

## Little Brother "The Pressure"

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[Phonte:]

Unh, unh, unh, unh, let it, bounce

Unh, unh, unh, unh, let it, bounce

You know sometimes a nigga get tired of always  
Talkin' about shit he ain't got, milkin on shit  
Sometims you gotta make use of what you got here,  
man  
We right here, doin it, let it bounce

Use to wish on a star that I'd have big plaques  
Big awards right here on the wall, everything that  
gleam  
Lamp shades, back stage, for this nigga askin'  
Tay, would you work ten years for your dream  
Seven years later, now I see just what he mean  
Cuz this is real life and I'm livin' kinda regular  
Got a house, got a car, got a wife, [?]  
Big Dho, manager, HOJ's the team  
You can say I'm satisfied, though I often analyze  
Why this rap shit rip my hear at the seams  
This ain't time to fantasize, I'm not a whippersnapper  
I'm trying to get these crackers for all of they cream  
Like Dairy Queen or Häagen-Dazs  
Cuz the rap audience like the way I handle bars  
Like it before they thoughts, Oh so easily, just like  
Sheila E  
When she was singing Hollyrock, Oh, check out the  
scene  
We ain't got time for your bullshit schemes  
Cuz once Tay begins, they say depends  
Much bigger than a sword and I'm a lyrical Lance-A-Lot  
I ain't gotta dance a lot, check the way I lean

[Chorus: Rapper Big Pooh (Phonte)]

Yes, yes, now! You now rockin' wit' the muh'fuckin' best  
now

Think of fuckin' wit the team, I suggest not  
Real shit, you can feel it in your chest, now  
Got y'all feelin' the pressure  
(Got ya'll feelin' the pressure  
Phonte feelin' the pressure, feelin the pressue

Got ya'll feelin' the pressure  
Big Pooh feelin' the pressure so feel the pressure)

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

Niggaz block, women jock on your cock, round the  
clock  
Get it, get it, don't stop, catch you on the rise  
Made a lil' dough in this rap game slow  
See my video, so they swear I'm movin' pies  
Old whip, new kicks, few flicks, same chick  
New picks, same bitch, no I'm not a star  
Let my hair grow, put my mic game down  
This the third time round, I'm shootin for a par  
We came this far, and no one assisted  
Co-signed, or enlisted, like we ain't gifted  
We be gettin' lifted of the beats and drank liquor  
We call women hoes, that's if the name fits  
Put me in the box, I ain't wrappin' up shit  
Made music my career, some of y'all just spit  
Homie, just sit back, pay attention  
Forgot to mention Hall of Justus is the click

[Chorus]

[Outro: Rapper Big Pooh (Phonte)]

Can you feel that?  
That tight grip around your neck, nigga  
That's pressure nigga  
That's pressure nigga  
(Let it, bounce)  
Yeah, nigga, Mick I think that's enough  
Yeah, that's your new name, "Nigga Mick"  
(Hehe, nigger) NIGGER YOU'RE MY NIGGER!

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