

# Apply the Pressure

## Krayzie Bone

{Verse 1} Better back up off me, dog  
You better not get too close, they don't wanna get too bold,  
The rhythm the rhyme is mind control, the grit and the grime that's Mighty Mo  
All competition has gotta go  
Lock and I load the flow, cock and unload my glow  
Spit 'em the deadliest venom they'll ever experience yo  
Lyrical pro, still got a criminal glow, hit 'em with a critical blow, singing most subliminal, oh no  
As if a nigga really don't know, we hit it for sure  
When they ask how fast, I go I tell 'em like H2O  
Steadily willing and deadly now, so tell 'em to listen to my battle cry  
Nigga my methods too wreckless to handle, too treacherous to fatal (fatal)  
It's best ya don't get your death wish soon answered  
I'm one of the baddest, illest and maddest MC's are there never  
Will there be another rapper this clever, cause nobody does it better  
Murda murda murda murda mo still active, it's still maddness  
Still I pack that steel, still will blast it  
I'm back and i'm giving 'em what they've been missing  
Stop ! Look ! Listen ! Then niggas aint coming back after this one {Hook} Apply the pressure (8x) {Verse 2} We  
coming for battle, we sent to attack 'em, we stay on the offense  
And we coming to murk all the non-sense  
With a flow that's so deadly conceiving myself that it's haunted  
And the rhythm is conscious, all of you rappers are harmless  
So we treat them like garbage  
Not even considered artist  
Really they fraudulent, not hard to hit  
So pause with that, come over here and get all of this  
But suckers that's faking, that's all you get  
I'm breaking the pressure, you palms is wet, 'cause i'm the shit  
When I bomb ya click, ya click, my nigga your dead so cancel the ambulance  
Send them a hearse, lyrical armageddon, dead nigga you had ya chance  
Now I gotta get 'em with the math flow fast  
If y'all really don't wanna know, don't ask  
When they try to keep up with the saw don't drag  
I never stop, I just roll past  
Put your weight on it, lay on it, stay on it  
Let ya'll play on it, I take it back now cause Kray own that  
Murda mo, Murda mo, they don't know  
I kill a... Bitch, With a style so beast I labelled it gorilla  
Stop (Stop)... Look (Look)... Listen (Listen)

Then niggas ain't coming back after this one{Hook}Apply the pressure (8x){Verse 3}I look at my competition  
through a microscope  
Before I kill them on the microphone  
Hit 'em with a hypnotizing tone  
I'm ready to fight and deny my throne  
To any rapper trying to play in my lane  
Around the block, a nigga got aim  
You outta my state but still in my range  
So tryin to escape is only in vain  
And I know my craze, it's hard to contain  
I'm like a disease that spread through the veins  
Blow harder than a breeze, I'm more like a hurricane  
You heard me, man?  
I'm leaving you niggas like Razzle Dazzle  
In the battle I'm leaving them babble, hear rattle  
With a style so natural, it's classic just like afro  
Through the back door I creep up on 'em  
Pull out my heat then bust on 'em  
Lick shots to the beat, dump dump on 'em  
Go home cause you don't want it  
So many niggas that try to get with it but they never make it, they fall  
I'm taking it higher, they ain't on my level, Kray Jack ain't got time to be dealing with y'allStill the killa (Still  
the killa)  
It's still all about that murda (Bloody murda)  
The bloody, bloody murda  
Stop (Stop)  
Look (Look)  
Listen (Listen)  
Then niggas ain't coming back after this one{Hook}Apply the pressure (8x)

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