

Organized Konfusion "Stress"

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Crush, kill, destroy, stress
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Pain, stress, my brain, can't even rest
It's hard to maintain the pressure on my chest
Excess frustration strikes
Blood rushes my head when I come across roads

With dead mics and wack promoted shows it's hard
But with the presence of God I'm true to the game
So I'm back black, to take charge, and recapture
The time, wish it could never be wack I'm pure

I insert my lifeline into the track, the energy
In me is a poison with no un-revealed remedy
I'm spreading, like leprosy, throughout the record label
'Cause mines put me and Monch's career in jeopardy

Can you come see me in the ghetto where it's dark
Bullets are real lost peeps lurks in the heart
Lord knows it hurts, we kick the Hertz to the curb
Execute first things first, and put blunted minds to work
My herd's tight and my fans supports
So I'm alright, for the time being seeing peace but
taking no shorts
(No shorts)

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Rargh, you will now consider me the apocalyptic one
After this rhyme, henceforth, there is none
No more will exist, when I emerge
From the mist in whence I was born into, scorned

Most of you can't even comprehend what I am saying
to you even in my human form the message I'm
relaying

Why do you choose to mimic these wack MC's?
Why do you choose to listen to R&B?

Why must you believe somethin' is fat
Just because it's played on the radio, twenty times per
day?
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception

The hall walker, who stalks bodies in Central Park
Soon emergency services'll outline that body in chalk
Then I begin to walk away and spit
Then when I walk away I talk shit

Huh, a driver sprayed my face with mace
She didn't know that I enjoyed the taste of radioactive
waste
When I'm in the backseat of your mid-town taxi
Don't even ask me for the cash G
The four cabs before didn't pick me up
Now ask yourself who the fuck's gonna stick me up

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