

Nas F/ Ginuwine

"Feel the Pressure"

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G-- guts to the rush -- mad
Like a pitbull ragin brothers be wagin (war)
-- suckers try to come hardcore
When they tricks down with a -- bitch
It ain't nothin but a rough player skill comin from my
dome
Feel the pressure of the cyclone
Tracks that we lay breakin backs, leave you breathless
Funk Slave -- a death wish
And I ain't too -- damn thang
Watch your back for the jack in --
So gain weight for the style I unleash, parner
Chezski, Rube, herm---, Baby Beesh, partner
-- fingers in the gat-- partner
Whole album, check out the sound, partner
So mister --
Potna Deuce in the house and it's time to --

Rube
Nigga, cough it up, so we can chop it up and then we
scoop it up and loop it up
And get the whole motherfuckin crew to cut
And if they like it, cool, if not, later for 'em
Yeah, I said I played it for em, never said I made it for
'em
-- trick, and smell the Rossi
No respect for hoes or those who smoke Ghadaffi
Been upon the mic for quite a whole while now
Green-stem buds got no love for the brown, pal
I'm -- eight in my brainwaves
Run up in two tramps in the same day
You feel the pressure -- no jurisdiction
It's just another mouth -- to put they dicks in
-- snatch it, chop it with a hatchet
Let them motherfuckers kknow what's up, boy, that's it
--, never see me grinnin
Twomp sacks come way fat, so put your bid in

Chez:
Puff up, smoke, stop---whiff
Chezski, the --

Ba-ba-bang, hit hard
Bringin new styles so the punk suckers fall short
Raised as a have-not poor, knew me
Never had shit handed to me
The rough type --
-- so you don't get wet
Back-stabber trick -- I see it
Funk Slave soldier in the pain gettin heated
Comin straight sick
Wait, --
and down for the slug fest
--
Crooked -- aim, kill it
pressure - strong - rough, feel it

plus gast Rob G

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