

## Juvenile F/ Baby, Lil Wayne "Under Pressure"

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Check it out check it out  
Kurupt & 'Cat live live live...the Road Dawg Assassins  
Blaze on...yeah who dat who dat who dat?  
Kurupt...Young Gotti back again with my nigga 'Cat

I got a plot for about a half of key of coke  
heater stowed in my coat me & D Lo  
What's up loc? Hit a stick then trip a flow  
Stick him for his notes roll hundred spokes  
Raw dogg it's all about the money now  
this ain't no riddle don't giggle like it's funny now  
What you got my cash?  
What I got'll pop the stash  
get the Glock stop cock pop & dash  
move where the homies got they end they coulda had  
and everybody's down for the muthafuckin' mash  
What you 'bout to blaze up?  
Oh it's like that all of the homies is posted up in the  
back  
you comin' to the gangsta reunion Kurupt & 'Cat  
wonderin' where all the muthafuckin' G's at  
all I see is switches niggas hittin Swishers  
niggas high as the sky & niggas gettin bitches

### Chorus

Living my life hustlin' strugglin' & partyin'  
Under Pressure (we all are) Under Pressure

I'm a bet I'm not a rookie like Mack 10 said  
"Gangstas don't dance we boogie"  
off to another corridor & that's for sure  
drop a nigga to the floor I'm spectaculaur  
Ay girl, seen you lookin' at me from afar  
while I'm over here just wonderin' who you are  
I'm a tan khaki wearin' blue khaki wearin'  
brand new khaki wearin' muthafucka from the Pound  
Hop in the MC (Monte Carlo) chrome M3  
case niggas is comin' after me burst then flee  
I seperate the real from the fake  
as easy as it is to make mistakes I'ma give it all it takes  
I'ma hit ya spot like shell shock

and take all there is to take  
turn & make his fuckin' chest quake  
Life is simple just get yo' cash  
and don't do shit unless ya down to blast

Chorus

Violence needs to silence  
they call it no sense we call it self defense  
They makin' all the cash but we ain't makin' none  
all they got is bullshit but we ain't takin' none  
They said the panties dropped  
do 'em nigga what's poppin'?  
Is it mines or yours?  
Nigga it's all of ours  
play everyday holla at my nigga Dre  
(Yo we about to bounce?)  
Naw blaze up a ounce  
What's up my name's Kurupt  
they call me Young Gotti  
You wanna party I'm out to catch a body  
they say I shine but I don't feel like a star  
always tryin' to play niggas like guitars  
Just do it baby do it baby do it  
it ain't nothin' to it I spit it like fluid  
Spit fluently fluent,  
fluent enough for you to understand  
what the fuck a nigga was doin'

Chorus

That's my nigga 'Cat he knows where it's at  
Under Pressure (we all are) Under Pressure  
That's my nigga 'Cat he knows where all the G's at  
Under Pressure ('cause we all are) Under Pressure

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