

El Da Sensei "Under Pressure"

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Yo, yo, yo, check it

I make the past dash for the post to most indeed

My dough speeds approve feed, what I believe top
seed

I write scrolls like Judei Sensei, my tongue real sharp

On the target shit, that your mind can't shield

Most can't feel, the appeal I set upon the mass

Niggaz speakin ?, one point seven grams of vocal hash

I splash like Hank and Bank flows in many waters

Shamed your game even before the fourth quarter

My order is brief, I chant meaning for demeanor

with my cleaner outlook, my moves advancin like a
rook

Took, time to design, but I incline, intertwine my

shit upon your mind, check, for my warnin signs cause

I'm a hazardous graduate of the schools of fatness

My inner flows like, water in a cactus

But y'all can't see the science in this - I'm like

the day you bought you first LP, from Kane or
Blastmaster Kris

Twist trees, the ordinary nig would never toke

Well over here we catch a tree but overseas we catch a
boat

I wrote these degrees for the backpacks, travellin on
foot

The low Guess sag, Walkman and a notebook

and Goddesses with their ear to the norm

Cause the new generation got this whole shit wrong..

Who's the fool? My tools only used to bring elaborate
shit on ?, activist servin my addicts (why?)

Fuck up those who dance by chance a champ be fly

Smack that ass that go by and she won't ask me why

I'm tokin never gun totin I'm potent with the word
spoken

Leak the speak nigga, pass that, you're chokin

With a minimum dose, toast for taste, for your liking in
advance

Enhance thoughts so, comp take a chance

In my world, only the true stand in my circumfrence

They're bumpin shit, with lyrics so much they're mad
abundance

I'm like the first Dutch of your day, Sensai

I'm rallyin carry the load, as my pen explode

My tech shows no weakness, behold my uniqueness

Daily Rap News messenger, Under Pressure

I raise the stakes on fakes like chips to, a gambler

You're catchin my phrase like, I passed to Wes
Chandler

My style not the R&B code, but the true category

Concocting flows in Dexter's Laboratory

Switching up styles like teams of Robert Horry

It'll take me days to tell my tales of fame and glory
Been down long roads leadin through, the Swiss Alps
where every chick in town got blonde hair in they scalp
What I'm about, is still refreshin your mind, guys are
blind
cause what you find is the shit, is the downfall of
rapkind
Askin the same question, all the time whassup with yo'
shit?
Yo sit back and focus, beginners notice:
my speech is never an impediment
Always a step of it to show I have intelligence
So, MC El Da Sensei, O-U-T
For the nine-eight season we be, out..

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