

Kurupt, Under Pressure

Check it out check it out
Kurupt & 'Cat live live live...the Road Dawg Assassins
Blaze on...yeah who dat who dat who dat?
Kurupt...Young Gotti back again with my nigga 'Cat

I got a plot for about a half of key of coke
heater stowed in my coat me & D Lo
What's up loc? Hit a stick then trip a flow
Stick him for his notes roll hundred spokes
Raw dogg it's all about the money now
this ain't no riddle don't giggle like it's funny now
What you got my cash?
What I got'll pop the stash
get the Glock stop cock pop & dash
move where the homies got they end they coulda had
and everybody's down for the muthafuckin' mash
What you 'bout to blaze up?
Oh it's like that all of the homies is posted up in the back
you comin' to the gangsta reunion Kurupt & 'Cat
wonderin' where all the muthafuckin' G's at
all I see is switches niggas hittin Swishers
niggas high as the sky & niggas gettin bitches

Chorus
Living my life hustlin' strugglin' & partyin'
Under Pressure (we all are) Under Pressure

I'm a bet I'm not a rookie like Mack 10 said
"Gangstas don't dance we boogie"
off to another corridor & that's for sure
drop a nigga to the floor I'm spectacular
Ay girl, seen you lookin' at me from afar
while I'm over here just wonderin' who you are
I'm a tan khaki wearin' blue khaki wearin'
brand new khaki wearin' muthafucka from the Pound
Hop in the MC (Monte Carlo) chrome M3
case niggas is comin' after me burst then flee
I separate the real from the fake
as easy as it is to make mistakes I'ma give it all it takes
I'ma hit ya spot like shell shock
and take all there is to take
turn & make his fuckin' chest quake
Life is simple just get yo' cash
and don't do shit unless ya down to blast

Chorus

Violence needs to silence
they call it no sense we call it self defense
They makin' all the cash but we ain't makin' none
all they got is bullshit but we ain't takin' none
They said the panties dropped
do 'em nigga what's poppin'?
Is it mines or yours?
Nigga it's all of ours
play everyday holla at my nigga Dre
(Yo we about to bounce?)
Naw blaze up a ounce
What's up my name's Kurupt
they call me Young Gotti
You wanna party I'm out to catch a body
they say I shine but I don't feel like a star
always tryin' to play niggas like guitars

Just do it baby do it baby do it
it ain't nothin' to it I spit it like fluid
Spit fluently fluent,
fluent enough for you to understand
what the fuck a nigga was doin'

Chorus

That's my nigga 'Cat he knows where it's at
Under Pressure (we all are) Under Pressure
That's my nigga 'Cat he knows where all the G's at
Under Pressure ('cause we all are) Under Pressure