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A Tribe Called Quest "Stressed Out"

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Intro/Chorus: Faith Evans

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I really know how it feels to be, stressed out, stressed out

When you're face to face with your adversity I really know how it feels to be, stressed out, stressed out

We're gonna make this thing work out eventually Verse One: Consequence, Q-Tip

Yo I ain't one to complain but there's things in the game (What's your name?) Consequence, I'm tight, burnt like flames

(And why's that?) American dreams, they got this ghetto kid in a fiend

Don't stress that cause it's not in your bloodstream Your whole being, comes from greatness, d'you remember

Shatan got you caught in the storms of December And brothers on the block packin nines like September Crazy situations keeps pockets on slender Yo I be on the avenue where they be actin brand new I'm splurgin on these Reebok joints for shorty boo All of a sudden, I saw these two kids frontin Talkin out they joints but they wasn't sayin nuttin My hand was on my toolie they was actin unruly (Say word) Yo word up, yo I was tight caught up But I swallowed my pride and let that nonsense ride Because I'm positive it seems that negative dies Yo we was at the dice game makin these cats look silly Flamin, steady runnin off at the Willie I had my cash mixed, my rent due, with my play-dough I gotta see some loot so all my girls I blow Shook them shits in my palm let em hit the flo' Kept my eyeballs scopin for them pigs po-po I got to go on the ave see my parole by fo' But I gotta steady freak these boys like JoJo And I was doin it, til I met Ike, Spike, and Mike One roll, they had my pockets thirstier than Sprite Yo I know the feelin, when you feelin like a villain You be havin good thoughts but the evils be revealin and the stresses of life can take you off the right path (no doubt)

Jealousy and envy tends to infiltrate your staff

We gotta hold it down so we can move on past all adversities, so we can get through fast, like that

Chorus

Verse Two: Consequence You got the N.W.O. (low cash flow) Your baby's on the way (and you don't know who) And crosstown niggaz tryin to (bust at you) Aiyyo they got me stressed out (and you don't know what to do) So frame this Kodak black, and vision to my contact with a poultry scrap, workers get pistol smacked The switch hittin Queens, niggaz liquid sword spittin with raw poppy, and now your first love is krill Your vision of the mil got crept like Hey Lover Tried to rise to the top, you just couldn't recover And all I want is my laceration of the pie to get this whip cream before the water runs dry Niggaz flashdancin yo I don't know why You're sick of snitchin, she got you cruisin to the pokey like Smokey, the stress be tryin to squeeze out a homey While I be tryin to get star status like Shinobi So we can build a dynasty, just like the Toby's And all I want, is the world to know my steez These money hungry niggaz is seven thirty And got me stressed out like these frog MC's Chorus **Outro: Faith Evans** Don't worry we gon make it (gonna make it) Don't worry we gon make it (oh yeah) Don't worry we gon make it (gonna make it) We gon make it (gotta make it) Don't worry we gon make it (gotta make it) We're gonna make it (we gotta make it) Don't worry we gon make it (we gonna make it) We gonna make it (ohhhhhhh) Don't worry we gon make it (ohhhhhh) Don't worry we gon make it (gonna make it) Don't worry we gon make it (ohhhhhh) We gon make it (ahaowwhwww) Don't worry we gon make it (ahahwwww) I know we gonna make it (we're gonna make it) C'mon baby we gon make it (yeahhhh) We gon make it (yeahhahhahhhh) Don't worry we gon make it (we're gonna make it) We've gotta make it (we've gotta make it) We've gotta make it (oh yeah) Know we're gonna make it We're gonna make it, gonna make it, we gotta make it, know we gonna make it ...

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