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 s
ee, 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

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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

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