

The Stress of This Place" Pt. 2

*The Stress of this place
Causes it to be barren and full of waste
Hell there's only time being done
So why not recirculate the air and limit light from the sun
Life moving fast at a standstill
But then just like that I might have to kill or be killed
On the hunt for a hustle or an angle
Maybe I could rob, steal, or find me a gamble
Or partake in some other religious activity
Seeing as how I'm already used to living on my knees
What's on TV? Can I borrow a CD?
I'm going crazy with all this built up energy
But there's limited let go's or outlets
Plus I don't do boys or practice self sex
My state is confused and I'm obese with doubt
So I constantly workout hoping it will all work out
My hardest choice is to choose a seasoning pack
And from all these Bombays I have pains in my back
As I watch my emotions run across the ceiling
I might be on the transfer list because they think that I'm personal dealing
But there I go again trying to have all the sense
And attempting to control what goes on beyond the fence
But that's like a tail being chased.....
Or is it just "The Stress of This Place"*

The Wordist - WAM