

Stress Builds

Bizzy Bone

And for all the drama thats goin on
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pop pop pop pop
one of these stress pills in your mouth..

In the midst in the darkest nights
Sparkin off the highest flights
And project buildings blastin civilians
But skull-white from cycles of the psycho children
Millions in the revenue, what we seek in these avenues
Steady breakin down crumbs for the Royal Crown
Amongst animals, to the half of you
Understand the mindstate of the most official
I ride with this demonstration, you will die for your fuckin issues
It's drama kickin off, infrared lasers is blazin hot
Burnin up your whole block, lord forgive them they noooo not
Fuck a cop. with the blood clot, buck 'em til they holla
We gon let it rain like Nina Ross
with Tommy-gun-monsta rockets
Eventually niggaz die by crashes of crimson tide
Slippin time in yo life, lines is fallen... I'm energized
it's live baby, airin' out your strip with fo-fives
crazy drama get solved with fatal rocka bye-bye's babay

Drama's runnin up on ya
when I come round the corner with a pocketful of marijuana
got full of void, and got me searchin for the telly
takin to my celly, put out the order
and tell 'em bust it in ya mother fuckin belly
Ain't you ready?
If the world should end again, I don't really wanna
but I'm gonna be ready for the ending
that's the drama, and if you really wanna
you can date it right back to the beginning
Now who's the fillin villain of karma
original militant be marchin in armours
Guess who, Guess who, Guess who, Guess who...
And comin out the kitchen, plenty ammunition
runnin, buckin, jumpin outta the window
my gun bustin and bleedin so fast
bleedin from the glass
tellin myself 'jump up and let off another blast'
through the alleys in a beat-up Malley
To the riots in Pelican Bay
Where the fellas say pop-pop-pop everyday

Floss mode, for my people
got me rappin crap where I shouldn't be
layed back, fucked up on hennesey
bitch you know me
dem diggin, daggin everythang
now how the fuck am I gonna get rich?
'cause lick, jack that bitch, kill this bitch
hide this bitch, hop in the Benz with bizzy
promise you won't say shit
sing, for the Calico

yes, I believe in God
run up in on his car door
homeboy you gotta die
meet your maker, never no faker
i grind for mine, big boy I shine for mine
that nigga performed, impressed yo girl!
doin things your man dream about
sing
rap hustle