

Lupe Fiasco Feat. Jay-Z "Pressure"

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Roc-A-Fella, 1st and
Jay, Lupe, yeah

And so it seems that I'm sewin' jeans
And 1st and 15 is just a sewin' machine
So I cut the pattern and then I sew in seams
And button in this hustlin' then publically, I'm Buddy
Lee

There's no bustin' them and cuffin' them
Is like usherin' in the regime
They want me to make Prince pants
But I withstand, I ain't gotten into that
A little big in the waist, two-pocket on the back

Call them Nu-vi's, O.G.'s covered in blue dye
Give 'em the game, that's like givin' chocolate to the
fat
Look, how you think I got here?
That's the same game that came through where I lived
as a kid
In the bad luck truck and threw boxes off the back

Made me a ripper, deliver like river
Content a little more thicker, slicker
Yeah and they said oil and water don't mix
Now they all down at the beach washin' off the fish
Was Blackbeard 'til I brought the Roc into your ships,
yeah

It's my life, my life, everything I do, I do for you, I do it
all for you
Everything I say, you know it's the truth, I'll say it is the
truth
I'll take all the pressure off of you, take pressure off of
you
I'll take the pressure off of you

It's hella proper, proper
'Cause it sag so low, you can see boxer, like a boxer's
That's the way that the Family's pants worn
Then we slide and try and put 'em on

The stones in the pocket'll drag you down
To Davy Jones locker
Beware if you wanna Roc the Knickerbocker
Other nigga from the block, what? They was sellin' O's
Like Wheel of Fortune of imported cocaine
Just to feel important, it was 'Do or Die'

They was tired of bein' 'Po' Pimps' now for sure
That was just a product of my common sense
I guess, I was just guessin' like the consonants
Momma said beware of what the Devil do
Tell 'em that your soul's not for sale like the W's

So go ahead and pirate the highest
Cannons make you leak like pirated my shh
It's no shh, it's just shh like quiet
And big homey's out of retirement

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Everything I say, you know it's the truth, I'll say it is the
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So the pen is mightier than the sword, my Lord
My first picture was a line-up, now I'm on the Forbes
And I still remain the artiste through this all
If you force my hand, I'll be forced to draw

If the war calls for war halls
Hope you got enough space on your hall's walls
I make niggaz murals, then escape the bureau's
investigation
Out in Europe on vacation

I'm back for these puppies with the pound boy
Here's a round, boy, down, boy
Sound boy, you don't wanna sound clash loud noise
Leave niggaz paranoid if not paralyzed

Which means you can't walk in my shoes
Too much green, you can't talk in my hue
Extend the team, nigga, holla at Lu
1st and 15th, that's my cue, I'm through

It's my life, my life, everything I do, I do for you, I do it
all for you
Everything I say, you know it's the truth, I'll say it is the

truth

I'll take all the pressure off of you, take pressure off of
you

I'll take the pressure off of you

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