

# Mobb Deep, Peer Pressure

Chorus: repeat 4X

The pressure...

(you gotta find a way to deal with) dealin with the peer pressure

Verse One: Havoc

As a young black teen, everyday I, deal  
with the pressure and mixed up is how I feel  
I walk the streets with a fuck you attitude  
And when it comes to my peoples you ain't half as rude  
Follow the crowd or be a leader, take your pick  
Now I'm smokin buddha philly blunt style  
A frustrated and confused young juvenile  
King of the project blues so I choose  
To take a piece of the action  
But my sober state of mind won't let it happen  
So twenty-four-seven it's the number one stresser  
Dealin with the peer pressure

Chorus

Verse Two: Prodigy

Most don't understand how it is  
in the world of today growin up as a young black teen  
I used to dream, of bein a architect  
Easier said than done, believe me it's hard to get  
out of the projects, without forgettin where you came from

My parents told me from day one  
Finish school and avoid all obstacles  
But my environment, makes it so impossible  
For instance, build a strong social life  
Without messing up still trying to live right  
Like in junior high, I used to wonder why  
Certain females went out with certain guys  
Then one day, it all dawned on me yo  
You gotta be down, and have it goin on see  
I wasn't down with the mainstream or  
should I say their team, now I'm gettin steamed  
Gotta find a way, to get accepted by my peers  
So now I'm sippin on beers  
Buyin new gear, nuthin but the best  
Forget Levi's strictly Polo and Guess  
But how would I make the cash  
It gotta be easy and it gotta be fast  
Thinkin to myself does that make me lesser  
Just, dealin with the peer pressure

Chorus 2X

Verse Three: Havoc

Around my way there's a kid that most don't understand  
how he lives is it negative or positive  
He has a grade A average  
But when he's on the streets, with his friends, he's a savage  
A freshman of high school, daily attendant  
He never got in trouble never did he get suspended  
Good little Kenny who would believe  
He dropped out of school to start to smoke weed  
I saw the signs but I didn't pay attention  
Because he got offended everytime that I would mention

The drinkin, the smokin, the low school grades  
And sleepin in class laid back with his black shades  
Nowadays you catch Kenny hangin in the hallways  
With his crew findin more ways  
To break out of school, and hit the block and get buckwild  
Stay out of the way of a mad child  
Cause he's a product of, hell  
Kenny never fell but he's gonna fall overall  
So let's take a trip to the ghetto  
Where Kenny got drunk and bought a burner off his man so  
He pulled the trigger and the suicide note right  
"I'm glad it's finally over and I'm finally dead  
And no more, do I have to feel, lesser, or  
deal with the peer pressure"

Chorus 2X