

Presha

Jeru the Damaja

Intro:

This goes out to all my young brothers and sisters
Hold ya head, things ain't always what they seem I'm about to give you a dose of reality
Real deal { Jeru The Damaja Now a ways, records are played and superstars are made Still mothers in the ghetto,
rent don't 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 block Intercourse 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 cyclops I 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 stop Chorus 2X: Can you feel?
The presha, the the the presha
Hand over
The presha, the 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
Tempress, suck ya best, exotic strains of syphilis
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 test And 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 protest Chorus 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 play a hate ya God 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, conceal 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 amChorus 4X(you got to deal with*instead of hand
over)Meanwhile, back at Supahuman Klik Headquarters...

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