

The Pressure

Little Brother

Unh, unh, unh, unh, let it, bounce
Unh, unh, unh, unh, let it, bounce

You know sometimes a nigga get tired of always
Talkin' about shit he ain't got, milkin on shit
Sometimes you gotta make use of what you got here, man
We right here, doin it, let it bounce

Use to wish on a star that I'd have big plaques
Big awards right here on the wall, everything that gleam
Lamp shades, back stage, for this nigga askin'
Tay, would you work ten years for your dream
Seven years later, now I see just what he mean
Cuz this is real life and I'm livin' kinda regular
Got a house, got a car, got a wife, Big Dho, manager, HOJ's the team
You can say I'm satisfied, though I often analyze
Why this rap shit rip my hear at the seams
This ain't time to fantasize, I'm not a whippersnapper
I'm trying to get these crackers for all of they cream
Like Dairy Queen or H4gen-Dazs
Cuz the rap audience like the way I handle bars
Like it before they thoughts, Oh so easily, just like Sheila E
When she was singing Hollyrock, Oh, check out the scene
We ain't got time for your bullshit schemes
Cuz once Tay begins, they say depends
Much bigger than a sword and I'm a lyrical Lance-A-Lot
I ain't gotta dance a lot, check the way I lean

Yes, yes, now! You now rockin' wit' the muh'fuckin' best now
Think of fuckin' wit the team, I suggest not
Real shit, you can feel it in your chest, now
Got y'all feelin' the pressure
(Got ya'll feelin' the pressure
Phonte feelin' the pressure, feelin the pressue
Got ya'll feelin' the pressure
Big Pooh feelin' the pressure so feel the pressure)

Niggaz block, women jock on your cock, round the clock
Get it, get it, don't stop, catch you on the rise
Made a lil' dough in this rap game slow
See my video, so they swear I'm movin' pies
Old whip, new kicks, few flicks, same chick
New picks, same bitch, no I'm not a star
Let my hair grow, put my mic game down
This the third time round, I'm shootin for a par
We came this far, and no one assisted
Co-signed, or enlisted, like we ain't gifted
We be gettin' lifted of the beats and drank liquor
We call women hoes, that's if the name fits
Put me in the box, I ain't wrappin' up shit
Made music my career, some of y'all just spit
Homie, just sit back, pay attention
Forgot to mention Hall of Justus is the click

Can you feel that?
That tight grip around your neck, nigga
That's pressure nigga

That's pressure nigga
(Let it, bounce)
Yeah, nigga, Mick I think that's enough
Yeah, that's your new name, "Nigga Mick"
(Hehe, nigger) NIGGER YOU'RE MY NIGGER!