

Stressin' Me

Trae tha Truth

[Hook x2]

Niggaz be stressing me, niggaz be testing me
Taking my kindness for a weakness, in this industry
Niggaz be stressing me, trying to get everything for free
Knowing that anything worth having, costs a pretty penny

[Billy Cook]

I gotta get raw, this time around dog
Cause motherfuckers, thinking they can push me in the ground
Just saying do anything to me, expect to know my peeps
So this song goes out, to those haters who envy me
My point exactly, they ain't gotta be a platinum song
Just as long as you get the message, you hear in this song
I got a lovely remedy, for this shit
But in the face or the mind, ghetto platinum hits
When you doing something right, niggaz got something bad to say
See I ain't trying to please, these phony busters anyway

[Hook x2]

[Billy Cook]

It was some niggaz on there, sure was talking about my hair
Now they're broke, and they're all what living there
How you gon let a nigga like me, slip through your fingers yo
It's kinda like you hit the lotto, then just lost it all
See I'm a ghetto platinum nigga, I'm gon shine this year
Y'all can't stop what God has for me, it's so crystal clear
So now sit back, relax and enjoy the ride
You had yours on, now it's Cook and Trae's time
Don't start none, won't be none
Don't start none, won't be noooone
Don't start none, won't be none
Don't start none, won't be none

[Hook x2]

[Trae]

Still stuck between real and fake
But I'ma eliminate fake, when I beat the hate
I'm on my last leg, and on the verge of clicking
And these cats ain't gon learn, till they come up missing
Niggaz taking the help, that I give for granted
Me and Cook been wrecking shit, for too long
You better get your ass up, and get your stacks up
Trying to roll chop for me, and get you messed up
I'm sick and tired, of these wanna be fake type
Industry hype, all about the limelight
Living life shife, and ride a nigga dick tight
Better go on, cause I'm the real nigga type
And I'm squaring it off, till it's over
Stress done got me, running out my mind
And I put it on the line, each and every time
Since they messed up my vibe, now the haters mine
It ain't no more friends, ain't no more foes
Ain't no more kin folk, and no more hoes
Just me and the Maab, and S.L.A.B.
And I'ma rep my click, until the curtain close

Lord knows, I'm due for earning my crown
I done waited my time, and now it's going down
Trae and Billy Cook, Stress the remix
Life in the street niggaz, better move around

[Billy Cook]

I ain't trying to start nothing, ya'll can feel fa sho
I keeps it real can you tell, by the way I spit it yo
This is the first and last time, thugging on a negative vibe
I shoulda done these writing songs, are going ninety wide
You think I'm talking about you, if the shoe fit wear it dog
You done pissed me off, this was the last straw
You whack producers who think, your tracks are the bomb
I thought you knew you need a platinum, wasn't a real song
I can go on and on, while all while sealing the flow
See all you niggaz really need me, but you don't hear me though

[Hook x2]

[Billy Cook]

Yeah, hey yeeeeeah
Trae help me out, Trae help me out
The Maab, yeeeeeah BMG 1965
The click, the squad, help me out
Oooo-oooooh, weeeell

These niggaz don't want none