

Ashton Susan

"Stress Builds"

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[Chorus - Bizzy Bone]

If all the drama thats goin on
if all the drama drama
If all the drama thats goin on
pop pop pop
where the stress builds in your mouth..

[Verse 1 - Capo]

In the mist in the darkest nights
Sparkin off the highest flights
And project buildings blastin civilians
But skull-white from cycles of the psycho children
Millions in the revenue, what we seek in these avenues
Steady breakin down crumbs for the Royal Crown
Amongst animals, to the half of you
Understand the mindstate of the most official
I ride with this demonstration, you will die for your
fuckin issues
It's drama kickin off, infrared lasers is blazin hot
Burnin up your whole block, lord forgive them they
noooo not
Fuck a cop with the blood clot, buck 'em until they holla
We gon let it rain like we were launched
with Tommy-gon-monsta rockets
These (?) niggaz die by crashes of crimson tide
Slippin time in yo life, lines is fallen... I'm energized
it's live baby, and notch yo strip with fo-fives
crazy drama get solved with fatal bye-bye's babay

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Bizzy Bone]

Drama's runnin up on ya
when I coming round the corner with a pocketful of
marijuana
gawd, full of forty, got me searchin for the telly
takin to my celly, put out the order
tell 'em bust it in ya mother fuckin belly
Ain't you ready?
If the world should end again, I don't really wanna
but I'm gonna be ready for the end

and back ta drama, and if you really wanna
you can date it right back to the beginning
Now who's the fillin villain of karma
original militant, marchin in armours
Gat-town, Gat-town, Gat-town...
And comin out the kitchen, .30 ammunition
runnin, buckin, jumpin outta the window
my gun bustin bustin and bleedin some ass
bleedin from glass
tellin myself 'jump up and let off another blast'
through the alleys in a beat-up Malley
To the riots in Pelican Bay
Where the fellas say buck-buck-buck everyday

[Verse 3 - Big B]

Floss mode, for my people
got me rappin crap where I shouldn't be
layed back, fucked up on henneseey
bitch you know me
dem diggin, daggin everythang
now how the fuck am I gonna get rich?
cuz lick, jack that bitch, kill this bitch
hide this bitch, hoppin in the vans with bizzy
promise you won't say shit
sing, for the (?)
yes, I believe in god
run up in his corridoor
homeboy you gotta die
meet your maker, never no faker
i grind for mine, big boy I shine for mine
that nigga performed, pressed yo girl!

see?
rap her soul

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