

SWV F/ TLC**"Duress"**

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This is how the real shit

Chorus 4X: Buckshot

Why the Devil keep fuckin with me

Why the Devil keep fuckin with me

[Buckshot]

Listen up yo, ah

Feel like the Devil got a personal grudge against Buck

What the fuck

Walkin thru the streets, mindin my biz

Fearin like the Devil know what time it is

Rollin my leaf, just bought a dime

Everything is spinnin in my goddamn mind

Hold up, wait a minute, speak a one time

It's too many voices in my head, I hear the flatline

Could of sworn I heard the voice whisper from behind

Kinda deep though, made a nigga creep slow and

breath slow

Cautious, nautious I could feel it in my stomach

The Devil wanna blow the trumpet

Look at every step I take, I could feel it every breath I

take

If I sniff up one time, I feel the earthquake

Damn the takes, so much to hold it all inside my chest

Feel like I'm bout to jest

Blow up, but before I do, I'mma take to them demoms

Schemin on whole crew

Chorus 4X

[Buckshot]

I used to want a Beemer, I used to want a Benz

One thing that I never wanted was fake friends in the
end

I knew that ones that stuck by me be, was the ones that
see me

On the streets, not TV

It's an everyday, it's an all day

Devils and the cops will get me in the hallway

Hopes drop me in the for slay

Around the third, because I'm about to blow
And be the shit, my word
I don't give a fuck, I ain't trying to quit at all
Even if my back is up against the wall, I brawl
It's a struggle in life, and it struggles the game
But whatever you gain when you at your worst at you
feel the pain inside
That's when I'm near my goal
I could taste success, gotta stay in control
See the world's cold, momma told me from day one
"Prepare to blaze dum, play the game son"
As a juvenile, I always got into shit
Even if I didn't start, I was bound to flip
Gettin to me in the worst way
Shot my little nigga on his birthday
Rest in piece to my nigga Ray
I know the Demon want me next
I see you schemin on me next
But I'm about to flex, Devil you can check

Chorus 3X

[Buckshot]

I'm livin in the world, where nothin is free
Gotta pay the Devil even if I smoke trees
Oh come on now, is it on now?
Smoke my weed and the public put me on foul
When the judge lock me up I see the jury smile
Gigglin, finger wigglin, he gone for a while
Hit a nigga, what? your shoes don't fit a nigga
You just wanna get a nigga, I figure
I'mma be the livin proof
Hit them niggas, blow up like koof
Put your smoke inside your face like poof
What now muthafucka? 98 Duck Down nigga
Straight to ya chest like arrow nigga
Straight shots, Devil wanna put me in the lot
Six street deep till a nigga rot

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