

Pressure

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What do we do
Ooooooh - what do we do, what do we do
Pressure, pressure - what do we do to do

Let's go
They say they want me to chill
How you rappin is like you sayin to go out and kill
I hear so much of this nonsense
Like brother you a role model, you supposed to rap like you concious
(For what?) Even if that was true, understand
I'm a man before anything, rap is what I do
And I'm somebody's father
Like if my baby boy in a jam I won't grab the revolver
Sometimes not even that
I ain't sittin around talkin 'bout slavery is holdin me back
Out East you would think this the Western
I don't mean to be rude, but you can chill with all those silly suggestions
When the pressure is on, your morals is gone
Can't believe your face is torn (oh!)
I don't condone it, but I'm willin to loan it
Just relax, go home, hit me up on the horn, got you

For this life... piece of mind
The streets are filled with priiiide
Too young to die, so the bullets fly
The streets are filled with priiiide - pressure, pressure

I know she tryin to be cool for her friends
I know he tryin to front for her in the Benz (yeah)
But he ain't watchin where he drivin and drunk (uh-uh)
Hit somebody whip and dude talkin 'bout poppin the trunk
But can't go out like a punk (nah)
Shots go off, and his friends no longer think that he's soft (brrap)
Now it's time for the bail
And momma got a slight heart problem cause her son is in jail (damn)
And no one's keepin it real (uh-uh)
The lawyers is riffin, block phone calls, messages skippin
And shorty don't even visit
She too busy in the mall with your re-up money, tryin to live it
When he come out shit he flipped
Cause his son is in the backseat with some other nigga pushin his whip
(That's my son) This kind of pressure for real
Got at least like 6 out of 10 blacks sittin in jail, damn

This brother comin from work (yeah)
9 to 5, minimum wage, his boss is a jerk
He can't stand bein broke (uh-uh)
He get off the bus to get him a beer and somethin to smoke
He think about gettin coke
His family is hungry, it's dead real, no longer a joke
But he ain't made for the streets
This ain't back then, these lil' dudes now carryin heat
Think he can pump where he want, it's the first of the month
Makin mad sales right in the front (what?)
Duke and them gettin mad (yo whattup?) things startin to get bad
'Bout to follow homey home to his pad (him right there)
But he can't let that ride

He pull out the thing and tell his baby momma go in and hide
(Get the baby in the house) So many put on a stretcher
I'm willin to bet'cha, it's the pressure, c'mon

The streets are filled with priiiiide