

# I'm Stressin'

Juicy J

People ask me all the time, man (Scarecrow dont give a fuck)  
"Why you be so high?" (Gotta let the nature blaze, Triple 6 Mafia fire the b  
ud up while we on the stage)  
Ayy, ain't gon' lie, man (Loungin' in the back, gettin' fucked up right befo  
re a show)  
Sometime, niggas get high when they goin' through shit (Ridin' out of town s  
moked an ounce in back of the limo')  
When the mental health ain't right, mane, you know what I'm sayin'? You got-  
Right, you bought a thousand blunts (Smoked a thousand blunts)  
Smoke that shit, backwoods, whatever, my nigga (Yeah)  
Hitkidd, what it do, man?

I'm stressin' (I'm stressin')  
I'm stressin' (I'm stressin')  
Smoke my weed, count my blessings (Smoke a junt, smoke a junt)  
Keep my Glock cocked for protection (Got it, uh)  
Sometimes, that be the answer to these questions (Smoke a junt, smoke a junt  
, Nina)  
I'm stressin' (Yeah, I'm stressin')  
I'm stressin' (I stay stressin')  
Smoke my weed, count my blessings (Smoke a junt, smoke a junt)  
Keep my Glock cocked for protection (Got it)  
Sometimes, that be the answer to these questions (Smoke a junt, smoke a junt  
)

Can I trust a nigga? (Hell nah)  
Can I trust a bitch? (Hell nah)  
Will I bust a nigga? (Mm-hmm)  
Will I bust a bitch? (Mm-hmm)  
I'm so paranoid (Nigga)  
I got hella toys (I got 'em)  
Go to war with niggas (Let's go)  
I don't smoke with boys (Fuck with these niggas), uh-uh

People be out to get you, out to catch you slippin' (Can't trust 'em)  
Nigga, I'm from North Memphis, all we do is killin' (Pop-pop-pop-pop)  
Keep my F&N and my weed rolled  
Keep my family fed (Uh-huh)  
Baby need school clothes (Yep)  
Always checkin' in, what time these niggas on

Ayy, get in the way of my money'll get your head blown  
I'm on demon time (Demon time), I can't trust a soul (Nope)  
Repent my sins, God wipe my runny nose  
Hippy-flippy, LSD, got my mind in a trippy zone  
Seein' shit, couple-headed monsters in my bedroom  
'Bout to hit this weed one more time 'cause my nerves gone  
People be fuckin' up my vibes, that shit personal

I'm stressin' (Uh-huh)  
I'm stressin' (I'm stressin')  
Smoke my weed, count my blessings (Smoke a junt, smoke a junt)  
Keep my Glock cocked for protection (Got it)  
Sometimes, that be the answer to these questions (Smoke a junt, smoke a junt  
)  
I'm stressin' (I'm stressin')  
I'm stressin' (I'm stressin')

Smoke my weed, count my blessings (Smoke a junt, smoke a junt, I got you, man)  
Keep my Glock cocked for protection  
Sometimes, that be the answer to these questions (Smoke a junt, smoke a junt)  
)

Back gettin' fucked up right before a show  
Ridin' out of town smoked an ounce in back of the limo'  
Thought this shit is over, mane, I think I smoked a thousand blunts  
Still, I end up yellin' to my nigga, Black, "Smoke a junt, smoke a junt"  
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(Smoke a junt)