

# Blood Pressure (feat. Lil Wayne)

## Freeway

[Intro: Freeway & ?]

Frank

Yes Sir

I'm tired of fallin' back

So what you want to do?

It's time to put the pressure on theses niggas

Yeah, I think it's that time

Let's get 'em[Verse 1: Freeway]

Flame thrower, we be scorin', we be reppin'

Till the game over

I'ma [?] rap legend in a range rover

Put the 6 and the 7 up my blessings

Mess with us, precious, so check his vitals

North Philly icon, built for survival

I'm a don, it be wine everywhere that I go

You're damned for the gold but the thobes is from Cairo

When God made me he broke the mold

I ain't with the nonsense, nothing with the doctors

Thought he was a boxer so I smoked him like a rasta

I could tell he was a nuisance, always like to duke

Thought he was a shooter so I tagged him with the Ruger

I know Hov, I got the blueprint

Black Panther party how we move like Huey Newton

Eat my beef without the gluten

Can't compete wit all you losers, watchin' from the bleachers

It's confusing how we eatin' but it make you throw up

[Chorus: Freeway]

I see you hatin' [?]

The boy gettin' mad, check his blood pressure

You see a nigga shinin', check his blood pressure

All that anger that's gon' give you high blood pressure [blood pressure]

What you talkin', check his blood pressure

You see a nigga stuntin', check his blood pressure

You see a nigga winnin', check his blood pressure

Ya boy sorry, better check that nigga blood pressure[Verse 2: Lil' Wayne]

Hollygrove, that's 17, no L-I-E, I'm L-I-T

I'm the Y-M-E, K-I-N-G, B-L-O-O-D-I-N-G

I'm O-U-T-H-E-R-E with my G-O-O-N-Z-Z-Z

We T-O-O-D-E-E-P

I gave a bitch 3 wishes, she wanted me, me, me

[Ah!] Bloods like pressure, that's you on a stretcher

These bitches too extra, charge you extra for the pleasure

I got killers in my section, protection on perfection  
 We catch you, interception, and finesse you in a second  
 I got tattoos on my texture, bad news when I catch ya  
 We kidnap your broad, we need that Ke\$ha, we molest her  
 I'm a nigga with aggression, attitude erection  
 Pressure bust pipes but not this fuckin' blood vessel  
 Let my niggas come test you, suggest you call rescue  
 Go to war with one pistol like a motherfuckin' scud missile  
 All you see is blood tissue, guts, liver, God bless you  
 Tunechi, I'm special, so special, no pressure, motherfucker  
 [Chorus: Freeway & Lil Wayne]  
 I see you hatin' [?] (see you hatin')  
 That boy gettin' mad, check his blood pressure (check his blood pressure)  
 You see a nigga shining, check his blood pressure  
 All that anger that's gonna give you high blood pressure  
 Blood pressure, what you talkin' 'bout, blood pressure (check his blood pressure)  
 You see it, it's nothin', gotta check his blood pressure (check his blood pressure)  
 You see that nigga with it, check his blood pressure (check his blood pressure)  
 [?], blood pressure[Verse 3: Freeway & Lil Wayne][Chorus: Freeway & Lil Wayne]  
 I see you hatin' [?] (I see you hatin')  
 That boy gettin' mad, check his blood pressure (check his blood pressure)  
 You see a nigga gotta check his blood pressure (check his blood pressure)  
 All that anger that's gonna lead to high blood pressure (high blood pressure)  
 Blood pressure, what you talkin' 'bout, blood pressure (blood pressure)  
 You see it, it's nothin', gotta check his blood pressure (blood pressure)  
 You see that nigga with it, check his blood pressure (check his blood pressure)  
 [?], blood pressure[Outro: Lil Wayne]  
 Ouhh, fuck with me Free

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