

# Sheek Louch, Pressure

(girl singing)

What do we do

Ooooooh - what do we do, what do we do

Pressure, pressure - what do we do to do

(Sheek Louch)

Let's go

They say they want me to chill

How you rappin is like you sayin to go out and kill

I hear so much of this nonsense

Like brother you a role model, you supposed to rap like you concious

(For what?) Even if that was true, understand

I'm a man before anything, rap is what I do

And I'm somebody's father

Like if my baby boy in a jam I won't grab the revolver

Sometimes not even that

I ain't sittin around talkin 'bout slavery is holdin me back

Out East you would think this the Western

I don't mean to be rude, but you can chill with all those silly suggestions

When the pressure is on, your morals is gone

Can't believe your face is torn (oh!)

I don't condone it, but I'm willin to loan it

Just relax, go home, hit me up on the horn, got you

(Chorus: girl singing)

For this life... piece of mind

The streets are filled with priiide

Too young to die, so the bullets fly

The streets are filled with priiide - pressure, pressure

(Sheek Louch)

I know she tryin to be cool for her friends

I know he tryin to front for her in the Benz (yeah)

But he ain't watchin where he drivin and drunk (uh-uh)

Hit somebody whip and dude talkin 'bout poppin the trunk

But can't go out like a punk (nah)

Shots go off, and his friends no longer think that he's soft (brrap)

Now it's time for the bail

And momma got a slight heart problem cause her son is in jail (damn)

And no one's keepin it real (uh-uh)

The lawyers is riffin, block phone calls, messages skippin

And shorty don't even visit

She too busy in the mall with your re-up money, tryin to live it

When he come out shit he flipped

Cause his son is in the backseat with some other nigga pushin his whip

(That's my son) This kind of pressure for real

Got at least like 6 out of 10 blacks sittin in jail, damn

(Chorus)

(Sheek Louch)

This brother comin from work (yeah)

9 to 5, minimum wage, his boss is a jerk

He can't stand bein broke (uh-uh)

He get off the bus to get him a beer and somethin to smoke

He think about gettin coke

His family is hungry, it's dead real, no longer a joke

But he ain't made for the streets

This ain't back then, these lil' dudes now carryin heat

Think he can pump where he want, it's the first of the month

Makin mad sales right in the front (what?)

Duke and them gettin mad (yo whattup?) things startin to get bad

'Bout to follow homey home to his pad (him right there)

But he can't let that ride

He pull out the thing and tell his baby mamma go in and hide  
(Get the baby in the house) So many put on a stretcher  
I'm willin to bet'cha, it's the pressure, c'mon

(Chorus)

(girl singing)  
The streets are filled with priiiiide