

Kendra Smith**"The Art Of Peer Pressure"**

Visit "[The Art Of Peer Pressure](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

Me and my niggas four deep in a white Toyota
A quarter tank of gas, one pistol, and orange soda
Janky stash box when the federales roll up
Basketball shorts with the Gonzales Park odor
We on the mission for bad bitches in trouble
I hope the universe love you today
'Cause the energy we bringing sure to carry away a
flock of positive activist a filthy body would hate
If it's necessary
Bumping Jeezy first album looking distracted
Speaking language only we know, you think is an
accent
The windows roll down all I see is a hand pass it
Hotboxing like George Foreman grilling the masses
Of the working world, we pulled up on a bunch of
working girls
And asked them what they working with ? look at me
I got the blunt in my mouth
Usually I'm drug-free, but shit I'm with the homies

[Hook]

(Yea nigga, we off a pill and Remy Red
Come through and bust ya head nigga)
Me and the homies
(Sag all the way to the liquor store
Where my niggas pour up 4 and get twisted some
more)
Me and the homies
(I ride for my mothafuckin' niggas
Hop out, do my stuff, then hop back in)
Me and the homies
(Matter fact, I hop out that mothafucka and be like
"Doo! Doo! Doo! Doo!... Doo! Doo! Doo! Doo! Doo!")

[Verse 2]

It's 2:30 and the sun is beaming
Air conditioner broke and I hear my stomach
screaming
Hungry for anything unhealthy and if nutrition can help
me

I'll tell you to suck my dick and then I'll continue eating
We speeding on the 405 passing Westchester
You know the light skin girls in all the little dresses,
good Lord
They knew we weren't from 'round there
'Cause every time we down there we pulling out the
Boost Mobile sim cards
Bougie bitches with no extensions
Hood niggas with bad intentions, the perfect
combination
Before we sparked a conversation
We seen three niggas in colors we didn't like then
started interrogating
I never was a gangbanger, I mean I was never stranger
to the funk neither
I really doubt it
Rush a nigga quick and then we laugh about it
That's ironic 'cause I've never been violent, until I'm
with the homies

[Hook]
(Just ridin', just ridin')
Me and the homies
(Bullshittin', actin' a fool)
Me and the homies
(Trippin', really trippin')
Me and the homies
(Just ridin', just ridin', just ridin'...)

[Verse 3]
Bragging 'bout the episode we just had
A shot of Hennessey didn't make me feel that bad
I'm usually a true firm believer of bad karma
Consequences from evil will make your past haunt you
We tryna conquer the city with disobedience
Quick to turn it up, beefing if we ain't got the CD in
But Jeezy still playing and our attitude is still "nigga,
what is you saying"
Pull in front of the house that we been camping out for
like two months
The sun is going down as we take whatever we want
I hit the back window in search of any Nintendo
DVDs, plasma screen TVs in the trunk
We made a right, then made a left made a right
Then made a left, we was just circling life
My mama called ? "kicking it"
I should've told her I'm probably 'bout to catch my first
offense with the homies

But they made a right, they made a left then made a
right

Then another right
One lucky night with the homies

[Hook]

(And this is the art of peer pressure, this is the art of
peer pressure)

Me and the homies

(This is the art of peer pressure, this is the art of peer
pressure)

Me and the homies

(And this is the art of peer pressure, this is the art of
peer pressure)

Me and the homies

(This is the art of peer pressure, this is the art of peer
pressure)

Visit [Kendra Smith](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.