

## Azucar Moreno

### "Don't Stress Me"

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[GANGSTA RED]

Gangsta Red touch you down to the head  
I got a 9 for the Crabs, a Mac-10 for the Feds  
It ain't nuthin' but a Villain thing  
Always prepared, never scared to die  
Rollin' through the 'hood  
Puffin' a dub-sack  
The Eastside fits it where the gangsta Bloods at  
5.000 and 6 to the hundred  
Spotted E-Ricket draw down and gun it  
Fuck E-Rickets man, fuck E-Rickets  
Bloostone Villains gon' get it twisted  
And to these suckers True Flue  
You know what they do  
Put the 9 in your head and catch a bullet or two  
Break-break up 1-9 E-Rickets do you hear me?  
It's Gangsta Red on the mic, flown freely  
From B-S-B-G-5-6-S-T  
See 1-8-7 so Bloods don't stress me

[Member of BLOODSTONE VILLAINS]

It's the B-gang punks  
Chumps and wimps  
Don't get it twisted straight Villains not pimp  
You might seen a ?? a little B in comin'  
We just slappin' bitches  
On Crab, we bombin'  
Get paid, we not afraid  
Fuckin' with the Villains and you gon' get sprayed  
The notorious, oh so glorious  
5-Deuce Villain can't nobody fuck with us  
V-I-L-L-A-I-N, count to ten  
And you find that you can't win  
East Side of L.A. is where we dwelled  
Dissin' all Crab, so fool don't tell  
It's already known that Crabs Run In Pack  
So all E-Rickets just suck a bozack  
Representin' Five-Deuce Villain Gangstas  
Fuck with us, recall go to hang ya  
I put a slug in your ass or maybe deuce  
Smoke that ass like a motherfucking deuce on get

loose  
On all Rickets, Crab, whoever  
Losin' a battle, Villains never  
B-L-O-O-D-S  
So Crabs don't stress  
It ain't nuthin' but a Bloodstone Villains time

[Chorus]  
5 thousand 6 hundred 5  
Bloodstone Villains killing Crab on the spot  
5 thousand Deuce hundred 5  
Bloodstone Villains killing Crab with the crime

[Member of BLOODSTONE VILLAINS]  
Straight from the heart, Blood I tell you this  
Shootin' that crickets uh, I don't miss  
Aimin' at the 5.0 for a target  
I thought he was a Ricket  
But damn I hit a soldier  
Shot him in the head  
I caught layin' him dead  
Puttin' in work, who give a fuck about the Feds  
Claimin' the East Side  
The Rollin Fifty's  
Who give a fuck about Rickets  
They all Sissies  
Runnin' In Packs  
They better watch they back  
Cause the Bloodstone Villains caught you Crabs off the  
Mac  
Puttin' a mean check  
Leavin' a man all wrecked  
You know gangstas in the hood  
They get respect  
Here we go again on the smoke roll  
Five-Deuce, Five-Six Villains goin' on the Crab patrol  
Takin' out Crabs on sight, young Rickets  
OG's, it don't matter what you look like  
And if you dressed in blue  
It's only clue for me to do what I'm gonna do  
I'm a gangsta, straight up tear this  
Takin' out Crabs to give a way I don't care about this  
I do it for fun, keepin' Crabs on the run  
I gotta gun  
Go get a bulletproof vest son  
And protect yourself, for your good health  
I put your bitch very up on the shells  
Because I'm gonna move you from the ground  
Have you stretched out in the box slapped to the  
ground  
And when I'm hangin' don't test me

Chillin' like a Villain so Blood don't stress me, stress me

[Chorus]

5 thousand 6 hundred 5  
Bloodstone Villains killing Crabs on the spot  
5 thousand Deuce hundred 5  
Bloodstone Villains killing Crab with the crime

[GANGSTA RED]

Five-Six, Five-Deuce  
And ?? on the Seven  
It's Gangsta Red straight flowin' from the head  
Checkin' you suckers  
Because you're nuthin' but bustas  
Cowards In The Pack if you know it's always like that  
So fuck you Crabs with your weak-ass raps  
It's Gangsta Red on the motherfuckin' mic  
And you know we just don't stop  
So watch me as I turn this motherfucker out  
Two deads ??? equal five  
Motherfuckin' Crabs that ain't alive  
I did it with the quickness, not care about the witness  
Now tell me can you hang with the sickness?  
And yeah, it's only right  
I jack the Crabs for his ?? just the other night  
They all on my shit  
Front, back  
Hittin' the pancake switch  
Rollin' down the Ave and what do I be?  
Some motherfuckin' Crabs fall around behind me  
So I hit the corner  
Reach for my strap goddamn rippin' peel some more  
Crabs cap  
Villain's the game, kill is the thing  
Understand what I'm sayin' man  
It's just a motherfuckin' Villain time  
So Blood don't stress me

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