S.t.r.e.s.s.

Drake

Southern Smoke!!!

[Intro: Drake Talking]
Yeah. Ren. M.O.F. Haha.
It's Drake man. It's Drake man.Yeah
Ayo Ren this that gritty shit here man
I'ma half to tell them about I been through on this know what I mean
HO! Southern Smoke!!!

[Verse 1: Drake]
Very few give you that truth, it's either they can't do it with lyrics
Or can't do it in spirit, they cancel what they doing
The samples that they using, can't get through the clearing
I'll handle it since they just can't get you to hear it
My father's early careering forced my parents to split up
My mother was a teacher, my father was kind of fed up
With just being a florist, the choir sang his chorus
And he got back into doing what he was doing before us
Because money is an issue, your son he gon miss you
And plus you got a wife at home because mommy still exist too
Now you looking for exes, you ain't never expect this
You end up doing time, and me I end up with a step-sis
Nobody passing judgment, or question where the drugs went
You know I hold you down because without you, I'd be a wasn't
And mommy I'ma support her, I keep it all in order
See her with tears in her eyes or you arrested at the border
But

[Chorus: Nickelus F]
I got stress on my shoulders
Trying to keep my heart pure but this world is making it colder
Young black man dodge your bullets trying to get older
And you wonder why we turn to drugs and chain smokers
IT'S STRESS MY NIGGA!!!
I'm just trying to live my life cuz
Make a little money, find a bunny
to make my wife cuz BO!, BO!, BO!, BO!
I'm just trying to live my life cuz
Make a little money, find a bunny

to make my wife cuz BO!, BO!, BO!, BO!

[Verse 2: Drake]
This is my life, and so the rest is kinda been cool, question what I been through
I write a verse addressing it, and yes I might offend you
Picture when I was in school,
Me being the closest thing to black, and guess what rap music what I was into
Rest of the kids were sheltered, I never liked to fight
But when someone called me a "nigger" I'd punch them I couldn't help it
Now I'm grown I can say what it is
It's parents that got these Black and Filipino nannies raising they kids
And your daddy want it very right
I make you happy, plus I'm Jewish, he don't approve, I think he want you to marry white
He want Sinatra at the wedding, not Barry White
Because black is black honey, even if he's very light
And so I never been for dinner at they places
Always brutally honest, and so I pin it to they faces
I live it so the case is, whether Drake is
Way ahead of his time, or inquisitive and racist

[Chorus: Nickelus F]
I got stress on my shoulders
Trying to keep my heart pure but this world is making it colder
Young black man dodge your bullets trying to get older
And you wonder why we turn to drugs and chain smokers
IT'S STRESS MY NIGGA!!!
I'm just trying to live my life cuz
Make a little money, find a bunny to make my wife cuz BO!, BO!, BO!, BO!
I'm just trying to live my life cuz
Make a little money, find a bunny to make my wife cuz BO!, BO!, BO!, BO!

[Verse 3: Drake]
Am I hot as the rest, should I strive for my spot as the best
Like girls with Double D's, I gotta lot on my chest
There's questions that need to be answered that's not on the test
Instead of staring at quizzes (?) now it's models with breasts
And yes, when I'm dismissed after a tedious listen
I sit at home and say I should of been a pediatrician
Homie, I probably could of been on TV consistent
An artist like Pablo, or maybe Petey's assistant
And my mindset is come and get me
I'm all alone at home with my mom and grandma and ain't nobody running with me
So, if you got the heart to come in here and kill a lady, daughter, and her grandson
Nigga get the handgun
If not, you gon make me call the burbs out in Richmond

That have you niggas laying out on the curb, they some hitmen
Last couple of months I done probably been
Around the world and back, and I don't wanna question half the places Nick been

[Chorus: Nickelus F (Drake ad-libs)]
I got stress on my shoulders (Uh!)
Trying to keep my heart pure but this world is making it colder (Yeah!)
Young black man dodge your bullets trying to get older (Oh!)
And you wonder why we turn to drugs and chain smokers (Yeah man!)
IT'S STRESS MY NIGGA!!!
I'm just trying to live my life cuz
Make a little money, find a bunny
to make my wife cuz BO!, BO!, BO!, BO! (This that gritty shit boy)
I'm just trying to live my life cuz (Got me winded over here man)
Make a little money, find a bunny
to make my wife cuz BO!, BO!, BO!, BO! (Uh)

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