

Pressure

Z-Ro

1 Deep Entertainment

Bow down to something greater than yourself, chief

The blind stares of a hundred pairs of eyes that you will never be able to see, haha

R.I.P. Makaveli, [?]

Bang like a Crip or Blood, nigga, what?

B-B-Bang like a Crip or Blood, Crip or Blood (Niggas can't see me)

My lyrics bang like a Crip or Blood, nigga, what?

It ain't nothin' but a party when we thug (Niggas can't see me)

My lyrics bang like a Crip or Blood, nigga, what?

B-B-Bang like a Crip or Blood, Crip or Blood (Hold me, it ain't easy)

My lyrics bang like a Crip or Blood, nigga, what?

It ain't nothin' but a party when we thug (Uh)

Well, it's been a long time

I shouldn't have left you with all these weak-ass rappers, didn't mean to disrespect you

Homie, this ain't the type of rap you should wear a dress to

Y'all niggas trippin', but it ain't too late, you can be rescued

I do my own thang, I don't do nothin' like the rest do

You ain't rockin' with me? Fuck it, I'm not tryna impress you

I do it for the real niggas and bitches tryna get through

I'm hood Jesus, niggas don't know who they standin' next to

Y'all niggas ain't motivated, I can't be around that

I'm lookin' for smiles, tryna forget where all the frowns at

The whole city mine, the fuck I'ma be out of bounds at?

I'm everywhere except where all the bitch niggas and clowns at

Pussy nigga tryna drag my mud through the mud

I ain't lookin' for him, but wherever I see him, he gon' die in that

If I run into his ass on 59 and Westpark

Then 59 and Westpark is where he can be found at, ayy

Fuck is that, a handbag, homie?

I'll carry all my shit, it ain't a handbag on me

Big dick, big pistol, man swag on me

Ain't no fingernail polish, that ain't man swag, homie

So let them busters know it's on for life

And let the real niggas ride tonight (Haha)

[?] drowsy, I be hittin' high notes

But I will really murder, you can catch the strap tomorrow

You can't see it, but it be with me wherever I go

They wait for me to come out the back, but I took the side door

Sometimes I forget I'm a rapper, I'm out my mind, ho

So stop playin' with me 'cause somebody might really die, bro (R.I.P.)

Homicide ain't somethin' I'm tryna be doin' time for

My celly be rappin' for me, for what? I'm not gon' sign, bro

They go to breakfast and lunch, I'ma be layin' down though

Locker full of free world, ain't standin' in no line, ho

A lot of people hate me, look, it is what it is

They was laughin' like my bag would never get big, but it did

And if I ever put a hit on you, it did what it did

I'm just sayin', I never been the one to play with, bitch

Lay some bread on me, I ain't the one to lay with, bitch

They hustle every now and then, I'm every day with this shit

Opps watchin', but, basically, stay out my way with this shit

They know better than to fuck with Joseph McVey with this shit

I'm pressed

Bang like a Crip or Blood, nigga, what?
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My lyrics bang like a Crip or Blood, nigga, what?
It ain't nothin' but a party when we thug (Niggas can't see me)
My lyrics bang like a Crip or Blood, nigga, what?
B-B-Bang like a Crip or Blood, Crip or Blood (Hold me, it ain't easy)
My lyrics bang like a Crip or Blood, nigga, what?
It ain't nothin' but a party when we thug, when we thug, when we thug