

## Kurupt "Under Pressure"

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Kurupt & 'Cat live live live...the Road Dawg Assassins

Blaze on...yeah who dat who dat who dat?

Kurupt...Young Gotti back again with my nigga 'Cat

I got a plot for about a half of key of coke

heater stowed in my coat me & D Lo

What's up loc? Hit a stick then trip a flow

Stick him for his notes roll hundred spokes

Raw dogg it's all about the money now

this ain't no riddle don't giggle like it's funny now

What you got my cash?

What I got'll pop the stash

get the Glock stop cock pop & dash

move where the homies got they end they coulda had

and everybody's down for the muthafuckin' mash

What you 'bout to blaze up?

Oh it's like that all of the homies is posted up in the

back

you comin' to the gangsta reunion Kurupt & 'Cat

wonderin' where all the muthafuckin' G's at

all I see is switches niggas hittin Swishers

niggas high as the sky & niggas gettin bitches

Chorus

Living my life hustlin' strugglin' & partyin'

Under Pressure (we all are) Under Pressure

I'm a bet I'm not a rookie like Mack 10 said

"Gangstas don't dance we boogie"

off to another corridor & that's for sure

drop a nigga to the floor I'm spectaculaur

Ay girl, seen you lookin' at me from afar

while I'm over here just wonderin' who you are

I'm a tan khaki wearin' blue khaki wearin'

brand new khaki wearin' muthafucka from the Pound

Hop in the MC (Monte Carlo) chrome M3

case niggas is comin' after me burst then flee

I seperate the real from the fake

as easy as it is to make mistakes I'ma give it all it takes

I'ma hit ya spot like shell shock

and take all there is to take

turn & make his fuckin' chest quake

Life is simple just get yo' cash  
and don't do shit unless ya down to blast

Chorus

Violence needs to silence  
they call it no sense we call it self defense  
They makin' all the cash but we ain't makin' none  
all they got is bullshit but we ain't takin' none  
They said the panties dropped  
do 'em nigga what's poppin'?  
Is it mines or yours?  
Nigga it's all of ours  
play everyday holla at my nigga Dre  
(Yo we about to bounce?)  
Naw blaze up a ounce  
What's up my name's Kurupt  
they call me Young Gotti  
You wanna party I'm out to catch a body  
they say I shine but I don't feel like a star  
always tryin' to play niggas like guitars  
Just do it baby do it baby do it  
it ain't nothin' to it I spit it like fluid  
Spit fluently fluent,  
fluent enough for you to understand  
what the fuck a nigga was doin'

Chorus

That's my nigga 'Cat he knows where it's at  
Under Pressure (we all are) Under Pressure  
That's my nigga 'Cat he knows where all the G's at  
Under Pressure ('cause we all are) Under Pressure

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