

King Gordy f/ Sal**"Stress"**

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[King Gordy]

People wonder why
I'm violent. Look at my life
Look at all the things I go through
I hope you know you
are a victim if you listen to this
You're ready to start a riot cuz you're feelin this shit
Your boss is getting on your goddamn nerves, ay?
Talkin bout he ain't see you at work lately, stop hating
and pay me
Soon as I get it I shall get in my car
play this song, my main attention is in the bar. (YOU'RE
A ROCKSTAR!)

Let me get a try at the cops
Give me that old number seven, Jackie Dan on the
rocks
Give me two, give me three, give me fo' here we go
Ready to blow, take what you like and sip it, yo
Feeling invincible. Hittin them switches slow
Drivin off in the night, pretty predictable
And you think you got a worthless life?
Baby trust me, it can't be no worse than mine. No
stress!

[Chorus - Sal]

You hate your job, you're so depressed. STRESS!
You just wanna get paid
Stayed on the block, now you're homeless. STRESS!
Beggin for some change and I said
I so hate this, but I embrace it
I can fly... STRESS!

[King Gordy]

So what your wife left ya? I know you missin her
A couple shots of Jackie Dan, man you wont remember
her
We'll have a fun time-a Drinkin Budweiser
And some hard lima. Don't bring your wife-a
We came to have a party, listen to heavy metal
Just hope it doesn't start then, hit 'em with heavy metal
I have no fears. I was born in here

I stayed in here. I invaded every where in here
Me and Paradime passed sipping times
and woke up ordering Jack Daniels and Lemon Lime
People meets us in arenas HARDCORE!
Cost it, slam this until theres blood on the floor
When you're black, pierce your ears. Tattoo your face
You got a lot of youth to waste, baby chose your fate
Quite complainin about how bad you feel
If you that sad for real, go get mad and kill. No stress!

[Chorus - Sal]

You hate your job, you're so depressed. STRESS!
You just wanna get paid
Stayed on the block, now you're homeless. STRESS!
Beggin for some change and I said
I so hate this, but I embrace it
I can fly... STRESS!

[King Gordy]

Get right in the middle, they wont be checkin for
demos
No respect I will give you. I'm cutthroat
All the sessions continue just let me help you get rid of
this, just
be sexy, give me what you lust fo
The place is shakin. Barricades is brakin
Crazy change like Vegas Insane occasions
Blast from the scully uh
banned from America. Trashin terror
Nigga what the fuck?

[Sal]

I got choices. My voice has been silenced
I fell in love with the hate and the violence
And like a time bomb I tic and I toc
And I'm not gonna stop, like a bomb about to drop
This shit is something we can all relate to
If you ain't feelin it now it's gonna get to you
Now I'm upset about the bills that I can't pay
Barely enough to get me by, feel like a slave

[Chorus - Sal]

You hate your job, you're so depressed. STRESS!
You just wanna get paid
Stayed on the block, now you're homeless. STRESS!
Beggin for some change and I said
I so hate this, but I embrace it
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