

# Pressure (feat. Jay-Z)

## Lupe Fiasco

Roc-A-Fella, 1st and  
Jay, Lupe, yeah And so it seems that I'm sewin' jeans  
And 1st and 15 is just a sewin' machine  
So I cut the pattern and then I sew in seams  
And button in this hustlin' then publically, I'm Buddy Lee There's no bustin' them and cuffin'  
them  
Is like usherin' 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, two-pocket on the back Call them Nu-vi's, O.G.'s covered in blue dye  
Give 'em the game, that's like givin' 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 washin' off the fish  
Was Blackbeard 'til I brought the Roc into your ships, yeah 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 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 sellin' O's  
Like Wheel of Fortune of imported cocaine  
Just to feel important, it was 'Do or Die'  
They was tired of bein' 'Po' Pimps' now for sure  
That was just a product of my common sense  
I guess, I was just guessin' 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 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 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 this 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 niggaz murals, then escape the bureau's investigation  
Out in Europe on vacation I'm back for these puppies with the pound boy  
Here's a round, boy, down, boy  
Sound boy, you don't wanna sound clash loud noise  
Leave niggaz 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 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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