

Rasco**"Pressures of Life"**

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[Rasco]

Mic test one-two, ha
Transmittin live
San Fran' stand up, what
Uhh
One time, 'bout to spit this
Check, look

You lookin at the man of steel, you know this man is
real
I'm not a thug but I plan to kill
Like - Austin Kearns you lost your turn
How many purple haze sacks did it cost to burn
I know you really need the lift, I better bleed the fifth
I spit rhymes cause I need the chips
Procede to spit, runnin with the speed to get lightning
The way I run on these tracks is quite frightening
I'm the scariest shit you seen in a while
But I still be the cat with ridiculous style
Check the file, dudes try to shit on your name
I'm like a young Shaq, niggaz shouldn't get in the lane
Still the same, shootin with the realest aim
Lay it all on the line hope they feel this pain
You niggaz know the game is tight, we spittin flames
tonight
We still dealin with the pressures of life, YEAH~!

[Chorus]

I'm dealin with the pressures of life
I gotta get it while the gettin is good, man I wish you
would
I'm dealin with the pressures of life
I gotta turn it around, sometimes dreams come tumblin
down
I'm dealin with the pressures of life
You must be outta your mind, this time lay it all on the
line
I'm dealin with the pressures of life
We came to blaze the track, best believe nigga Ras' is
back

[Rasco]

Yo, we back to burn, we stacked and earned
Fall asleep at the wheel they'll snatch your turn
I'm not concerned, gotta keep my eyes on the prize
I'm a whole lot bigger boy I'm not your size
Off the scales, niggaz get lost in sales
Playin hard but they really still soft as hell
Squeeze the cream, I might have to squeeze your team
For everything that they got, here to slang the shot
Sling the rocks, somethin like crack on the block
Just to keep 'em off track then I poured a whole stack
on 'em
Better your scrill, I'm ready and real
Got my rap game up now I'm ready for mills
What's the deal - I can keep it all in tact
Rock rhymes that'll keep niggaz fallin back
Uh-huh, you niggaz know the game is tight, we spittin
flames tonight
We still dealin with the pressures of life, YEAH~!

[Chorus]

[Rasco]

Open your eyes, cats try to sell you lies
Try to keep you locked down, no chance to rise
Here's the point, the king that they still annoint
Tell 'em kick rocks if they don't feel the joint
Fuck the stress, nigga we'll touch your chest
I know cats that'll get dudes touched for less
Lots of coin, look at where the shots is goin
Kinda sick man I like the way the rhymes is flowin
Ya heard?

[Chorus]

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