

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 hiss'n'
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)