Pressure (ft Jay-Z) (Prod. Prolyfic)

Lupe Fiasco

[Lupe Fiasco]
Roc-A-Fella, 1st AND!!
Jay, Lupe!Yeah,
And so it seems that I'm, sewing jeans
And, 1st and 15 is just a sewing machine
So I, cut the pattern and I, sew in seams
And, button in this hustling then publicly I'm Buddy Lee
There's no busting them and cuffing them is like
Ushering in the regime, they want me to make Prince pants
But I withstand, I ain't gotten into that
A little big in the waist, Tupac it on the back
Call them Nu-vi's, O.G.'s covered in blue dye
Give 'em the game, that's like giving chocolate to the fat
Look, how you think I got here?
That's the same game that came through where I lived as a kid
In the bad luck truck and threw boxes off the back
Made me a ripper, deliver like river
Content a little more thicker, slicker
Yeah, and they said oil and water don't mix
Now they all down at the beach washing off the fish
Was Blackbeard 'til I brought the Roc into your ships
Yeah![Chorus]
It's my life, my life, everything I do I do for you
I do it all for you, everything I say you know it's the truth
I'll say it is the truth, I'll take all the pressure off of you
Take pressure off of you, I'll take, the pressure off of you[Lupe Fiasco]
Yeah!
Uhh, it's hella proper (proper)
Cause it sag so low you can see boxer, like a boxer's
That's the way that the Family's pants worn
Then we slide, and try and put 'em on
The stones in the pocket'll drag you down to Davy Jones locker
Beware if you wanna Roc the Knickerbocker
Other nigga from the block what, they was selling O's
Like Wheel of Fortune, of imported cocaine
Just to feel important, it was +Do or Die+
They was tired of being "Po' Pimps," now for sure
That was just a product of my common sense
I guess, I was just guessing like the consonants

Momma said beware of what the devil do
Tell 'em that your soul's not for sale like the W's
So go ahead and pirate, the highest
Cannons make you leak like pirated my shh,
It's no shh, it's just shh like quiet
And big homey's out of retirement[Chorus][Jay-Z]
Uhh, Young, uhh
So the pen is mightier than the sword my lord
My first picture was a line-up, now I'm on the Forbes
And I still remain the artiste through thees all
If you force my hand I'll be forced to "draw"
If the war calls for war halls
Hope you got enough space on your hall's walls
I make niggas murals, then escape the bureau's
Investigation, out in Europe on vacation
I'm back for these puppies with the pound boy
(Blaow) Here's a round boy (blaow blaow) down boy
Sound boy, you don't wanna sound clash loud noise
Leave niggas paranoid if not paralyzed
Which means you can't walk in my shoes
Too much green you can't talk in my hue
Extend the team, nigga holla at Lu'
1st and 15th, that's my cue, I'm through[Chorus]

Songwriters
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