

Sheek Louch "Pressure"

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What do we do, ooh, what do we do, what do we do
Pressure, pressure, what do we do to do

Let's go, they say they want me to chill
How you rappin' is like you sayin' to go out and kill
I hear so much of this nonsense
Like brother you a role model, you supposed to rap like
you conscious

Even if that was true
Understand, I'm a man before anything, rap is what I
do
And I'm somebody's father
Like if my baby boy in a jam, I won't grab the revolver

Sometimes not even that
I ain't sittin' around talkin' 'bout slavery is holdin' me
back
Out East you would think this the Western
I don't mean to be rude but you can chill with all those
silly suggestions

When the pressure is on, your morals is gone
Can't believe your face is torn
I don't condone it but I'm willin' to loan it
Just relax, go home, hit me up on the horn, got you

Bullets fly, piece of mind
(Pressure, pressure)
The streets are filled with pride
(Pressure, pressure)
Too young to die, so the bullets fly
The streets are filled with pride
(Pressure, pressure)

I know, she tryin' to be cool for her friends
I know, he tryin' to front for her in the Benz
But he ain't watchin' where he drivin' and drunk
Hit somebody whip and dude talkin' 'bout poppin' the
trunk

But can't go out like a punk

Shots go off and his friends no longer think that he's
soft
Now it's time for the bail
And momma got a slight heart problem 'cause her son
is in jail

And no one's keepin' it real
The lawyers is riffin', block phone calls, messages
skippin'
And shorty don't even visit
She too busy in the mall with your re-up money, tryin' to
live it

When he come out shit he flipped
'Cause his son is in the backseat with some other nigga
pushin' his whip
This kind of pressure for real
Got at least like 6 out of 10 blacks sittin' in jail, damn

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This brother comin' from work
9 to 5, minimum wage, his boss is a jerk
He can't stand bein' broke
He get off the bus to get him a beer and somethin' to
smoke

He think about gettin' coke
His family is hungry, it's dead real, no longer a joke
But he ain't made for the streets
This ain't back then, these lil' dudes now carryin' heat

Think he can pump where he want, it's the first of the
month
Makin' mad sales right in the front
Duke and them gettin' mad, things startin' to get bad
'Bout to follow homey home to his pad

But he can't let that ride
He pull out the thing and tell his baby momma go in
and hide
So many put on a stretcher
I'm willin' to betcha, it's the pressure, c'mon

Bullets fly, piece of mind

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