

Pressure (feat. Rittz)

Ces Cru

You know I just let that roll off
Yeah, it used to be I wasn't brave enough to do it
So I'd lie and say I did it
Now I do it but I'm afraid to admit it
I know some people out there are hatin' pray that I quit it
Proving those people wrong is just part of staying committed
Pray I remain consistent, smiling and taking pictures
Making wishes, a change of fate could only take an instant
Pimping, I'm flying like Aladdin, I been Arabian knighted
The current in my life so strong I'd be crazy to fight it
Back in the day, recycled sounds and gave me consignment
I wish the end could see me now and the way that I'm shining
Wrestle with pain in private, still they can't fade me at rhyming
Cause all that pressure that they gave me just made me a diamond
They try and front, put the pressure on us
But y'all know it ain't nothing for real
It's all to the energy in this piece
I'm saying peace so you know it's for real They're wavy, riding in the line with them cheapskates
Provide the murder with the word whenever the beat breaks
You, you got a better chance of winning the sweepstakes
Me, I'm playing chicken with a comet in deep space
Unaware who the fuck they fornicating with, I flash
You don't feel what I'm spilling, pucker up and kiss my ass
Keeping it on the humble, they figure I'm a pushover
My PMC's never sober no need of luck from a clover
The opposite of Jehovah, I know they want to box me in
I shine inside of the darkness, a radiant human being
And seeing me working at it should make you want to get at it
Come out and support the music or maybe even get tatted, cause
Yeah, I always dreamed that I would be big
Still shaking off the dirt that we dig
In the past, it's too bad we can't relive
Excuse the prefix, I've seen some kids get some dope and show off
Too much gets broke off, like a tree twig
Some street shit, you wasn't cut out for no beef, pig
Mic got you some paper but you faker than an E-cig
I'm tryna piece it up, I finally made it bro
They're playing me on the radio but they don't know like Rico Love
To get to where I'm at was challenging
Talented vultures was flying down on me, trying to stick their talons in
I just drink gallons of Crowne with my gal and I gallivant around Atlanta
Bent like a nail, I'm rich and smile when there's pressure

Jonny Valiant and the Ces Cru, yeah
FuckerLet me keep it real with you, this is the meal ticket
Couple homies still kick it, wonder why's feel different
I'm livin in the moment, know one day it will finish
But what is the point of reminiscing while I'm still in it
I kill the mission efficient and chill with bitches
She been feelin interested getting twisted and stealin
Kisses if the pictures surface, chill the missus will misinterpret
I'll end up in a ditch as a missing person, it's the gift and the curse
All of that love and attention come with some tension
You motherfuckers bunt for the fences come to your senses
I ain't the one to mention, you're livin in one dimension
It's all to the energy and we frigid with numb intention
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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