

Yeah, Big 14 know what the fuck goin' on, yeah

Ooh, said I made y'all
So how could I be mad that I ain't y'all?
Same reason why I hate y'all
Hop up in this Rari then I race off, ayy
Do the dash in this racecar
Got the Pistol Pete on me, is this a face off? Ayy
Better say your damn grace dog
Blind in reality just like you're Ray Charles

Ayy, I don't want no more pressure
No, I don't want no more pressure
No, I don't want no more pressure
Ahh, don't want no more pressure
Ahh, don't want no more pressure
Ahh, don't want no more pressure, ahh

Ayy, fuck your bitch and hit my fucking dab
Ayy, choppers by my side, you know it clap
Like your bitch ass, big bag
Big cash, and I tote a big gat
Aftermath, I'm just dressed in all black
Got the black mask
I'll pull it out the motherfucking black bag
Ooh, yeah, and drop your ass
Bang bang, lil nigga you left in the past
Ooh, ayy, son these niggas, I'm your dad
Big racks on my body, baby got this cash
Pray these goofy niggas really goin' out sad
Give these pussy niggas hell like I'm Johnny Gat, ooh

Swear I want no pressure
No, swear I want no pressure
No, swear I want no pressure
No, swear I want no pressure
No, swear I want no pressure
No, swear I want no pressure
No, swear I want no pressure

Ooh, ayy, ooh, are you niggas really from the field?
Or are you niggas really from the hills?
I got a mob of niggas coming by the mills
They'll shoot your ass down boy from 1400 kills, for real
I'm tryna find your fuckin chill
I'm off this Actavis, I'm tryna pop a seal
I don't do Xannies baby, no, don't do no pills
I'm just smokin on dope, baby
Just thumbin' through the mills, so ill