Stressin'

Taylor Thrash

A nigga I'm stressin badda den a bitch rite now
'Cause a nigga almost
Got married to da liquor boy nigga
So fucked up out here cause
I'm stressin badda den a bitch my nigga
Den fucked round got a hoe pregnant
My lawyer hollerin' nigga pay me
Niggas locked up tryna spray me
I gotta warrant so I'm shakin'
Seems like I'm all out of blessings
Don't know if god tryin' test me
Tried to help a nigga n he waste me
To tell you da truth, I'm stressin'
Den fucked round got a hoe pregnant
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To tell you da truth, I'm stressin'
Chea my rent due n I'm stressin'
Landlord jest called with a message
Say I gotta be out by da 7th man
I'm sick and tired of dis mess
It's like god is takin' my blessings
Bad luck is all in my presents
Fuck round n I gotta chick pregnant
What da hell umma do with dat baby
How da hell I'm gone tell my lady
I'm drunk ass hell in my zone
I gotta fifth of hen n it's gone
I'm fucked up n I'm stressin'
I can't seem to ease dat pressure
Fuck nigga's can't make it no betta
Des craka'z trna take my life
Nigga's mad n hate what I'm makin'
Heard da feds is out with my face
Now I'm scared ass hell and I'm shakin'

I can't go to jail I'm on paypa's
Now dem nigga's den start with dat hatin'
I'm tryna help dem nigga's see paypa
But dey dan fucked around with da fed
Now I'm stressed n pullin' my dreads
Dem fuck nigga's deserve to be dead
Den fucked round got a hoe pregnant
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To tell you da truth, I'm stressin'
Chea I can't wait for losin', I'm stressin'
I dropped a quarch of my flesh man
I'm tired as god is my witness
Tryna smile but pain is my vesion
Man I'm tired of lyin' to my folk
Fuck round n I'm serving' dat coke
Baby mama tryna take me to court
Tryna holla 'bout child support
Fuck round n I got me on paypa's
Now I'm mad as hell I can't take it
I drop n pray to my maker
Dear lord if hear my prayer
I'm stressed n I can't go on
It's like I'm all out of blessings lord
I'm alone n nobody to call
I got bills but da money can't solve
Mama cryin' but her tears jest fall
(Ahhh, I'm stressin')
Big cats what I'm gone do nah
Des craka'z wanna take my ride
Dey wanna take me away fo'life
See my body can't take nomo
It's like a yung nigga life so wrong

No pain my feelings gone
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To tell you da truth, I'm stressin'
Chea n I do it fo my nigga's in jail
Doin' time tryna make bail
I hold it down fo dem nigga's don't tell
Let 'em know dey gone see dat appeal
Let 'em know it's da real nigga watchin'
N neva mind I grindin' dey stopin'
So middle finger's to dem fuckin' feds
Dey gave my dawg 25 in da pen
All mah snitch niggas say he did it
With no lawyers da judge don't bend
CusSupa Jock I lov ya homie
So I put dat shit on my kin n up on my unborn kin
So we once u a nigga dat's gone
Is locked up with a struggle at home
Put'cha hands up in da sky
Let'em know dat he ain't at alone
Da real nigga's hold it down at home
Da real nigga's gone hold dey own, hold dey own
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