

# Stressin Me

Trae

Niggaz be stressing me, niggaz be testing me  
Taking my kindness for a weakness, in this industry  
Niggaz be stressing me, trying to get everything for free  
Knowing that anything worth having, costs a pretty penny

I gotta get raw, this time around dog  
Cause motherfuckers, thinking they can push me in the ground  
Just saying do anything to me, expect to know my peeps  
So this song goes out, to those haters who envy me  
My point exactly, they ain't gotta be a platinum song  
Just as long as you get the message, you hear in this song  
I got a lovely remedy, for this shit  
But in the face or the mind, ghetto platinum hits  
When you doing something right, niggaz got something bad to say  
See I ain't trying to please, these phony busters anyway

It was some niggaz on there, sure was talking about my hair  
Now they're broke, and they're all what living there  
How you gon let a nigga like me, slip through your fingers yo  
It's kinda like you hit the lotto, then just lost it all  
See I'm a ghetto platinum nigga, I'm gon shine this year  
Y'all can't stop what God has for me, it's so crystal clear  
So now sit back, relax and enjoy the ride  
You had yours on, now it's Cook and Trae's time  
Don't start none, won't be none  
Don't start none, won't be noooone  
Don't start none, won't be none  
Don't start none, won't be none

Still stuck between real and fake  
But I'ma eliminate fake, when I beat the hate  
I'm on my last leg, and on the verge of clicking  
And these cats ain't gon learn, till they come up missing  
Niggaz taking the help, that I give for granted  
Me and Cook been wrecking shit, for too long  
You better get your ass up, and get your stacks up  
Trying to roll chop for me, and get you messed up  
I'm sick and tired, of these wanna be fake type  
Industry hype, all about the limelight  
Living life shife, and ride a nigga dick tight  
Better go on, cause I'm the real nigga type  
And I'm squaring it off, till it's over  
Stress done got me, running out my mind  
And I put it on the line, each and every time  
Since they messed up my vibe, now the haters mine  
It ain't no more friends, ain't no more foes  
Ain't no more kin folk, and no more hoes  
Just me and the Maab, and S.L.A.B.  
And I'ma rep my click, until the curtain close  
Lord knows, I'm due for earning my crown  
I done waited my time, and now it's going down  
Trae and Billy Cook, Stress the remix  
Life in the street niggaz, better move around

I ain't trying to start nothing, ya'll can feel fa sho  
I keeps it real can you tell, by the way I spit it yo  
This is the first and last time, thugging on a negative vibe

I shoulda done these writing songs, are going ninety wide  
You think I'm talking about you, if the shoe fit wear it dog  
You done pissed me off, this was the last straw  
You whack producers who think, your tracks are the bomb  
I thought you knew you need a platinum, wasn't a real song  
I can go on and on, while all while sealing the flow  
See all you niggaz really need me, but you don't hear me though

Yeah, hey yeeeeeah  
Trae help me out, Trae help me out  
The Maab, yeeeeeah BMG 1965  
The click, the squad, help me out  
Oooo-oooooh, weeeell

These niggaz don't want none