

Peer Pressure (The Large Professor Remix)

Mobb Deep

The pressure
(You gotta find a way to deal with) dealin' with the peer pressureAs a young black teen, everyday I, deal
With the pressure and mixed up is how I feel
I walk the streets with a fuck you attitude
And when it comes to my peoples you ain't half as rude
Follow the crowd or be a leader, take your pick
Now I'm smokin buddha philly blunt style
A frustrated and confused young juvenile
King of the project blues so I choose
To take a piece of the action
But my sober state of mind won't let it happen
So twenty-four-seven it's the number one stresser
Dealin with the peer pressureThe pressure
(You gotta find a way to deal with) dealin' with the peer pressureMost don't understand how it is
In the world of today growin up as a young black teen
I used to dream, of bein a architect
Easier said than done, believe me it's hard to get
Out of the projects, without forgettin where you came from
My parents told me from day one
Finish school and avoid all obstacles
But my environment, makes it so impossible
For instance, build a strong social life
Without messing up still trying to live right
Like in junior high, I used to wonder why
Certain females went out with certain guys
Then one day, it all dawned on me yo
You gotta be down, and have it goin on see
I wasn't down with the mainstream or
Should I say their team, now I'm gettin steamed
Gotta find a way, to get accepted by my peers
So now I'm sippin on beers
Buyin new gear, nuthin but the best
Forget Levi's strictly Polo and Guess
But how would I make the cash
It gotta be easy and it gotta be fast
Thinkin to myself does that make me lesser
Just, dealin with the peer pressureThe pressure
(You gotta find a way to deal with) dealin' with the peer pressure
The pressure

(You gotta find a way to deal with) dealin' with the peer pressure
Around my way there's a kid that most don't
understand

How he lives is it negative or positive

He has a grade A average

But when he's on the streets, with his friends, he's a savage

A freshman of high school, daily attendant

He never got in trouble never did he get suspended

Good little Kenny who would believe

He dropped out of school to start to smoke weed

I saw the signs but I didn't pay attention

Because he got offended everytime that I would mention

The drinkin, the smokin, the low school grades

And sleepin in class laid back with his black shades

Nowadays you catch Kenny hangin in the hallways

With his crew findin more ways

To break out of school, and hit the block and get buckwild

Stay out of the way of a mad child

Cause he's a product of, hell

Kenny never fell but he's gonna fall overall

So let's take a trip to the ghetto

Where Kenny got drunk and bought a burner off his man so

He pulled the trigger and the suicide note right

"I'm glad it's finally over and I'm finally dead

And no more, do I have to feel, lesser, or

Deal with the peer pressure" The pressure

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The pressure

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Songwriters

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