

Kane & Able, Stress

(Talking)

Hey Nigga

This is our last time bonita

After this, we out

I'm tellin you

We die together

An eye for an eye (In Italian)

A tooth for a tooth (In Italian)

An eye for an eye

A tooth for a tooth

All my niggas

Feel me

(Verse 1)

I can't rest

So much stress to live illegal

My uncle on death row

Waiting to get the needle

Holla if you hear me, people

This dope game is evil

A bloody river runnin through the ghetto

That new born baby

In the dumpster

She been dead for a week

While the dope fiend momma

Gettin high on the street

Gettin beat by police

Still prayin for peace

Niggas playin for keeps

Yellow tape and white sheets

And time is going by so slowy

I plead insanity

My family my homies

Sick of swallowing rocks

To avoid them cops on the block

Sick of judges, lawyers, and cell blocks

This ghetto got me thinkin about death

When will it stop

Either you punch the clock

Or you open up shop

Chorus

Everyday I'm livin with stress

So I smoke the cess (I don't wanna die in the ghetto)

To the get the pain of my chest

Everyday I'm livin with stress

So I smoke the cess (Please don't let me die in the ghetto)

To the get the pain of my chest

Everyday I'm livin with stress

So I smoke the cess (I don't wanna die in the ghetto)

To the get the pain of my chest

Everyday I'm livin with stress

So I smoke the cess (Please don't let me die in the ghetto)

To the get the pain of my chest

(Verse 2)

Gettin murdered by the hands of a buster

Over respect

Last night my little homie cought a bullet in the neck

Look in his eyes

He kinda looked surprised in his last breath

But life goes on for niggas
Throwin up they set
In terror
In the ghetto when this shit ain't stoppin
Niggas run in your crib
And make references to why your momma
Washin fiends
Never with a fly
Chasin a high
And gettin AIDS from a bitch
Ain't no way to die
And everyday I'm seeing signs
Of the end of the world
My nigga Bobby killed himself and his lady
In front of his baby girl
Feds, watch a nigga
Tryin to make the bus
But niggas stay strapped
And gats, we trust (C'mon)

Chorus

(Verse 3)
Bill Clinton in the White House
F**king hoes
Innocent kids gettin shot on my block
Casket closed
Hear the niggas in the cell blocks
Screaming for freedom
Tryin to cop a cigarette for stress
Cause they need them
Remember JJ got shot
In a high speed chase
Busted in the back
Through the license plate
My reality is fatality
I verbalize pain before I be another casualty
Infared beam on the glock
Just aim and pop
You see me for a split second
And your dead and got
I try to tell these young kids
Go to school
They wanna smoke weed, gang bang, and act a fool
They don't hear me though

(Talking)
Yeah man
It's sad you know
We ain't got no jump shot
Can't play football
We ain't got no money for college
But I see these niggas on the block
Rolling with their fancy cars
Fancy gold
Fancy hoes
Nigga, I'ma get it how I live
You know
I'ma y'all young niggas some advice
Don't get greedy nigga
Get what you came for
To many niggas dying

Trying to prove something to another nigga
Be true to yourself
True to what you know nigga
Stay true to the gizzame