

Jeru The Damaja "Presha"

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Intro:

This goes out to all my young brothers and sisters
Hold ya head, things ain't always what they seem

I'm about to give you a dose of reality
Real deal

{Jeru The Damaja

Nowadays, records are played and superstars are
made

Still mothers in the ghetto, rent dont get payed
As a result, bullets are sprayed and their sons are laid

It's no myth, in ghetto life, if you don't fight you fade

Surviving in the streets, not a task for ordinary men

Growing up in the hood, young black and supahuman

Caught up in the game of blocks and cops run your
block

Intercourse with witches and hunted by warlocks
For props, boos-hoot pop, another brother drops

He barely knew his pops,

now his little seed will barely know his pops
Tunnel vision like a cyclops

I give you x-ray vision with these supahuman eyedrops

My niggas in the ghetto, give it everything you got

'cause until we reach the top, can't stop and won't stop

Chorus 2X:

Can you feel?

The presha, the the the presha

Hand over

The presha, the the the presha

{Jeru The Damaja

Journalists write articles 'cause they can't write rhymes

Ever since I was a youth I dealt in crime

Now I'm trying to reach the youth, to preserve what's left

There's a fork in the road, choose life or death

There's too much stress, too many bullets for your vest

Tempstress, suck ya best, exotic strains of syphilis

The rest, rest in the Earth, only the best progress

It's you who think I see commercial success
Warning, this shit is real, this is not a test

And what I express worth more than a Lexus

Serve it like baby food, still hard to digest

Long ass niggas is mental slaves, I gotta protest

Chorus 2X

{Jeru The Damaja

Baby in the crib, and dad got no loot for food

So he do what he got to do
Keep it real, I don't play hate ya

God my divine nature,

sent at this time to stabilize the structure
We should all live like wise kings,

now sing praise to the gutter

The blazed double X, conceal like a box cutter
Brothers should be teaching, not murdering one another

Word, to the mother land, kill the other man

Lord of the concrete jungle, and Tarzan was a black man

Swingin on vines vibin, been balancin the eco system

And since there's no more niggas in the ghetto, here I am

Chorus 4X

(you got to deal with*instead of hand over)

Meanwhile, back at Supahuman Klik Headquarters...

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