

# Knightowl, Don't Stress

(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 hh

(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 belive 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)