

Knife, The

"Don't Stress"

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[Knightowl]

Fools collapse when they fuck
With the real mothafucka that is
Bustin slugs all in their mugs
Bitches and snitches run just like a river
The shit that I deliever
Makes em quiver, I'm bigger
My finger's on the trigger
You mothafuckas know
A crazy vato like me
Don't give a fuck I'm OG
So think about that
Little bitch up in a casket
Shit got drastic
That puto's ass got blasted
He fucked around
And got a bullet all up in his face
On a mothafuckin walls
His brains I had to paste
Never trust a man
That likes to yap them fuckin lips
Try to get lok and see my ass
Unloading all them clips
I be the kinda of fool
That takes no shit from no one
To slow that MC down
I got to bust a fuckin round
To the bitch talking out
The mothafuckin neck so
I gotta show em it's me
They better respect , uh

[Chorus: Leicy Loc]

Don't stress
You should of worn your
Bullet proof vest
And you might not of caught
These slugs in your chest

Don't stress
You should of worn your

Bullet proof vest
Cause now I got to
Put your ass to rest
[2]

[Leicy Loc]
Now don't think for one second
That this bitch won't trip
What me quickly
Flip and twist your ass up
Then slip the tip of this tech
Down your mothafuckin neck
Puttin your ass in instant check
Best believe that's a promise
Cause I never make threats

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And I never say shit
That I'll some day regret
So when I'm bailin through your set
Don't think I'm out to catch
I might catch a bad one
And your ass is done
Feel the fire from this gun
Run through your chest
Then mentally prepare yourself
For a long nights rest
Rest In Peace
As you lay so peacefully
Like I said it's as easy as 1 2 3
For me to flee from your presense
So easily
Never under estimate a G
I hate to say but today
Just wasn't your day
And you really picked a bad
Time to come out and play
Baby

[Chorus]

[Bokie Loc]
Some times it's hard to figure out
What type of V-I-V-E I want [to kick his facts]
I'm livin in all of that anguish
Not hard to distinguish facts to straps
In the hand of a young fool
Bullets excape from the chamber
Could it be evil anger and danger
From a demon like this

Breezin through your H double O D's
Whisperin in that ear them BG's
Enlightin em with that non fear
Til they wanna be OG's
We's caught in the middle in between
The scene is this gang violence silence
To those with these bullets up in their brain
Carryin pain on their back to their grave
[It's a shame] Run nigga run man
Stroke by a ball in the game
He wasn't even playin in
Fuck [We got's to cross the field]
There must be another way
And that some drama for your mama
Like every day

[Chorus]

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