

Dre Dog (Andre Nickatina), The Stress Factor

Don't push me cause i'm close to the edge
I'm trying not to lose my head
Sometime I sit alone
And look deep into my soul
And i starrin down at something
That's very out a control
Tolerance at zero
Emotions dead and gone
If indo was a pebble
then i'd be a stone
Patience low I rest to go
I got's to get Ahead
Motherf**k these hoes
And Impose I got to get my bread
The streets say nothing nice
They quit it like the idus
And everybody dippin seein
who can get the highest
Now check this out
without a doubt
And about to come fresher
And about that cab
And protect that ass
Don't pannic under pressure
My stabbin like a whip
Or better an aligator
temper going up and down like a
Like a f**king elevator
bitch I want it know
Don't give me no delay's
My hustlin got me trippin
Listen from my ike turner way's
Man this life is real
No time to be an actor
And i'll play no man
let me know
It's like the stress factor

I want to grow old
have a kid and a place to sleep
A down ass wife
And when I die i'll rest in peece
But man that's all a dream
This donja got me trippin
It got me feelin bleak
But I can't remember what I did last week
Now look at my face
This shit ain't fake
The pain to turn to pressure
Every nigga that know me
Don't cop down to that pressure
My mother woke me up
One day said "boy you gettin grown"
Your momma has 3 jobs
Your momma is gettin known

So I took it as a hint
When ohh my missions free
Mind full of hatred
got me f**kers time is hard you see
That monkeys on my back
And I can't get him off
So whatever I do

Mom it's just for you
No matter what the cost
I put that on my life
Everything I see is dark
Money is rare
But I don't care
Stop that niggaz heart
He's comin on a big wheel
I'm comin on a tractor
Man take this hate
It's too late
It's called th stress factor

Some think that i'm the man
Some think my shit don't stink
But yes it do
I thought you knew
I'm not a coward nor a fink
One side of my heart got love
The other side is hate
Boy that hate is steamin love
Right in it's f**kin face
Women ask me how i'm livin
I tell them day by day
With a donja joint
That lovely voice
A mr. Marvin gay
And I got to get away
That just might do some good
But every time i get away
I miss the f**kin hood
My homie lost his job
He don't know how to react
So I do thangs to help him out
Like to a little crac
That shit's over rated
Niggas Complicated
But you would never know
From that cat flow
How the pictures painted
Motherf**kers wisper
And think I don't hear them
And wonder why i'm over high
And never go near them
But love to all my niggas
from workin to mid jackers
Cause matter what you feel
Cause it's called the stress factor