

# Cannibal Ox, Stress Rap

(Vordul Megalon)

Yo the NY city got a nigga feelin' shitty  
tryin' to make it through the struggle  
niggas bubble in the jungle selling crack by the bundles  
yo these raps might hunt you like a cat in the jungle  
spittin' lines off the humble  
make your whole team crumble, what the fuck made you fumble?  
in these streets where they fuck you like the face of a demon  
I repent every evening, trapped in the ?, starvin', never eatin'  
yo I stay bleedin', while you jakes stay tryin' to take freedom  
I'm like just a brother tryin' break even  
movin' through these odd(?) days watchin' every snake breathin'  
ready to deface the ? at night  
i'm just tryin' to reshape the meaning of life  
flowing on mics, blowing you types off of the earth  
livin' it worse, ready to burst on the first  
thinking he got it, yo, the apple stays rotten

(Chorus - Vordul)

stress rap, this applies to where we rest at  
NY City full with nothing but stressed cats  
that wanna test that flame of yours, but not ready  
when we aim, the war's absolute retaliation against all  
for real

Vast Aire (Vordul):

(starvin... Harlem)

yo, yo, elohim, with the rhyme scheme  
and when the lyrics leave the mouth they look like light beams  
with wings attached to mic I say fly rhymes  
read between the lines (Aire Vast lines)  
the beat be tryin' to sex me and marry me  
I'm talking white picket fence and a family (of Vasts)  
they stand behind me, and reflect reality  
stage one- master of ceremonies  
and when the seven magnificent walked in  
raisin' hell to lower heaven  
we explored all the crevices  
brothers is mad I wear knowledge like a third degree, burn,  
light the match, put it to the rhyme book, make sure it all fits in the urn  
the cream of life, beats and rhymes are butter  
that in which I churn  
stupid, you could say these masculine thoughts are homosexual  
'cause they blow heads like that dead clothes designer  
all men were created equal, emcees are uneven  
ask blind man Steven if he's even seen how the sunset looks  
that's something you couldn't feel with a braille book  
I'm hear to smack your ear drum long, so hum along  
let's communicate with rhythm, tell 'em to come along  
you'll get smacked right in the kisser like Jackie Gleason  
and watch sun/son set it off like light decreasing, oh shit  
watch sun/son set it off like light decreasing

(Chorus)

Vordul (Vast):

(What's going on?) Everything going wrong in the ghetto  
cops Desert Storm on blocks lettin' off  
and they gettin' off on the ease  
on the corner Ds hop out of unmarked Vs and squeeze 'till we on our knees  
? po' on ice put us in the freeze on the streets of  
bloody beasts, hoodies and fiends  
I stay muddy in a sleeze  
with ozs, breathin' through the vein cold

got my whole frame froze  
tryin' to escape hold  
twist off the L, they got ice in my grill and i'm dirty  
and all i need for them to unlawfully search me  
throw me in a cell, seven thirty  
with thoughts hurtin', searchin' for freedom  
we tryin' to get it and we stay bleedin'  
hear that, one time i'll scream pheonix

(Vast)

yo it's the starvin', happy Harlem, rap magician  
chained underwater, in sixty seconds the body's missing  
snake in the grass at six feet you can hear him hissinn'  
I got a problem with your mouth, so I don't listen  
stress rap, you got one, I got five  
you do yours, I do mine, but I'm still alive  
they used to call me crazy joe, had a bazooka  
now they can call me batman, beyond your maneuvers  
shit, I'm Addams Fam to the bone marrow  
fuck a soul, even God knows this body is hollow  
you love New York, but New York don't love you  
you're just a toy with Lucille Ball's hairdo  
on the mic it's all magic and I got short sleeves  
and I'm just that nice, I might let you breathe  
put a mic in front of me, and I'm gonna bless it  
hummingbird style, seventy times in one second  
hummingbird style, seventy times in one second

(Chorus 2X)