

## Champ M.C. "Stressin' Me"

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[Chorus: Champ MC] Aw, they stressin me, pass me my nine Aw, they stressin me, pass my my nine Aw, they stressin me, pass me my nine They stressin me, they stressin me, pass me my nine [Champ MC] Aw, they stressin me, pass me my nine Pleasure and pain son, I'm gonna get mine Cham is my name and taboo is my fly kick I rap like a nigga, but don't jump on my dick Oh they stressin me, pass me my nine They get me heated, these bitches better beat it I'm wanted for murder, assault wack rappers Fuckin manslaughter, watch ya back, I'm commin next for ya daughter Ooh, things are getting nasty, they won't last me Ya testing me like Tim Dog, then step to me Gimme the mic, I burn a hole in your head Catch a body, if I got hot, then that shit is dead Into reality, we have two personalities We just like 'fuck it', and go on with profanity [Chorus] [Champ MC] They stressin me, they stressin me, pass me my nine Send me a victim so I can get mine All these bum bitches is getting out of line And if you do the crime, you gotta do the time I said oh, they stressin me, pain in my chest Gotta get my nine and my bulletproof vest Crazy as a ??, cuz now I'm fucking next Seven bitches down, now guess who's next Bitches get snitches and punks get lumps If you think you want it then step your pussy ass up chump Cuz I got pumps thats in my leg, its in my chest Its in my home and now I'm goin to some niggas home I flip out, kill others like Son of Sam Wanted by the cops, but they don't know who the fuck I am Yo what goes on, you gotta settle that shit They stressin you, they stressin you, ain't that a bitch [Chorus] [Champ MC] Aw they stressin me, pass me my nine You get me heated, what, they got me heated I shouldn't have to repeat it You know my style been wild, but should I reminisce Or represent, but don't tip me Steppin to the Champ MC, you betta flee you little booga Why you got my back? You know the hook up And if you a nigga, bring it on You were dead wrong, and the family's too smart Yeah, you tried to stamp me, but I ?? you by lil inches Ayo fuck that, you rollin with the ghetto bitches On the fairy rollin deep, like fifty jeeps So don't sleep, it's my style you better

peep Uh, pull ya shit up in the jeep, I guarantee this The  
type of flava that knock ya ass right off your feet I  
compete my verses with curses But you look like the  
mic man, you can't come close to this [Chorus X2]

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