

## Carly Simon & James Taylor

### "The Stress Factor"

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Don't push me cause i'm close to the edge  
I'm trying not to lose my head  
Sometime I sit alone  
And look deep into my soul  
And i starrin down at something  
That's very out a control  
Tolerance at zero  
Emotions dead and gone  
If indo was a pebble  
then i'd be a stone  
Patience low I rest to go  
I got's to get Ahead  
Motherfuck these hoes  
And Impose I got to get my bread  
The streets say nothing nice  
They quit it like the idus  
And everybody dippin seein  
who can get the highest  
Now check this out  
without a doubt  
And about to come fresher  
And about that cab  
And protect that ass  
Don't pannic under pressure  
My stabbin like a whip  
Or better an aligator  
temper going up and down like a  
Like a fucking elevator  
bitch I want it know  
Don't give me no delay's  
My hustlin got me trippin  
Listen from my ike turner way's  
Man this life is real  
No time to be an actor  
And i'll play no man  
let me know  
It's like the stress factor

I want to grow old  
have a kid and a place to sleep  
A down ass wife

And when I die i'll rest in peece  
But man that's all a dream  
This donja got me trippin  
It got me feelin bleak  
But I can't remember what I did last week  
Now look at my face  
This shit ain't fake  
The pain to turn to pressure  
Every nigga that know me  
Don't cop down to that pressure  
My mother woke me up  
One day said "boy you gettin grown"  
Your momma has 3 jobs  
Your momma is gettin known  
So I took it as a hint  
When ohh my missions free  
Mind full of hatred  
got me fuckers time is hard you see  
That monkeys on my back  
And I can't get him off  
So whatever I do  
Mom it's just for you  
No matter what the cost  
I put that on my life  
Everything I see is dark  
Money is rare  
But I don't care  
Stop that niggaz heart  
He's comin on a big wheel  
I'm comin on a tractor  
Man take this hate  
It's too late  
It's called th stress factor

Some think that i'm the man  
Some think my shit don't stink  
But yes it do  
I thought you knew  
I'm not a coward nor a fink  
One side of my heart got love  
The other side is hate  
Boy that hate is steamin love  
Right in it's fuckin face  
Women ask me how i'm livin  
I tell them day by day  
With a donja joint  
That lovely voice  
A mr. Marvin gay  
And I got to get away  
That just might do some good  
But every time i get away

I miss the fuckin hood  
My homie lost his job  
He don't know how to react  
So I do thangs to help him out  
Like to a little crac  
That shit's over rated  
Niggas Complicated  
But you would never know  
From that cat flow  
How the pictures painted  
Motherfuckers wisper  
And think I don't hear them  
And wonder why i'm over high  
And never go near them  
But love to all my niggas  
from workin to mid jackers  
Cause matter what you feel  
Cause it's called the stress factor

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