

# Pressure

[Sheek Louch](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

What do we do, ooh, what do we do, what do we do  
Pressure, pressure, what do we do to do Let's go, they say they want me to chill  
How you rappin' is like you sayin' to go out and kill  
I hear so much of this nonsense  
Like brother you a role model, you supposed to rap like you conscious Even if that was true  
Understand, I'm a man before anything, rap is what I do  
And I'm somebody's father  
Like if my baby boy in a jam, I won't grab the revolver Sometimes not even that  
I ain't sittin' around talkin' 'bout slavery is holdin' me back  
Out East you would think this the Western  
I don't mean to be rude but you can chill with all those silly suggestions When the pressure is on, your morals is  
gone  
Can't believe your face is torn  
I don't condone it but I'm willin' to loan it  
Just relax, go home, hit me up on the horn, got you Bullets fly, piece of mind  
(Pressure, pressure)  
The streets are filled with pride  
(Pressure, pressure)  
Too young to die, so the bullets fly  
The streets are filled with pride  
(Pressure, pressure) I know, she tryin' to be cool for her friends  
I know, he tryin' to front for her in the Benz  
But he ain't watchin' where he drivin' and drunk  
Hit somebody whip and dude talkin' 'bout poppin' the trunk But can't go out like a punk  
Shots go off and his friends no longer think that he's soft  
Now it's time for the bail  
And momma got a slight heart problem 'cause her son is in jail And no one's keepin' it real  
The lawyers is riffin', block phone calls, messages skippin'  
And shorty don't even visit  
She too busy in the mall with your re-up money, tryin' to live it When he come out shit he flipped  
'Cause his son is in the backseat with some other nigga pushin' his whip  
This kind of pressure for real

Got at least like 6 out of 10 blacks sittin' in jail, damnBullets fly, piece of mind  
(Pressure, pressure)  
The streets are filled with pride  
(Pressure, pressure)  
Too young to die, so the bullets fly  
The streets are filled with pride  
(Pressure, pressure)This brother comin' from work  
9 to 5, minimum wage, his boss is a jerk  
He can't stand bein' broke  
He get off the bus to get him a beer and somethin' to smokeHe think about gettin' coke  
His family is hungry, it's dead real, no longer a joke  
But he ain't made for the streets  
This ain't back then, these lil' dudes now carryin' heatThink he can pump where he want, it's the first of the  
month  
Makin' mad sales right in the front  
Duke and them gettin' mad, things startin' to get bad  
'Bout to follow homey home to his padBut he can't let that ride  
He pull out the thing and tell his baby momma go in and hide  
So many put on a stretcher  
I'm willin' to betcha, it's the pressure, c'monBullets fly, piece of mind  
(Pressure, pressure)  
The streets are filled with pride  
(Pressure, pressure)  
Too young to die, so the bullets fly  
The streets are filled with pride  
(Pressure, pressure)  
The streets are filled with pride

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