God)
You fake niggas skip this song, this for the real ones
You niggas love talkin' down, but I'm still up (It don't matter)

You niggas love playin' roles, I can't act for shit
I just tell it how it is, I can't rap for shit
You fake niggas skip this song, this for the real ones (Wavy Gang, Boyz, all that shit, man, I'ma talk my shit real quick)
You niggas love talkin' down, but I'm still up

I just talk my lil' shit, I ain't rappin', bitch
Bring me a roll of duct tape, I'm 'bout to wrap a brick
I hit a ho the first date, ain't seen her ass since
I might just fuck that bitch again 'cause she ain't ask for shit
He thought he bought a thousand pills, I sold his ass six
This nigga keep countin' hards, he can't add for shit
My nigga Face just pulled up on me with some Actavis
I hit a blunt of Pink Runtz, then my asthma kicked in
He pulled up in an i8, told him back it in
You paid a bitch to let you fuck, what bag you in?
This nigga Ray just took a picture with a half a chicken
He upped that bitch on Instagram, I told him tag me in it
I want a hundred for my drank, ain't no deals or bargains
My shooter head fucked up, he'll kill his mama
My bitch barely complain, I'm really the problem

Walked in the crib and broke her phone 'cause I feel like arguin'
I'm at the White House
He thought he hit a line of soft, I broke a Vic' down
I'm in Redford, sellin' grams for four hundred on 5 Mile
My fiend didn't have a car to get to me, made him walk nine miles