Stress Factor

Apartment

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
Tolerence 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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