

The Union

"Mr. Peer Pressure"

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featuring L.S.

* first twenty seconds is talking by crew *

[L.S.]

I gotta question (I gotta question)

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I'm pushin about five fifty-five on the mic, how much
you benchin?

I'm givin all y'all yahoo niggaz some new shit to jig to
I had to slit you small like that crack in the wall you slid
through

And there ain't no callin draw

Whether you my man, or some shorty comin with the
raw

I fuck around, and get lost in the portal

Quantum combat, oh I forget, you only mortals

Comin with that normal kid I wrap you up in coil

Hit you up and watch your body burn when it bubble

I'll rip your lampshades, as I rant and rave

I'm raw, plus I got more plants to blaze

It's a fact that fiends, come back to Lean

with vials, long as that aisle in back of Queens

Plus I pack macs with beams

I'm type fear, I'm that nightmare that killed that dream

My gat steam, crazy buzz

I slid with ?, plus severe for you baby luv

I play the role til I'm gray and old (c'mon y'all)

HEYYY HOOOOO, witcha pops on the payroll

No doubt, I'm cold out withcha ??

South to border, I come lay em out for ya

For these liquid assets

This thick-lipped bastard stay, dipped in plastic

Outlaw (outlaw)

Representin, 1998

Pac, peace my nigga

Nino, peace my nigga

Aight?

It's all good we move on

Check we out we move on
Rock like this we move on
I'm far from a busta!
Rock like this we move on
Rock like this we move on
Rock like this we move.. it's just a freestyle!

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