

Pressure

Robb Bank\$

Who got that lean
Who got that xan
Who got that perc
Who got that gas
Who got that bean
Right on the strap
Who wanna aim
Right at they back
Who got all that
Who in the trap
Who these lil boys look at like the man
Who can fuck you and go fuck your friend
Who fuck it up again, and again lil bitch

Tell me who apply the pressure my nigga who apply the pressure
24/7 I'm head first fuck nigga it don't get no better
I told yo bitch I want head first vibe ho please don't be bitter
Boy all these niggas looking bitter I pull up and I apply the pressure
I apply the pressure

Bitch I'm a beast, bitch I'm the goat
Got a zero, seen the C-Note
You not in my class, boy I'm self-taught
Come to Fo Block, you getting dropped off
Young Femto fucked these hoes like I'm in love
Still Klitschko, I can't hit without a glove
Laugh when I shoot
Hundreds they blew
Late night with that drum like the mofuckin Roots
And you know the phone
Know Babybone
Know Indigo
You know Kie Mo
You know Kiron
You know Iceman
You know Juiceman
Free Bam till I'm gone
And you know spread on em like baguette with the dough
Run up you get stomped, take your ass back to the post
(Boy check ya pulse)
I used to be standing on the streets with the nicks, slay a Princess off the armor
Invested so much into Fanta, I fucked the Fantana bitch outta commercials
Inside Sasuke, the outside Naruto, a nigga chakra flow Orochimaru
Hiraikotsu with the karma
Who the fuck want it with Madara, bitch

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2phoneshawty in the coupe, coupe, coupe
South Florida never lose lose lose lose
My face gated yours I can't let you through through through through
Used to call Xavier Wulf Ethelwulf my nigga who who who who
Stunt on that nigga, stunt on that nigga
I thought that I told you we solid my nigga
Savage Life, I for life it my nigga
Went broke and switched, followed that light my nigga
Ride on that nigga, ride on that nigga
Your favorite rapper a fuckin lie my nigga
Bitch I'm 100 shit percent [?] till the end of time ill go get my nigga
You not the phone, you not the phone
You a prank call fuck nigga got em
Full time sipper but you drinking on the Watson
Real life rat, we'll make you play possum
And if I snap you disappear by tomorrow
I hold it down that's the end of the story
Told it to God in all of his glory
I still walk up and get boo'd like muthafuckin Maury
Fuck whatever they on, repeat they self when they talk
Can't even convince yourself, bet God laughs at you often
All these niggas just trying to get money when you catch em in person
Ran up my sack for the purge
Nigga come and get you some work

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