

# Stress Rap (Instrumental)

## Cannibal Ox

Yo the NY City got a nigga feelin' shitty  
Tryin' to make it through the struggle  
Niggas bubble in the jungle selling crack by the bundles  
Yo these raps might hunt you like a cat in the jungle  
Spittin' lines off the humble Make your whole team crumble, what the fuck made you fumble?  
In these streets where they fuck you like the face of a demon  
I repent every evening, trapped in the Eden, starvin', never eatin'  
Yo I stay bleedin', while you jakes stay tryin' to take freedom  
I'm like just a brother tryin' break even Movin' through these odd days watchin' every snake breathin'  
Ready to deface the [Incomprehensible] at night  
I'm just tryin' to reshape the meaning of life, flowing on mics  
Blowing you types off of the earth, livin' it worse, holdin' our life  
Ready to burst on the first thinking he got it  
Yo, the apple stays rotten Stress rap, this applies to where we rest at  
NY City full with nothing but stressed cats  
That wanna test that flame of yours, but not ready  
When we aim, the war's absolute retaliation against all, all for real  
(Starvin' Harlem) Yo, yo, Elohim, with the rhyme scheme and when the lyrics  
Leave the mouth they look like light beams with wings  
Attached to mic I say fly rhymes read between the lines  
Aire Vast lines, the beat be tryin' to sex me and marry me  
I'm talking white picket fence and a family of Vasts  
They stand behind me, and reflect reality Stage one- master of ceremonies and when the  
Seven magnificent walked in raisin' hell to lower heaven  
We explored all the crevices, brothers is mad  
I wear knowledge like a third degree, burn, light the match  
Put it to the rhyme book, make sure it all fits in the urn  
The cream of life, beats and rhymes are butter that in which I churn Stupid, you could say these masculine  
thoughts are homosexual  
'Cause they blow heads like that dead clothes designer  
All men were created equal, Emcees are uneven  
Ask blind man Steven if he's even seen how the sunset looks  
That's something you couldn't feel with a braille book I'm hear to smack your ear drum long, so hum along  
Let's communicate with rhythm, tell 'em to come along  
You'll get smacked right in the kisser like Jackie Gleason  
And watch sun, set it off like light decreasing, oh shit  
Watch sun set it off like light decreasing Stress rap, this applies to where we rest at  
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When we aim, the war's absolute retaliation against all, all for real  
What's going on? Everything going wrong in  
the ghetto  
Cops Desert Storm on blocks lettin' off and they gettin'  
Off on the ease on the corner D's hop out of unmarked  
V's and squeeze 'till we on our knees, we po' on ice  
Put us in the freeze on the streets of bloody beasts, hoodies and fiends  
I stay muddy in a sleaze with Oz's,  
breathin' through the vein cold  
Got my whole frame froze tryin' to escape hold twist off the L  
They got ice in my grill and I'm dirty and all I need is for them  
To unlawfully search me, throw me in a cell, seven thirty  
With thoughts hurtin', searchin' for freedom, we tryin' to get it  
And we stay bleedin' hear that, one time I'll scream phoenix  
Yo, it's the starvin', happy Harlem, rap magician  
Chained underwater, in sixty seconds the body's missing  
Snake in the grass at six feet you can hear him hiss  
I got a problem with your mouth, so I don't listen  
Stress rap, you got one, I got five  
You do yours, I do mine, but I'm still alive  
They used to call me crazy Joe, had a bazooka  
Now they can call me Batman, beyond your maneuvers  
Shit, I'm Atoms Fam to the bone marrow  
Fuck a soul, even God knows this body is hollow  
You love New York, but New York don't love you  
You're just a toy with Lucille Ball's hair  
On the mic it's all magic and I got short sleeves  
And I'm just that nice, I might let you breathe  
Put a mic in front of me, and I'm gonna bless it  
Hummingbird style, seventy times in one second  
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