

Stress Rap

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
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
 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 hissin'
 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 hairdo
 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
 Hummingbird style, seventy times in one second
 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
 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>