

"The Stress of This Place" Pt. 8

*I'm just here like some lame setting duck
Tell me why there's always cold air coming from the air ducts
And why are they always feeding me soy and turkey products
Damn another emergency count so I got my ID out
There would be one less to calculate if they would just let me out
Better be on point, the cert team is twenty deep
And I could go to the hole if I ain't quick on my feet
So I never have not one second to waste
But I'm safe because when I got the pack I rented a suitcase
There no more green dot and pay pal froze my account
B-----es snitchin, how else would Neal find out
Can somebody please sale me a picture ticket?
Just spoke to shorty on the three-way and she say she might visit
So that's goanna be 30, 30, 60, 90
But it ain't my E.F.# so the camera got to find me
See everything here is a wheel and a deal
Never giving ourselves time for the sores to heal
Steady picking and scratching on the scab
Now things are worse when they only use to be bad
But no matter what religion, sect, domination, or race
You find yourself stressed if you ever enter this place*

The Wordist — WAM