

# Stress Factor

Andre Nickatina

Don't push me cause i'm close to the edge  
I'm trying not to lose my head  
Sometimes I sit alone  
And look deep into my soul  
And I starrin' down at something  
That's very out a control  
Tolerance at zero  
Emotions dead and gone  
If indo was a pebble  
Man consider me stoned  
Patience low I rest to go  
I got's to get ahead  
Mothafuck these hoes  
And them po-pos i gots to get my bread  
The streets say nothing nice  
They crooked like the idus  
And everybody dippin seein  
Who can get the highest  
But check this out  
Man, without a doubt  
And about who's comin' fresher  
And about that cab  
And protect that ass  
Don't panic under pressure  
My stabbin' like a whip  
Or better an alligator  
Temper going up and down like a  
Like a fucking elevator  
Bitch I want it now  
Don't give me no delay's  
My hustle got me trippin  
Liftin' from my turn away's  
Man this life is real  
No time to be an actor  
And i'll play that no man  
Let me know  
It's just a stress factor  
I want to grow old  
Have a kid and a place to sleep

A down ass wife  
And when I die i'll rest in peace  
But man that's all a dream  
This donja got me bleak  
It got me feelin good  
But I forgot what I did last week  
Now look at my face  
This shit ain't fake  
The pain done turn to pressure  
Every nigga that know man feel me tho  
Don't cop down to a lessa  
My mother woke me up  
One day said "boy you gettin grown"  
Your momma has 3 jobs  
Your momma is gettin old  
So I took it as a hint  
When on my mission spree  
Mind full of hatred  
Got me fucka, time is hard you see  
That monkeys on my back  
And I can't get him off  
So whatever I do  
Mom it's just for you  
No matter what the cost  
I put that on my life  
Everything I see is dark  
Money is rare  
But I don't care  
Man stop that niggaz heart  
He's comin like a big wheel  
I'm comin like a tractor  
Man take this hate  
Run it's too late  
Man it's the stress factor  
Some think that I'm The Man  
Some think my shit don't stink  
But yes it do  
I thought you knew  
I'm not a coward or a fink  
One side of my heart got love  
The other side is hate  
And boy that hate is stealin love  
Right in it's fuckin face  
Women ask me how i'm livin  
I tell them day by day

With a donja joint  
That lovely voice  
Of Mr. Marvin gay  
Man I gots to get away  
That just might do some good  
But every time i gets away  
I miss the fuckin hood  
My homie lost his job  
He don't know how to react  
So I do our thangs to help him out  
Like took a little crack  
But that shit's over rated  
And it gets Complicated  
But you would never know  
From that cat flow  
And the way the pictures painted  
Motherfuckers whisper  
And think I don't hear them  
And wonder why i'm over high  
And never will go near them  
Much love to all my niggas  
From workin' men to jackas  
Cause no matter what you feel it's  
Cause it's called the stress factor

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