

Tech N9ne

"Stress Relief"

Visit "[Stress Relief](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Stress Relief"

AHHH SHIT MOTHERFUCKER IMA KICK YO FUCKIN ASS!
This is stress relief, this is stress relief, this this is
stress relief!
(Cmon and sing it with me)
Who you talkin to? What you wanna do? What the hell
you thinkin?
Who da fuck are you? Where my fuckin money? Ima
beat yo ass!
Whats so fuckin funny? Nigga ima need mo cash!
Why you try n play me? Ima slump you till you delirious!
You niggas must be crazy. Are you fucking serious?
Fuck this goddamn job. You know what I quit!
Im ready to go in on you. You lyin son of a bitch!
You dont know shit! Dont get yo throat slit.
Stop movin slow trick! GO BITCH!
I dont give a damn! I dont wanna hear, which one of
em did it nigga.
Why you shake n shiver? PULL THE FUCKIN TRIGGER!
[X2]

AHHH SHIT MOTHERFUCKER IMA KICK YO FUCKIN ASS!
This is stress relief, this is stress relief, this this is
stress relief!
(Cmon and sing it with me)
What you say to me? What you wanna fight? This aint
what you want, bitch I got all night!
Just say what ya wanna say.
I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID! She had sex with WHO? IN MY
FUCKIN BED!
Dont call me no more. You fuckin whore! Get down on
the floor. SHUT THAT GOD DAMN DOOR!
I'm ready to smash!
You ready to blast! Get ready ta pull it dump some
bullets in these haters ass!
Mothafuck the judge! You holdin a grudge? You fucked
up ma plug!
You killin ma buzz! Ima fuck up this club! Ah you wanna
push n shove.
You reppin tha cuz. Whats wit it blood!
[X2]

AHHH SHIT MOTHERFUCKER IMA KICK YO FUCKIN ASS!
This is stress relief, this is stress relief, this this is
stress relief!
(Cmon and sing it with me)
Yeah!
Somtimes ya gotta let loose n, flip on a fuckin
nuisance.
Stress release when you can not give a damn about
they 2 cents.
Cussin em out reduce them shoutin it out ya mouth
then lose them.
Clout not aroud no doubt get gruesome. Out n about get
sous then use them!
As a punching bag wit ma blunt n drunkin ass want
some funkin somthin fast.
Hunt tha chump n dumpin mags. Got you punked n
mad. Wanna dump n clash.
Jump tha punks them bunks are crunk n munch they
lunch n dash
We go to jail! We know the cell. Its cold as hell.
Po' he go ta bail. You know ta yell, if you know that hoe
a tell.
You think I'm spo' ta fail, BITCH GO TO HELL!
AHHH SHIT MOTHERFUCKER IMA KICK YO FUCKIN ASS!
This is stress relief, this is stress relief, this this is
stress relief!
(Cmon and sing it with me)

Visit [Tech N9ne](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.