

# Pressure

Killer Mike

Who are you?  
You don't know?  
Don't tell me negro  
That's nothin  
What were you before the white man named you a negro  
What was your name?  
It could'nthave been smith or jones or bush or powell  
That wasn't your name  
They don't have those kind of names where you and I came from  
No what was your name?  
And why don't you now know what your name was then  
Where was your history?  
How did a man wipe out your history?  
How did the man what did the man do to make you as dumb, as you are right now

Mutha fuckas I just bought some new chuckas  
The old ones bloodied up from stompin out those suckas  
Big bang killa  
Big black gorilla  
King kong on yo monkey ass niggas  
Step and fetch fucky ass flunky ass niggas  
Dick in the booty for them nasty ass niggas  
I don't fear no man  
Not bush not clinton not osama  
Ask your uncle thom how he choose NASA over Obama  
You could have a million dollers and a white collar  
Liberation costs more then a damn doller  
It costs what christ gave  
King gave  
X gave  
A billion dollars don't make u an ex-slave  
Nigga with an attitude since fifth grade  
I never behave  
Rather be a dead man then a live slave

We can say what we like  
Put the pressure on em  
Ice Cube n Killer Mike  
Put the pressure on em  
I can do what I want  
Put the pressure on em  
But god dammit I'm a I'm gone  
Put the pressure on em  
Put the pressure on em  
Homie put the pressure on em  
Put the pressure on em  
Homie put the pressure on em  
Put the pressure on em  
Homie put the pressure on em  
Cause pressure was fine  
Pressure was ours

I'm here to deprogram you don't forget what they made your grand grand momma do  
What they made your great grand daddy do  
Without a dollar or a penny or a thank you

The same mutha fuckas wanna gank you  
Cause they hate you and the pussy that you came through  
Can anybody tell me that it ain't true?  
That these mutha fuckas ain't out to hurt you  
They'll lock you up, beat you up and work you  
Put your life on a thirty year curfew  
Lil cell lil window for you to look through  
Even gotta little chair where they can cook you  
Nigga please I'm a be in the breeze  
Eat em up with my plan like the japanese  
Now I'm overs seas  
And I'm trappin these  
Thank god I didn't have to cock n squeeze

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Black colla bitches stop bull shitin  
And u funky black preachers with your pool kids  
Our kings had dreams and a big vision  
All you give us is goverment and religion  
Are you a freedom fighter or a school pigeon  
Is you down for your people in the big mission  
Or you a dirty nigga workin for fuckin a clinton  
Or a dirty nigga workin for fuckin a bush  
Another message for the politition  
Better get the police off our ass quickly  
If another old lady die in this city  
Swear to god we will burn down the fuckin city  
Big schemes  
Big dreams  
Yea I'm with it for  
Twenty years for dealin dope is just a fuckin joke  
And so what you the man with that white man  
Probation got your ass to a white man

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God damnit the way dogs that ran part runnin rabbit  
These pigs goin ham samich  
In new york killed a young brother  
In atlanta killed a grand mother  
And politicians say save the planet  
Fuck that save us damnit  
From the black pigs helpin kill sunday  
I hope it's five degrees hotter for your ass in hell  
Place straight bastard blessed in crash  
Hope jesus come back he murder your ass  
So you burn in hell till you burn white ash  
To the one that say sorry tell em kiss our ass  
We don't need em motha fucka you can keep it for yourself  
I push you nothin but pain and bad health  
I hope luck run away from you and wealth  
No honour in life no honour in death  
You a juddist to us nigga kill yourself

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No negro leaders have fought for civil rights  
They paid for civil rights  
They have begged the white man for civil rights  
They have begged the white man for freedom  
And anytime you beg another man to set you free  
You will never be free  
Freedom is something you have to do for yourselves  
And until the american negro let's the white man know  
That we are really really ready and willing to pay the price that is destin  
for freedom  
Our people will always be walking around and second class citizens or what y  
ou call twentieth century slaves  
What price are you talking about sir?  
The price of freedom is death