

## A Transylvanian Funeral

### "The Pressure"

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Verse

[q-tip]

In this american metropolis filled with mcs  
A tribe called quest came to drop jewels wit ease  
Plus make you party, we do this music thing for  
everybody  
Black, white, latino and asian, we cold raisin  
The stakes of hip-hop to a new plateau  
To bridge gaps in generations for future plantations  
A god-fearin folk cos we all from the yolk  
Of one breed, one seed, to good goals we proceed  
Nowadays I strive to be a very good influence  
Even though not too long ago I was a truant  
Now Im droppin it on this and many broad topics  
From mans obsession with money to holy prophets  
Like mohammed, yo, you know the scene is so freaky  
Enemies they denounce me and my own try to sweep  
me  
Now I got hip-hop acts posin like fat cats  
Lex and a rolex, moët and a top hat  
But what about your contract, slick? is you proper?  
Its time we turned the tables of this hip-hop fable  
I be strivin yo, tryna bang these joints out my skillet  
And fulfil it, think about these kids, we can't kill it

[phife]

Now every dog has his day, but eff that, it's my year  
All you gat pullin mcs could never come near  
All that bogus type chatter, please put it to rest  
Its the phifer from quest leavin venues a mess  
So I even start to (rap) when you know you have no  
(haps)  
Wit your simpleton (lyrics), your light-hearted (act)  
Step back, me no have no time for dat  
Im blowin up the spot for all you ras clot idi-ots  
In a world where you have like a zillion mcs  
Ninety percent of all you suckers have filthy lps  
Bitch this, trick that, come on, act like you know

I be that up north mc who never chose to play the down-  
low  
(his name is phife dawg) I label myself as the boss  
(true dat)  
Same height as little vicious, yet Im shorter than kriss  
kross  
Queens representation, son, you know how we do  
While light and sha, they represent bk to the fullest  
I be the sidekick to the abstract, so get ready for  
combat  
Yo, what about about them biters? errr! me not like that  
My motto is to wreck shop, I do it on the non-stop  
Come on party people, you must give me my props  
Cos yall know good and damn well that the style has  
been mastered  
So head for the border you peasy-haired bastards  
Before I start to put it on ya, come on now, must I warn  
ya?  
Queens is in the house so all mcs go hold their corner

Outro

We feelin pressures in here  
You know we feelin pressures  
Feelin pressures in here  
You know we feelin pressures  
We gotta stand clear  
Jus gotta stand clear  
Gotta gotta stand clear of the pressure  
The what?

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