

Pressure (feat. Lil Wayne)

Busta Rhymes

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yea we see you bust a bottle at your little table stuntin'
And we comin' by the bar get the fucking up your frontin'Pressure on 'em
We puttin' pressure on 'em
We puttin' pressure on 'em
We puttin' pressure on 'emOkay we see you in your Phantom actin' cocky with your misses
Yea you ballin' till you see us pullup and none of them bitches puttin'Pressure on 'em
We puttin' pressure on 'em
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We puttin' pressure on 'emWhen we do this shit now tell me why is you competing
When I be that type of nigga that get money when I'm sleeping
And when I'm farting and shittin' I cop contries on the weekend
So ambitious my accountants cop continents when I'm eating for me
Bussa Buss the most dominant, start retreating
Beat the street up, shit be sounding remarkable
When I'm speaking homie
Huge rechargeable batteries, bitch I'm tweaking, only
Short circuit electric chair bolteses every feature Coly
HIIH Like I'm short for breath drowning in money rushes
Fuck a blunt bitch I'm inhaling muffales(?) and smoke from busses
I defend my money like soldiers I come to punish
Defence mechanism from infections, the way that BUSS IS
Ain't no fucking around, I'm frontin, Get it?
As for getting this bread Im like vomit so disgusting with it
Here's my other alias, don't forget it, call me Snow-blower
Blowing this bread like its nothing with itYea we see you bust a bottle at your little table stuntin'
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We puttin' pressure on 'emOkay we see you in your Phantom actin' cocky with your misses
Yea you ballin' till you see us pullup and none of them bitches puttin'Pressure on 'em
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We puttin' pressure on 'em Okay, Weezy F Baby man I gotta put the pressure on 'em
Young Money the special team, we so Devin Hester on 'em
Right up on your girls lips, got my dick resting on 'em
Soon as they woke up, it came and left it on 'em
Swag with no effort on em, quicker than a leopard on 'em
If he got beef watch me sprinkle salt and pepper on 'em
No Spinderella just plenty metal for any fellow
Semi settle everything for me and everything for me
Smoking on that G13 and everything funny
Specially y'all bitchass niggas, kiss-ass niggas
Blood gang 6 flags niggas, no rollercoaster
Real shit we hold the bread the hoes hold the toasters
Young Casanova, I bend their asses over
She say my dick stronger than a sixpack of Cola
Man Im so fly I got arachnophobia
Pressure bust pipes, but Weezy bust twice
Hahaha Yea we see you bust a bottle at your little table stuntin'
And we comin' by the bar get the fucking up your frontin' Pressure on 'em
We puttin' pressure on 'em
We puttin' pressure on 'em
We puttin' pressure on 'em Okay we see you in your Phantom actin' cocky with your misses
Yea you ballin' till you see us pullup and none of them bitches puttin' Pressure on 'em
We puttin' pressure on 'em
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