Stressed Out

Papa J. Ruiz

Intro:
The pressures' of life got me thinking again
What ticked you off today, your boss, girlfriend, that same idiot at school?
Verse I
This world makes me upset like a bomb threat,
my palms sweat I wanna get off it locked down like an alcoholic can't give it up,
Take what you get in life sip lick it up.
Cause yo I've gone crazy dear God can you save me I need a solution I'm hallucinating lately
Something gone wrong in my brain casim assault and battering embarrassing this world I ain't cherishing
You shot the heroin I lacked the parenting, Inherit the kingdom like the sin syndrome
Vision blurry focus in on your brokenness loneliness stuck up in society's hopelessness
Break Down
Take me home God, I wanna quit my job, I hide in camouflage let loose in dialogue,
If it's working out I wish you'd hear me now if so I'll trust in you without a doubt.
Chorus
Cause every time cause every time I get Stressed Out!!!
Cause every time cause every time I get Stressed Out!!!
Verse II
I wonder what would happen if I really spoke mind to every individual critical situation with you
You thought I was a quiet person, now it's not for certain smiling in your face really cursing.
If it wasn't for Christ I might of react detached make you see black send you into relapse,
I relax and check my posture pray to my God father, got a lot of stress try to find a place to rest.

I never let the chemicals wrestle with my blood vessels,
push ethical take care of your medical it's evident
the pressures of life have got me thinking again I sin frequent again, I isn't drinking it in.
I separate hate give my heart an x-ray, check the next day before it escalates,
severance pay was not an option kick me out
cause my droors are dropping got this talent locking, and I'm stress talking.
Break Down
I can't take it I got to get out
The stress is to hot, I'm a jet out.
I can't take it yall I got to get out
The stress is too hot, I'm a jet out
Verse III
I'm not lost I've just got some issues, I'm not artificial cause I'm just being real with you.
It's just one of those days' you don't say, tick me off start a fire like foreplay
Ill visual's my life's circumstance trapped like circus ants nervous and I'm
Stressed check my third eye serve the most high high.

So why you caught up blame how you're brought up what you done with your life show your product.
I remain speechless not the same fetus reborn with an attitude receive how I speak this.
Why you need a joint or else you sleepless stress it plus you un-rested
Quest for life in Christ I don't regret it,
It's Babylon, stress gun's and nylons,
They dead two buildings I pray for God's children

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