

**Didi & Abc Boys****"Stress"**

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[Talking]

Hey Nigga

This is our last time bonita

After this, we out

I'm tellin you

We die together

An eye for an eye (In Italian)

A tooth for a tooth (In Italian)

An eye for an eye

A tooth for a tooth

All my niggas

Feel me

[Verse 1]

I can't rest

So much stress to live illegal

My uncle on death row

Waiting to get the needle

Holla if you hear me, people

This dope game is evil

A bloody river runnin through the ghetto

That new born baby

In the dumpster

She been dead for a week

While the dope fiend momma

Gettin high on the street

Gettin beat by police

Still prayin for peace

Niggas playin for keeps

Yellow tape and white sheets

And time is going by so slow

I plead insanity

My family my homies

Sick of swallowing rocks

To avoid them cops on the block

Sick of judges, lawyers, and cell blocks

This ghetto got me thinkin about death

When will it stop

Either you punch the clock

Or you open up shop

## Chorus

Everyday I'm livin with stress  
So I smoke the cess (I don't wanna die in the ghetto)  
To the get the pain of my chest

Everyday I'm livin with stress  
So I smoke the cess (Please don't let me die in the ghetto)  
To the get the pain of my chest

Everyday I'm livin with stress  
So I smoke the cess (I don't wanna die in the ghetto)  
To the get the pain of my chest

Everyday I'm livin with stress  
So I smoke the cess (Please don't let me die in the ghetto)  
To the get the pain of my chest

## [Verse 2]

Gettin murdered by the hands of a buster  
Over respect  
Last night my little homie cought a bullet in the neck  
Look in his eyes  
He kinda looked surprised in his last breath  
But life goes on for niggas  
Throwin up they set  
In terror  
In the ghetto when this shit ain't stoppin  
Niggas run in your crib  
And make references to why your momma  
Washin fiends  
Never with a fly  
Chasin a high  
And gettin AIDS from a bitch  
Ain't no way to die  
And everyday I'm seeing signs  
Of the end of the world  
My nigga Bobby killed himself and his lady  
In front of his baby girl  
Feds, watch a nigga  
Tryin to make the bus  
But niggas stay strapped  
And gats, we trust (C'mon)

## Chorus

## [Verse 3]

Bill Clinton in the White House  
Fucking hoes

Innocent kids gettin shot on my block  
Casket closed  
Hear the niggas in the cell blocks  
Screaming for freedom  
Tryin to cop a cigarette for stress  
Cause they need them  
Remember JJ got shot  
In a high speed chase  
Busted in the back  
Through the license plate  
My reality is fatality  
I verbalize pain before I be another casualty  
Infared beam on the glock  
Just aim and pop  
You see me for a split second  
And your dead and got  
I try to tell these young kids  
Go to school  
They wanna smoke weed, gang bang, and act a fool  
They don't hear me though

[Talking]  
Yeah man  
It's sad you know  
We ain't got no jump shot  
Can't play football  
We ain't got no money for college  
But I see these niggas on the block  
Rolling with their fancy cars  
Fancy gold  
Fancy hoes  
Nigga, I'ma get it how I live  
You know  
I'ma y'all young niggas some advice  
Don't get greedy nigga  
Get what you came for  
To many niggas dying  
Trying to prove something to another nigga  
Be true to yourself  
True to what you know nigga  
Stay true to the gizzame

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