

M**"Peer Pressure"**

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

Chorus: repeat 4X

The pressure...
(you gotta find a way to deal with) dealin with the peer
pressure

Verse One: Havoc

As a young black teen everyday I deal
with the pressure and mixed up is how I feel
I walk the streets with a fuck you attitude
And when it comes to my peoples you ain't half as rude
Follow the crowd or be a leader take your pick
Now I'm smokin buddha philly blunt style
A frustrated and confused young juvenile
King of the project blues so I choose
To take a piece of the action
But my sober state of mind won't let it happen
So twenty-four-seven it's the number one stresser
Dealin with the peer pressure

Chorus

Verse Two: Prodigy

Most don't understand how it is
in the world of today growin up as a young black teen
I used to dream, of bein a architect
Easier said than done, believe me it's hard to get
out of the projects, without forgettin where you came
from

My parents told me from day one
Finish school and avoid all obstacles
But my environment, makes it so impossible
For instance, build a strong social life
Without messing up still trying to live right
Like in junior high, I used to wonder why
Certain females went out with certain guys
Then one day, it all dawned on me yo
You gotta be down, and have it goin on see

I wasn't down with the mainstream or
should I say their team, now I'm gettin steamed
Gotta find a way, to get accepted by my peers
So now I'm sippin on beers
Buyin new gear, nuthin but the best
Forget Levi's strictly Polo and Guess
But how would I make the cash
It gotta be easy and it gotta be fast
Thinkin to myself does that make me lesser
Just, dealin with the peer pressure

Chorus 2X

Verse Three: Havoc

Around my way there's a kid that most don't
understand
how he lives is it negative or positive
He has a grade A average
But when he's on the streets, with his friends, he's a
savage
A freshman of high school, daily attendant
He never got in trouble never did he get suspended
Good little Kenny who would believe
He dropped out of school to start to smoke weed
I saw the signs but I didn't pay attention
Because he got offended everytime that I would
mention
The drinkin, the smokin, the low school grades
And sleepin in class laid back with his black shades
Nowadays you catch Kenny hangin in the hallways
With his crew findin more ways
To break out of school, and hit the block and get
buckwild
Stay out of the way of a mad child
Cause he's a product of, hell
Kenny never fell but he's gonna fall overall
So let's take a trip to the ghetto
Where Kenny got drunk and bought a burner off his
man so
He pulled the trigger and the suicide note right
"I'm glad it's finally over and I'm finally dead
And no more, do I have to feel, lesser, or
deal with the peer pressure"

Chorus 2X

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

