

Alice

"Presha"

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Intro:

This goes out to all my young brothers and sisters
Hold ya head, things ain't always what they seem
I'm about to give you a dose of reality
Real deal

{Jeru The Damaja }

Nowadays, records are played and superstars are made
Still mothers in the ghetto, rent dont get payed
As a result, bullets are sprayed and their sons are laid
It's no myth, in ghetto life, if you don't fight you fade
Surviving in the streets, not a task for ordinary men
Growing up in the hood, young black and supahuman
Caught up in the game of blocks and cops run your block
Intercourse with witches and hunted by warlocks
For props, boos-hoot pop, another brother drops
He barely knew his pops,
now his little seed will barely know his pops
Tunnel vision like a cyclops
I give you x-ray vision with these supahuman eyedrops
My niggas in the ghetto, give it everything you got
Cuz until we reach the top, can't stop and won't stop

Chorus 2X:

Can you feel?
The presha, the the the presha
Hand over
The presha, the the the presha

{Jeru The Damaja }

Journalists write articles cuz they can't write rhymes
Ever since I was a youth I dealt in crime
Now I'm trying to reach the youth, to preserve what's left
There's a fork in the road, choose life or death
There's too much stress, too many bullets for your vest
Temptriss, suck ya best, exotic strains of syphillis
The rest, rest in the Earth, only the best progress
It's you who think I see commercial success

Warning, this shit is real, this is not a test
And what I express worth more than a Lexus
Serve it like baby food, still hard to digest
Long ass niggas is mental slaves, I gotta protest

Chorus 2X

{Jeru The Damaja}
Baby in the crib, and dad got no loot for food
So he do what he got to do
Keep it real, I don't playa hate ya
God my divine nature,
sent at this time to stabilize the structure
We should all live like wise kings,
now sing praise to the gutter
The blazed double X, concelead like a box cutter
Brothers should be teaching, not murdering one
another
Word, to the mother land, kill the other man
Lord of the concrete jungle, and Tarzan was a black
man
Swingin on vines vibin, been balancin the eco system
And since there's no more niggas in the ghetto, here I
am

Chorus 4X

(you got to deal with*instead of hand over)

Meanwhile, back at Supahuman Klik Headquarters...

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