

Pressure (Produced By Prolyfic) (Instrumental)

Lupe Fiasco

[Lupe Fiasco]

Roc-A-Fella, 1st AND!!

Jay, Lupe! Yeah,

And so it seems that I'm, sewing jeans

And, 1st and 15 is just a sewing machine

So I, cut the pattern and I, sew in seams

And, button in this hustling then publicly I'm Buddy Lee

There's no busting them and cuffing them is like

Ushering in the regime, they want me to make Prince pants

But I withstand, I ain't gotten into that

A little big in the waist, Tupac it on the back

Call them Nu-vi's, O.G.'s covered in blue dye

Give 'em the game, that's like giving chocolate to the fat

Look, how you think I got here?

That's the same game that came through where I lived as a kid

In the bad luck truck and threw boxes off the back

Made me a ripper, deliver like river

Content a little more thicker, slicker

Yeah, and they said oil and water don't mix

Now they all down at the beach washing off the fish

Was Blackbeard 'til I brought the Roc into your ships

Yeah! [Chorus]

It's my life, my life, everything I do I do for you

I do it all for you, everything I say you know it's the truth

I'll say it is the truth, I'll take all the pressure off of you

Take pressure off of you, I'll take, the pressure off of you [Lupe Fiasco]

Yeah!

Uhh, it's hella proper (proper)

Cause it sag so low you can see boxer, like a boxer's

That's the way that the Family's pants worn

Then we slide, and try and put 'em on

The stones in the pocket'll drag you down to Davy Jones locker

Beware if you wanna Roc the Knickerbocker

Other nigga from the block what, they was selling O's

Like Wheel of Fortune, of imported cocaine

Just to feel important, it was +Do or Die+

They was tired of being "Po' Pimps," now for sure

That was just a product of my common sense

I guess, I was just guessing like the consonants

Momma said beware of what the devil do
Tell 'em that your soul's not for sale like the W's
So go ahead and pirate, the highest
Cannons make you leak like pirated my shh,
It's no shh, it's just shh like quiet
And big homey's out of retirement[Chorus][Jay-Z]
Uhh, Young, uhh
So the pen is mightier than the sword my lord
My first picture was a line-up, now I'm on the Forbes
And I still remain the artiste through thees all
If you force my hand I'll be forced to "draw"
If the war calls for war halls
Hope you got enough space on your hall's walls
I make niggas murals, then escape the bureau's
Investigation, out in Europe on vacation
I'm back for these puppies with the pound boy
(Blaow) Here's a round boy (blaow blaow) down boy
Sound boy, you don't wanna sound clash loud noise
Leave niggas paranoid if not paralyzed
Which means you can't walk in my shoes
Too much green you can't talk in my hue
Extend the team, nigga holla at Lu'
1st and 15th, that's my cue, I'm through[Chorus]

Songwriters

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