

Pressure

Rob Vicious

Ay ayy
Bitch
Bitch I'm Rob Vicious
I think the feds is listenin'
Bitch I'm Rob Vicious

Most these niggas be jokes
Don't trust no nigga that I don't know
Nigga if we ain't folks
Imma whip out on any you get too close
Ayy
Broke nigga want some smoke
I bring my flame tryna hit that roach
Your bitch keep callin' my phone
I'm lettin' it ring
She doin' the most
Told you I got that power
Fuck your bitch then I go ghost
She want some of that powder
Not that shit that burn your nose
Ayy
Smokin' exotic flower
Nigga this shit right here some dope
Ayy
All she need is an hour
I'm sellin' that bitch if I go broke
Niggas ain't got no skill
They jackin' a nigga like I don't know
Nigga I just popped some pills
My jaw keep lockin'
I took some more
These niggas say they real
And yeah they real
For real some hoes
Ride 'round with that steel
Like you gon' kill a bro
Come on
Nigga talkin' 'bout trap
He ain't know none of the shit we on
AK's Glocks and MAC's
But that just some of the blicks we own
Swing this choppa just like a bat
He gon' test
We do him wrong
Nigga it ain't no shootin' back
My clip do measures
You'll be gone
Still love my dresser
Hoes some extra
I ain't pressured
Yeah lil bitch I'm extra
Get in my bureau for a suppressor
Bitch I'm smokin' pressure
Cost some extra
Fuck my health up
Anytime any place any weather
Me and my pistol stayin' together (For real)

Bitch
Wit yo dumb ass
Lil Bitch I'm Rob Vicious
Ayy ayy ayy
Apply that pressure nigga
Ayy ayy
Ayy ayy ayy