

## Extrablätter

### "Pressure Time"

Visit "[Pressure Time](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Skillz]

Ohh! Uh-uh, yeah

Pressure, pressure time (uh-huh)

Can I get the Congregation (yeah) to put ya hands together

(Got the pressure on ya) Uh.. uh-huh, uh.. uh-huh

Skillz (uh-huh) E.C. (uh-huh)

Uh-huh, yeah, uh

Yo yo yo

If you was blind to the fact, then soon you'll see

Half of these rappers couldn't run through me

I'm from a place where outta state niggaz hide they rough

You believe in spirits, I'll put you inside ya'self

Ya hatin, I'm changin up the course again

Now ya like, "Damn, how he get up in The Source again?"

Man these so-called rappers is gettin real sloppy

Labels callin me, just wishin they could stop me

Meanwhile I'm spittin at a chick in the lobby

Two-tone Timbs, lookin like chicken and broccoli

Rap cats don't got what they need to stop me

Kick yo' ass and then we cool like Apollo and Rocky

My vacancy figures, hold my ground

Whole state-a niggaz, love the way I hold 'em down

Over your track, I'll floor ya

Have ya producer callin you like, "I got another one for ya"

[Hook] - 2X

So what's this? - The reason you ain't seein me

Now who are you? - Come on now, ya favorite emcee

Relax ya'self and let ya conscious be free,

and get down to the sounds of the D.I.C.

[Verse 2]

Yo my name, a name all crews'll know

Everytime I spit, your label lose some dough

So if y'all move three, we movin fo'

Fuck rap, I bruise mics and that's right from the do'

See it's like, I'm bout these hits strictly (Say what?)  
These haters out here don't hit me, they gon' get wit  
me  
You don't know a nigga breathin that's gonna out spit  
me  
I got news for these lil' crews out to get me  
I'm like easy pass before I drop  
I might slow down, but I don't have to stop  
You wanna see somethin hot, well pass the rock  
You don't have to be turbo for yo' ass to get popped  
Keep the stash in the spot while you hittin the leaf  
Fuck makin it hot, I make it like fish grease  
Timbs slick with the crease, get around that  
And once I bounce on the beat, it ain't bouncin back

[Hook] - 2X

[Verse 3]

Aiyyo I'm Skillz dawg, the steel I be breakin  
I don't give a fuck about the shit y'all makin  
My crew spit nice and still get mean  
Pop the clip out the mic and spit sixteen  
Cats talk their head off for like an hour and shit  
Niggaz be ridin ya sack and wanna borrow ya dick  
Whoever y'all think nice, I heard of 'em all  
Name ya top three rappers, I'll murder 'em all  
Probably caught me at a light sittin low to the ground  
Told ya girl, "Aww he act like he don't know me now"  
Any city you can visit, I tore that down  
Way above yours, that's where my flow at now  
If I ever need loot, I long for figures  
I'm in the parkin booth, ghostwritin songs for niggaz  
Chicks call me a pigeon, but they ain't wrong  
Cuz at any given time, they could get shitted on  
Beats get spitted on, courtesy of Shaquan  
I'ma keep talkin shit till y'all prove me wrong  
Oh you still doin songs? It's all for nothin  
All you gon' ever get from me is the fast-forward  
button

[Hook] - 2X

{\*scratched samples\*}

"Here's what it is.."

"..Iz is the real"

"Here's what it is.."

"..Iz is the real"

{\*music to fade\*}

