

Pressure

Busta Rhymes

Yeah we see you buss a bottle at your little table stunting
and we coming by the bar and get to fucking up your fronting
Puttin pressure on 'em
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Okay we see you in your Phantom acting cocky with your mrs
Yeah you ballin', til you see us pull up with 9 of them bitches
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Eh, eh-yo, when we do this shit
Now tell me why is you competing
When I be that type of nigga that get money when I'm sleeping
And when I'm farting and shittin' I cop countries on the weekends
So ambitious my accountants got continence when I'm eating for me
Bussa buss the most diamonds and start retreating and beat the street up
Shit be sounding remarkable when I'm speaking homie
Huge rechargable batteries, bitch I'm tweaking
Short circuit electric chair voltage is every feature [?]
Like I'm short for breath drowning in money rushes
Fuck a blunt bitch I'm inhaling muffle, smoke from buses?
I defend my money like soldiers, I come to punish
Defence mechanisms from infections the way that puss is
Aint no fucking around, I'm frontin, get it
As for getting this bread, I'm like vomit so disgusting with it
Here's my other alias, don't forget it
Call me snow blower, blowing this bread like it's nothing with it

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Weezy F baby man, I gotta put the pressure on 'em
Young Money the special team, we so Devin Hestor on 'em
Right up on your girl lips, got my dick resting on 'em
Soon as it woke up, it came and left it on 'em
Swag with no effort on him
Quicker than a leopard on 'em
If he got beef watch me sprinkle salt and pepper on 'em
No spinderella, just plenty metal for any fellow
Semi settle everything for me and everything for me
Smoking on that G13 and everything funny
Especially y'all bitch ass niggas, kiss ass niggas
Blood gang, 6 flags nigga, no rollercoaster
Real shit, we hold the bread, the hoes hold the toasters

Young Casanova, I bend they asses over
She say my dick stronger than a six pack of cola
Man I'm so fly, I got arachnophobia
Pressure bust pipes but Weezy bust twice

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