

# The Pressure

## A Tribe Called Quest

In this American metropolis filled with MC's  
A Tribe Called Quest came to drop jewels wit' ease  
Plus make you party, we do this music thing for everybody  
Black, White, Latino and Asian, we cold raisin'  
The stakes of hip-hop to a new plateau  
To gaps in generations for future plantations  
A god-fearin' folk cos we all from the yolk  
Of one breed, one seed, to good goals we proceed  
Nowadays I strive to be a very good influence  
Even though not too long ago I was a truant  
Now I'm droppin' it on this and many broad topics  
From man's obsession with money to holy prophets  
Like Mohammed, yo, you know the scene is so freaky  
Enemies they denounce me and my own try to sweep me  
Now I got hip-hop acts posin' like fat cats  
Lex and a Rolex, Moet and a top hat  
But what about your contract, slick? Is you proper?  
It's time we turned the tables of this hip-hop fable  
I be strivin yo', tryna bang these joints out my skillet  
And fulfil it, think about these kids, we can't kill it  
(Phife)Now every dog has his day, but eff that, it's my year  
All you gat pullin' MC's could never come near  
All that bogus type chatter, please put it to rest  
It's the Phifer from Quest leavin' venues a mess  
So I even start to (Rap) when you know you have no (Haps)  
Wit' your simpleton (Lyrics), your light-hearted (Act)  
Step back, me no have no time for dat  
I'm blowin' up the spot for all you ras clot idi-ots  
In a world where you have like a zillion MC's  
Ninety percent of all you suckers have filthy LPs  
Bitch this, trick that, come on, act like you know  
I be that up north MC who never chose to play the down-low  
(His name is Phife Dawg) I label myself as The Boss (True dat)  
Same height as Little Vicious, yet I'm shorter than Kriss Kross  
Queens representation, son, you know how we do  
While Light' and Sha, they represent BK to the fullest  
I be the sidekick to The Abstract, so get ready for combat  
Yo, what about about them biters? Errr! Me not like that  
My motto is to wreck shop, I do it on the non-stop  
Come on party people, you must give me my props  
Cos y'all know good and damn well that the style has been mastered  
So head for the border you peasy-haired bastards

Before I start to put it on ya, come on now, must I warn ya?  
Queens is in the house so all MC's go hold their corner  
We feelin' pressures in here  
You know we feelin' pressures  
Feelin' pressures in here  
You know we feelin' pressures  
We gotta stand clear  
Jus' gotta stand clear  
Gotta gotta stand clear of the pressure  
The what?

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>