

Krayzie Bone

"Apply The Pressure"

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{Verse 1}

Better back up off me, dog
You don't wanna get too close, they don't wanna get too bold,
The rhythm the rhyme is mind control, the grit and the grind is Mighty Mo
All competition has gots to go
Lock and I load the flow, cock and unload my glow
Spit 'em the deadliest venom they'll ever experience yo
Lyrical pro, still got a criminal glow, hit 'em with a critical blow, singing most subliminal oh no
As if a nigga really don't know, we hit it for sure
When they ask how fast, I go I tell 'em like H2O
Steadily willing and deadly now, so tell 'em to listen to my battle cry
Nigga my methods too wreckless to handle, too treacherous to phantom
It's best ya don't get your death soon answered
I'm one of the baddest, illest and maddest MC's are there never
Will there be another rapper this clever, cause nobody does it better
Murda murda murda murda mo still active, it's still maddness
Still I pack that steel, still will blast it
I'm back and i'm giving 'em what they've been missing
Stop... Look... Listen... Then niggas aint coming back after this one

{Hook}

Apply the pressure (8x)

{Verse 2}

We coming for battle, we sent to attack 'em, we stay on the offense
And we coming to murk all the non-sense
With that is deadly conceiving myself that it's haunted
And the rhythm is conscious, all of you rappers are

harmless
So we treat them like garbage
Not even considered artist
Really they fraudulent not hard to hit
So pause with that, come over here and get all of this
But suckers that's faking, that's all you get
I'm breaking the pressure, you palms is wet, 'cause i'm
the shit
When I bomb ya click, my nigga your dead so cancel
the ambulance
Send them a hearse, lyrical armageddon, dead nigga
you had ya chance
Now I gotta get 'em with the math flow fast
If y'all really don't wanna know, don't ask
When they try to keep up with the saw don't drag
I never stop, I just roll past
Put your weight on it, lay on it, stay on it
Let ya'll play on it, I take it back now cause Kray own
that
Murda mo, Murda mo, they don't know
I kill a... Bitch, With a style so beast I labelled it gorilla
Stop (Stop)... Look (Look)... Listen (Listen)
Then niggas ain't coming back after this one

{Hook}

Apply the pressure (8x)

{Verse 3}

I look at my competition through a microscope
Before I kill them on the microphone
Hit 'em with a hypnotizing tone
I'm ready to fight and deny my throne
To any rapper trying to play in my lane
Around the block, a nigga got aim
You outta my state but still in my range
So tryin to escape is only in vain
And I know my craze, it's hard to contain
I'm like a disease that spread through the veins
Blow harder than a breeze, I'm like a hurricane
You heard me, man?
I'm leaving you niggas like Razzle Dazzle
In the battle I'm leaving them babble, hear rattle
With a style so natural, it's classic just like afro
Through the back door I creep up on 'em
Pull out my heat then bust on 'em
Lick shots to the beat, dump dump on 'em
Go home cause you don't want it
So many niggas that try to get with it but they never
make it, they fall

I'm taking it higher, they ain't on my level, Kray Jack
ain't got time to be dealing with y'all

Still the killa (Still the killa)
It's still all about that murda (Bloody murda)
The bloody, bloody murda
Stop (Stop)
Look (Look)
Listen (Listen)
Then niggas ain't coming back after this one

{Hook}

Apply the pressure (8x)

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