

No Stress

Kool Keith

No stress, cholesterol, high blood pressure
Blow your asshole out like Vanessa

I'ma jerk off on your little Casio sound
Throw your keyboards into the wall, piss on your perception
Cut off your dial tone, veto your collect call
Shit on your best creation
Ask the generous family, I'ma shit on your extravagant demonstration
Damage your tuxedo vest, come like your tuxedo fresh
Point the index finger, aim twice, aim nice
Put your asshole on the shelf for a 99 cent price
Five minutes to light up your ass like Uncle Ben rice
Carolina in the burgundy and white box
You can't eat Uncle Ben twice
It's like seein the fucked up jaw, on Uncle Ken twice

The pop-o-lar pissmaster, Kool Keith
A.K.A., the lineup on the list master
You heard "Spankmaster," but what about the Shitmaster?
Defecate on your chest, leave you frontline niggaz with asthma
Anything shitty comin on the radio
I break the Sony and JVC component set, and turn off you bastards
Eliminate your vision on TV
Flat screen, your wall unit, turn that bitch backwards
I fast forward your shit, count myself the green
Wristband around my head, block your fuckin dunk shot
Haunt you from the past like Sydney Wicks
With apples and grape Now or Later
Break you motherfuckers in half like chico stix
MC toys, DJ put 'em together
I tell 'em straight fuck the Coleco mix

Motherfuckers wanna rap about space helmets and shit
You can't tell me shit
Give me the letters nigga, can't even spell me the shit
All rappers run they fuckin lips
I work that motherfuckin microphone
Fuck showin you the skill, you cocaine-ass nigga
You blow and you feel, skinny legs motherfucker
I'm showin you real, I'm showin you deal
My style choco

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