

Killem

"Stress Factors"

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Why give a reason to try? I believe and I die,
Felonies from birth for a man with heathenish eyes,
They're conceiving the lies, I'm breathing a cry,
I stepped to Allah, give the most simple of my...
Demonic siting's, I told of how the truth is blinding...
There was a yellow brick road but now I'm not finding...
My path, me and reality clashed, gateways opened...
Provoking me to embrace my past for hoping...
To gain focus and put in motion these lyrical notions,
But being that I've knowingly noticed a horrid
promotion...
Of homo's, lesbo's, freaks and War, I'm realizing I'm
torn,
In a middle of a Crazed mans methods of national
reform...
Armed with bombs, pistols, bottons and satellites,
On a mission to kill a people of religious
hermaphrodite's,
All out of spite, and along those lines I'm nominated...
To fight for peace and freedom of rights, serenaded...
In grit and trife I now spit on life, I will take the Honor...
To defend with knives, grenades and plates of armor,
On the road of perdition to kill Osama, fucking Parana,
That's the true Devil in the flesh, and he who I detest,
Has set these standards for a I'll prepared patriotic
test,
But I'm 17 and the 18 is now under press, It's even
worse,
When your black and under this stress of avoiding this
curse,
Of being delivered to momz in a Hearst, times was
wasted drinking corona...
Now your in a coma, next stop is the Corona, leave your
persona,
Guess who owns ya.

Man I'm under a lot of stress.

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