

## Stress Builds

Bizzy Bone

And for all the drama thats goin on  
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pop pop pop pop  
one of these stress pills in your mouth..

In the midst in the darkest nights  
Sparkin off the highest flights  
And project buildings blastin civilians  
But skull-white from cycles of the psycho children  
Millions in the revenue, what we seek in these avenues  
Steady breakin down crumbs for the Royal Crown  
Amongst animals, to the half of you  
Understand the mindstate of the most official  
I ride with this demonstration, you will die for your fuckin issues  
It's drama kickin off, infrared lasers is blazin hot  
Burnin up your whole block, lord forgive them they noooo not  
Fuck a cop. with the blood clot, buck 'em til they holla  
We gon let it rain like Nina Ross  
with Tommy-gun-monsta rockets  
Eventually niggaz die by crashes of crimson tide  
Slippin time in yo life, lines is fallen... I'm energized  
it's live baby, airin' out your strip with fo-fives  
crazy drama get solved with fatal rocka bye-bye's babay

Drama's runnin up on ya  
when I come round the corner with a pocketful of marijuana  
got full of void, and got me searchin for the telly  
takin to my celly, put out the order  
and tell 'em bust it in ya mother fuckin belly  
Ain't you ready?  
If the world should end again, I don't really wanna  
but I'm gonna be ready for the ending  
that's the drama, and if you really wanna  
you can date it right back to the beginning  
Now who's the fillin villain of karma  
orginal militant be marchin in armours  
Guess who, Guess who, Guess who, Guess who...  
And comin out the kitchen, plenty ammunition  
runnin, buckin, jumpin outta the window  
my gun bustin and bleedin so fast  
bleedin from the glass  
tellin myself 'jump up and let off another blast'  
through the alleys in a beat-up Malley  
To the riots in Pelican Bay  
Where the fellas say pop-pop-pop everyday

Floss mode, for my people  
got me rappin crap where I shouldn't be  
layed back, fucked up on henesey  
bitch you know me  
dem diggin, daggin everythang  
now how the fuck am I gonna get rich?  
'cause lick, jack that bitch, kill this bitch  
hide this bitch, hop in the Benz with bizzy  
promise you won't say shit  
sing, for the Calico

yes, I believe in God  
run up in on his car door  
homeboy you gotta die  
meet your maker, never no faker  
i grind for mine, big boy I shine for mine  
that nigga performed, impressed yo girl!  
doin things your man dream about  
sing  
rap hustle