

# 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  
Fucker Let 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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>