

# Stressed

Conway the Machine

Uh, uh, uh  
Life is 'bout trials and tribulations  
And overcomin' obstacles, but I'm tired of shit I'm facin'  
Plus it's not only mines, but everybody's situations  
That I gotta make better, and that shit take cheddar (That shit cost)  
I guess everybody want me to save 'em (Pssh)  
I guess niggas think ten million what Shady paid him  
I tell 'em, "No", they talk down on me and try to play it  
Guess they forgot about all the other shit that I gave 'em (What about all the other times, nigga?)  
Funny how they can be so forgetful  
Of all that other shit I say yes to (They forgot about that, huh?)  
I'm sure this is somethin' every real nigga worldwide can attest to  
When a nigga need something, the only time they call and check you (That's a 11 facts)  
You niggas ever think that I'm stressed too? (Huh)  
Niggas act like I owe 'em, that shit is stressful (Cash)  
Huh, my girl said, "Don't let it stress you"  
But she don't even know that I'm depressed too

Do anybody care that I'm stressed? (I'm stressin' too, homie)  
Most of my homies died, the rest of 'em doin' time  
And do anybody care that I'm stressed? (I'm goin' through it)  
I don't come around, so I guess it's out of sight, out of mind  
But do anybody care that I'm stressed? (You niggas care?)  
Everybody got they hand out, askin' me for shit  
But do anybody care that I'm stressed? (Niggas don't know what I'm goin' through, man)  
Do anybody care? Uh, uh, do anybody care that I'm stressed? (Do y'all niggas give a fuck what I'm goin' through?)

The bullshit in life, everybody go through that  
But it's a lesson in it all, you gotta grow through that (Uh huh)  
I was down bad and broke, but I wrote through that  
Felt my problems would go away if I could blow through rap  
Dutch Master, smoke the whole two packs (Smokin')  
This kind of stress, I wouldn't want my worst enemy to go through that (Pssh)  
My cousin, he took a cord and put his throat through that  
I wish I had a chance to tell a nigga, "Don't do that" (Fuck was you thinkin', nigga?)  
Uh, niggas don't understand depression is real (Uh huh)  
People stressin' 'bout real life shit, you stressin' your bills (That ain't stress, nigga)  
Not too long' after my cousin hung his self (Hah)  
I never told nobody, but I lost a son myself (Damn)  
Imagine bein' in the hospital, holdin' your dead baby (Uh)  
And he look just like you, you tryna keep from goin' crazy (That's my world)  
That's why I drink a bottle daily  
For all the shit I keep bottled in lately

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Ten months old, I was abused (Uh huh)

Kicked in the stomach, I swole up like a balloon (I was fucked up)

Zipper on my stomach 'cause they split my liver (Lil' baby)

But not a day goes by where I don't sip my liquor (Still drinkin')

Where I don't roll one and twist my Swisher (Pssh)

Thought I was helpin' with the pain, but I'm just gettin' sicker (What's goin' on, man?)

Uh, alcoholism is a sickness (Uh huh)

How many people gonna admit that they addicted? (Nobody)

Yeah, I drink 'cause I'm stressed

I'm stressed 'cause I'm depressed, depressed 'cause I'm just tired of this shit

They like, "Why you stressed, boy? You blessed"

They don't know about the nights where I can't even get rest (I'm losin' sleep)

Burnin' this kush while I pace

Cryin' in the mirror every time I look at my face (I hate this shit)

If you only knew what it took, what it takes

You only care what I put in my safe, but (Woo)

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And do anybody care that I'm stressed? (I'm goin' through it)

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But do anybody care that I'm stressed? (You niggas care?)

Everybody got they hand out, askin' me for shit

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Do you know what it feels like to be alone?

For the world to count you out?

So you start countin' yourself out?

You can't even look at yourself in the mirror 'cause you think that you're a loser

'Cause everybody else seen you lost, they seen you fall

They watch you, everybody watch you, they walk by you

They wouldn't help you get back up

You was all alone, you was in a dark place

But one day, that spark kicked in you

You said, you know what, you got that old feeling from when you was a winner

When you was winnin', when everybody said that loved you

But you was still by yourself

You was by yourself them nights in the gym

You was by yourself them nights in the trap

And you said, "I'ma come back"

And that's what you did, you came back

But it was that moment, that moment when the world said, "I don't wanna be a round you

I don't know you, you're not popular, you're not a winner

I don't got time to be waitin' for you to win again"

You came alive

That was the motivation that pushed you to come back

And now you're back, now you're back at one hundred

And everybody know your name again

But you know what, you're not bitter, you're not mad. Sponzor: www.srovnac.cz - vyberte si pojisteni online!  
You're back...