

# Presha

## Jeru the Damaja

### Intro:

This goes out to all my young brothers and sisters  
Hold ya head, things ain't always what they seemI'm about to give you a dose of reality  
Real deal{Jeru The DamajaNowaways, records are played and superstars are madeStill mothers in the ghetto,  
rent dont get payed

As a result, bullets are sprayed and their sons are laid  
It's no myth, in ghetto life, if you don't fight you fade  
Surviving in the streets, not a task for ordinary men  
Growing up in the hood, young black and supahuman

Caught up in the game of blocks and cops run your blockIntercourse with witches and hunted by warlocks  
For props, boos-hoot pop, another brother drops

He barely knew his pops,  
now his little seed will barely know his pops  
Tunnel vision like a cyclopsI give you x-ray vision with these supahuman eyedrops

My niggas in the ghetto, give it everything you got  
'cause until we reach the top, can't stop and won't stopChorus 2X:Can you feel?

The presha, the the presha  
Hand over

The presha, the the presha{Jeru The Damaja  
Journalists write articles 'cause they can't write rhymes

Ever since I was a youth I dealt in crime  
Now I'm trying to reach the youth, to preserve what's left  
There's a fork in the road, choose life or death  
There's too much stress, too many bullets for your vest  
Temptress, suck ya best, exotic strains of syphillis  
The rest, rest in the Earth, only the best progress  
It's you who think I see commercial success

Warning, this shit is real, this is not a testAnd what I express worth more than a Lexus  
Serve it like baby food, still hard to digest

Long ass niggas is mental slaves, I gotta protestChorus 2X{Jeru The Damaja  
Baby in the crib, and dad got no loot for food

So he do what he got to do  
Keep it real, I don't playa hate yaGod my divine nature,  
sent at this time to stabilize the structure

We should all live like wise kings,now sing praise to the gutter  
The blazed double X, concelead like a box cutter  
Brothers should be teaching, not murdering one another  
Word, to the mother land, kill the other man  
Lord of the concrete jungle, and Tarzan was a black man

Swingin on vines vibin, been balancin the eco system  
And since there's no more niggas in the ghetto, here I am  
Chorus 4X(you got to deal with\*instead of hand  
over)Meanwhile, back at Supahuman Klik Headquarters...

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