

Pressure

Killer Mike

Who are you?
You don't know?
Don't tell me negro
That's nothin
What were you before the white man named you a negro
What was your name?
It could'nthave been smith or jones or bush or powell
That wasn't your name
They don't have those kind of names where you and I came from
No what was your name?
And why don't you now know what your name was then
Where was your history?
How did a man wipe out your history?
How did the man what did the man do to make you as dumb, as you are right now

Mutha fuckas I just bought some new chuckas
The old ones bloodied up from stompin out those suckas
Big bang killa
Big black gorilla
King kong on yo monkey ass niggas
Step and fetch fucky ass flunky ass niggas
Dick in the booty for them nasty ass niggas
I don't fear no man
Not bush not clinton not osama
Ask your uncle thom how he choose NASA over Obama
You could have a million dollers and a white collar
Liberation costs more then a damn doller
It costs what christ gave
King gave
X gave
A billion dollars don't make u an ex-slave
Nigga with an attitude since fifth grade
I never behave
Rather be a dead man then a live slave

We can say what we like
Put the pressure on em
Ice Cube n Killer Mike
Put the pressure on em
I can do what I want
Put the pressure on em
But god dammit I'm a I'm gone
Put the pressure on em
Put the pressure on em
Homie put the pressure on em
Put the pressure on em
Homie put the pressure on em
Put the pressure on em
Homie put the pressure on em
Cause pressure was fine
Pressure was ours

I'm here to deprogram you don't forget what they made your grand grand momma do
What they made your great grand daddy do
Without a dollar or a penny or a thank you

The same mutha fuckas wanna gank you
Cause they hate you and the pussy that you came through
Can anybody tell me that it ain't true?
That these mutha fuckas ain't out to hurt you
They'll lock you up, beat you up and work you
Put your life on a thirty year curfew
Lil cell lil window for you to look through
Even gotta little chair where they can cook you
Nigga please I'm a be in the breeze
Eat em up with my plan like the japanese
Now I'm overs seas
And I'm trappin these
Thank god I didn't have to cock n squeeze

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Black colla bitches stop bull shitin
And u funky black preachers with your pool kids
Our kings had dreams and a big vision
All you give us is goverment and religion
Are you a freedom fighter or a school pigeon
Is you down for your people in the big mission
Or you a dirty nigga workin for fuckin a clinton
Or a dirty nigga workin for fuckin a bush
Another message for the politition
Better get the police off our ass quickly
If another old lady die in this city
Swear to god we will burn down the fuckin city
Big schemes
Big dreams
Yea I'm with it for
Twenty years for dealin dope is just a fuckin joke
And so what you the man with that white man
Probation got your ass to a white man

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God damnit the way dogs that ran part runnin rabbit
These pigs goin ham samich
In new york killed a young brother
In atlanta killed a grand mother
And politicians say save the planet
Fuck that save us damnit
From the black pigs helpin kill sunday
I hope it's five degrees hotter for your ass in hell
Place straight bastard blessed in crash
Hope jesus come back he murder your ass
So you burn in hell till you burn white ash
To the one that say sorry tell em kiss our ass
We don't need em motha fucka you can keep it for yourself
I push you nothin but pain and bad health
I hope luck run away from you and wealth
No honour in life no honour in death
You a juddist to us nigga kill yourself

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No negro leaders have fought for civil rights
They paid for civil rights
They have begged the white man for civil rights
They have begged the white man for freedom
And anytime you beg another man to set you free
You will never be free
Freedom is something you have to do for yourselves
And until the american negro let's the white man know
That we are really really ready and willing to pay the price that is destin
for freedom
Our people will always be walking around and second class citizens or what y
ou call twentieth century slaves
What price are you talking about sir?
The price of freedom is death