Okay
It's that Stress Pt.2
I know you heard Pt.1 but we're back
This track
Featured Likkle T
Nisha Ricke and Streetz

R.I.P. to my niggas up in Heaven
I'm going' out my mind and I'm only 27
Sippin' on some 'Gnag, home alone like I'm Kevin
I'm sprayin' WD-40 on my weapon
Feds overrun the kid, I can't lie, they got me stressin'
Stuck in the middle of aggression and depression
All my clothes got a sweet haze essence
Gotta blow a lotta trees or my mind's not restin'

Got a couple qualms, so my nine's not restin'
Niggas hatin', I'm the kid, God bless them
I went to prison and it taught me a lesson
That I shouldn't never left my tings there where I left them
You never hear me tell the jake's confessions
And if you violate the kid, man, step in
I told my nigga, "Leave it raw, don't stretch 'em"
We're just about to get rich in a second

Lane shiftin', pain sittin'
I'm outside in the same linens
I started out smokin' weed on the balcony
Now I'm in the situation, there the jail's 'bout to be
Highway shiftin'
Thinkin' 'bout the life that I'm livin'
Yeah, I guess I'm gonna ride till I'm ridden
CRS, guess it's Christ till the risen
Zino Z for your life in the blessin'

Nah, don't do me like that
I'm on the grind for my fam
I'm a man who got plans, I don't usually like couch
Want a job but I'm used to the trap
I can teach you how to break a whole one down
Shooter, the pack, let that bleed, phone won't let me sleep
30 years, hard to digest, do you want the beef?
I'm on the strip by the stone shop, open
My nigga ain't snitch but I don't know how he's copin'

I understand it's all love, you gotta ride out
But now it's gettin' keek, call your fam, ask to hideout
Stress, cuh, we used to be friends, it blows my mind out
But wanna palm me to squash the beef and you lined out
I ain't shook but 30 years ain't worth ravin'
Used to be the man, now the gang got shots cavin'
Told girls, "If you in this car, I ain't savin'"
You're rollin' with him, then you're my fuckin' pavin'

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Skrapz Is Back Part II