

Stress Test

Young MC

Stress

Everybody has it
People deal with it in different ways
Some get mad
Some get some drugs
Some see a therapist
Then there's me
I chose to let my stress go in my music
The way I know I can use it
Ya know, it's the thing I know best, from the East to the West, the stress test

Like the XFL. He hate me
Girlie's got problems in her life. She date me
Got so much trouble on my mind. Sedate me
So I can get some rest
And try to get rid of this stress
I guess that I can't relate to the present state
Of the same rap game that I helped create
Along with every other rapper that came before
I been quiet for a while. I can't take it no more
"Yo how much money you got? How many records you sell?"
Man they're lucky we ain't rappin' in the NFL
Cause if you had to take a piss test to make a rap record
We'd be listenin' to country, so check it
I reckon it's hard to get played on a radio station
That already has their six paid records in rotation
And nationwide folks are losing their spirit
With some of these cats and their lyrics
Cause if you took the cussin', "bitch", "nigga" and "ho" out your flow
Your rhymes would be more gentle cause they'd be instrumental
And readins fundamental. You knew that as a kid
So exercise your mental. You'll be happy you did
You got ice and gold but the price is cold
Publishing all gone from the rights you sold
And you sample every record made under the sun
That's why your ASCAP check must be missing a "1"
Eighty-five guest rappers. That's the way of the biz
Gotta check the cover just to see who's record it is
And they all get paid out of your advance
Yeah, you're tryin' to recoup but you got no chance
From the day you signed your career was through
You don't own your master. Your master owns you
You check your bank account and say, "Where's the rest?"
Yo, welcome to the world of the stress test, homie

Ain't no hookers in the house gonna stress me
Ain't no suckers in the house gonna test me
Better back up. You better give a brother room
Cause I got the kinda style to make the speakers go "BOOM!"
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North to the South to the East to the West
Young is puttin' it down about the stress test

I'm sick of all these women that be playin' around
My ex was like ballast, cold draggin' me down

Wedding money went to studio, improved my sound
And my life has been heaven since the tramp left town
I have to tell her, "You won't find self esteem in
Cash, a car or the next man's semen
If you're thinkin' that you must be dreamin'
You gotta get wise and exorcise those demons."
Screamin', just to alleviate the stress
Nice ass and breasts. That might pass the test
But underneath that dress there's some evil lurkin'
Can't even dream of the scheme's you got workin'
Certain you hate the way I'm rappin'
You wanna love song? Go call The Captain
Cause love won't keep us together. It's a mess
And all I've got to show is a stress test, hooker

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I've heard the bad words said behind my back
How I fell out. I'm a sell-out and my rhymes are whack
A nice guy, not the meanest. I don't brag about my penis
Or sellin' any drug, smoked, snorted or intravenous
Misdemeanors and felonies, that is what they're sellin' me
"You've gotta be harder to be part of the clique" they're tellin' me
"You'd better be or you get left out in the cold."
But that same MC is unrecouped although he's gold
You wanna give advice but you find you're hesitatin'
Cause you tell a brother somethin' and he thinks you're playa hatin'
Sometimes I get mad but I know I better chill
Cause I never had a sticker and I never will
I don't need to steal purses, lace rhymes with curses
Wear gold fronts or smoke blunts between verses
I've nursed this twenty-three years of hip-hop
Since I first said, "Yes, yes ya'll. Ya don't stop."
With key back in Hollis then I came out West
Life hasn't been perfect but I did my best
And if you wanna be angry you can be my guest
Cause for now I know I passed the stress test, people

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Yeah, so there you have it
I ain't gonna let nobody stress me
Shouldn't let nobody stress you either
Just let it out and get it out
Matter of fact I'm just about stress free at this point
I got one more lil thing to do, one more lil thing to do
Then I gon be stress free, check me out
Ain't no hookers in the house gonna stress me
Ain't no suckers in the house gonna test me
Better back up. You better give a brother room
Cause I got the kinda style to make the speakers go...
Ah, I feel so much better now