

Iggy Pop

"Pressure"

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He walked in the club, a million niggas givin' him
pounds
While all the featherheads, they licked they lips and
starin' him down
He's not concerned though, he fucked a few, but he
got a main one
He used to play the corners gettin' panties till she
changed him
He came from normal hood shit, hands was nice
though
Punched out niggas' lights in most fights throughout
live shows
He's arrogant a little bit cause the way he visions it
He holds heat but doesn't entertain the thought of
gettin' hit
Swiftly dipped through the crowd and all the people
there
Lookin' for his girl who had called him, told him to meet
him there
Heard his name in a familiar voice but couldn't see
from where
Walked in the direction of the sound and found her
seated near
The exit, she grilled him and told him to sit
And started wiggin', said, "I see these chickens all on
your dick"
He went to respond but she started laughin'
And said, "I'm just playin'" and askin' whether he
remembered back when
They first met in this very club in these very chairs
Strugglin' to hear each other's words, music
everywhere
He said, "Of course baby, yeah," she smiled and gave
a stare
Said, "We need to talk, so let's walk and go get some
air"
About a block from the club they locked in a hug
Son sayin', "We alone, now what's up?"
She said, "Close your eyes," but they both were
surprised
When a gunman turned the corner, dressed in stick-up

disguise
Shoved his lady to the ground and put the joint to his
eyes
His life was on the line but what was even worse was
his pride
Wouldn't allow him to go down without a fight, so he
jerked back
Slapped the gun with his left hand, the hammer burst
back
Ricochet off the wall, the gun fell, the guy bounced
Son went to chase him till he heard his lady cryin' out
Blood-covered belly, ring was barely hangin' from her
flesh
Called a ambulance, two minutes later she's escapin'
death
The medics said she's fine but she couldn't stop from
cryin'
And her man couldn't understand why then
She said, "Close your eyes," and she whispered
"surprise," he opened them
And said, "Damn!" In her hand was a blood covered
sonogram

[CHORUS 2X]

Under pressure how will you react, your hand's on your
gat
But can you find another way of handlin' that?
When under pressure, no exit, in fact, the wall's to your
back
Are you considerin' the consequence of your acts?

With one inside the chamber the youngster aimed his
weapon at a stranger
An older woman randomly caught in the path of danger
Niggas said he ain't have heart, he was determined to
prove 'em wrong
By makin' himself do soemthin' he knew was rong
On her chest he placed the barrel once he had the
cream
Told her, "Turn around, lay down, you die if you
scream"
Fled the scene powered by the butterflies inside his
stomach
He was runnin' fast enough to win the Indy 500
With the gun in his waist he ran straight toward the
place of his ace
Hopin' no good samaritan gave chase
Thought he was saved face when he told these niggas
what he done
But they was like, "Man, go 'head with your bitch ass,
son"

"Anyone can stick a old lady, you really on some thief
shit
Then go and stick one of them next niggas that we got
beef with"
He couldn't believe it, his so-called friends
Didn't appreciate the risk that he had taken for them
Nevertheless he plotted, once the nigga was spotted
He cornered him as he walked through the alley by his
apartment
Nervously he clutched the heater as he tried to play
cool
Took his money, made him run his (???) and (???)
jewels
Jetted up the alley, believed that his duty was done
And in the process he didn't have to murder no one
At that second a bullet blast through the back of his
lungs
In all his nervousness the kid forgot to pat for a gun
Another son and brother no longer among the livin'
mass
The real problem's there's only a few of any who ask
Is it homicide of suicide that left his frame froze?
Was he murdered by that nigga or the path that he
chose?
What degree of beef justifies blastin' your foes?
Caskets are closed while the number of casualties
gross
From my block to yours, a similar madness we know
The saga of another kid ends tragically so

[CHORUS]

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