

Organized Konfusion, Stress (Remix)

(Pharoahe Monch)

Yo, it's the verbal assault weapon with words uncanny
You can fool me but I cannot f**k with Rudy Gulliani
Press the panic button, shit it's the schizophrenic, can it
I can kill it from the West Coast to the Atlantic
Nowadays it seems it's hard to maintain
Can't take the stress, yes God, I'm going insane
If you can fill my veins say "Yes"
If you can feel the pain say "Stress"
Pharoahe, I possess the skills to bring it to yor chest
With lyrics and manifestation for the entire nation
With his excellency Prince standing next to me
And especially Extra P on the SP
12 zero zero, I stand tall and be a hero
In times of stress, the Pharoahe won't fess

Crush, kill, destroy, stress (Repeat 16x)

(Large Professor)

Now nothing ain't deeper than having to throw a nigga in the sleeper
Don't stress, and take that shit from Large Profess
Cause I be on the train trying to maintain
Getting lower than the whole while the record man gain
And it make me want to sting somebody, with the shottie
Cause I can't relate to living less than great
So I while I make a fat beat to eat
Some of my mans from John Ball high school are sleeping in the street
That stress shit is ill, if you let it, it will
Having your ass on the staircase smoking a scrill
Never that for me, nigga my name's Extra P
I can't afford to be stressed the f**k out in '93
Or '94, cause everybody knows my solution
to being stressed is looking at the front door

Crush, kill, destroy, stress (Repeat 8x)

(Prince Poetry)

God knows I can't take this stress
Working my fingers to the bone, my middle fingers for all you rap singers
Not representing your hood
I stroll through the projects giving niggas dap cause my respect's good
Verbal assassinator, sharp with the tounge, I come
Out of my pockets to fulfill a wish before another brother
And another one, that you're looking for
Mr. Bigot, officer, I'm legit, now can you dig it?
Hey lady, I don't want your pocketbook, my black ass
Don't like my ass black? I'd rather cross the street leaving a stupid look
On your grill, spark a phil, parlay
?Hosey toe? in the spot, call up ?Concay?
Extra Large Profess, give the rest of the old funk
So what I left the rhyme on the dresser
My man Dy-Lou, he's in this, rest in peace, you're in here
?Reckapice? you be the daddy, God knows you're in there
Sincere's the queer cause the East is representing
Baby doll, Prince is my name, shit's real, so listen