

# Fed Up (Remix) [feat. Guru]

## House of Pain

Lord have mercy

Lord have mercy

I got demons running through my slate  
They like to creep when my thoughts get deep  
Scheming, trying to find a place to fit in  
And manifest itself in the form of a sin  
If I was rin tin tin I'd rip the skin off of lassie  
The shit you talk is idle threatening to blast me  
You high on gas like a rastaman bought it  
Don't set it off kid and get me started  
Cause you're highly regarded when you're dearly departed  
But momma's still crying asking God why in  
The world could you take her only child  
When you was fronting on the streets like you was buckwild  
To keep it real kid you gots to stay humble  
You can't fumble and if you gots to rumble  
Then word to bryant gumble I'm a live for today  
And God bless the man that steps in my way  
Cause if I said it somebody's getting wetted  
So just keep your cool and everything's copasetic  
Pull out your heater kid spit your razor  
And mine'll still be the intellect that plays ya  
Cause when the mike check I'm high tech skills are apparent  
You can play the child kid I'll play the parent  
Cause I'm a be responsible for your schooling  
But I won't change your diapers or do your car poolin  
Chorus  
Get up I'll break ya down a little somethen'  
I'm fed up it's time to go head huntin'  
Dead up too many crews be frontin'  
I'm fed up it's time to go head huntin'  
Get up I'll break ya down a little somethin'  
I'm fed up it's time to go head huntin'  
Dead up too many crews be frontin'

I'm fed up it's time to go head huntin'  
Lord have some mercy on my soul  
Now why everybody making shit that's  
unreal

Cause the (ayanon) man he wants mass appeal  
Forgetting all about how it's supposed to feel  
Kids be going out for the record deal  
So if you pull out the clap then bust your cap

Or I'm a make like the man and drop bomb on your gat  
But don't snap cause this ain't hbo  
Kid you got no benz plus you got no dough  
While you say that though you trying to gain that ho  
Used to be you had to rhyme about stuff you know  
I don't need mtv to make no bucks  
I rock styles that make you say ah who dat waz?  
Who that was is the man of all hours  
Sending all star players straight back to the showers  
Fake hard rocks are really just cowards  
I master dub plates like my name's herb powers  
I getcha open like hunting season  
I make papers don't front on the reason  
Cause I'm seizing up every day  
You say carpe diem I call em like I see em

Songwriters

CREWE, BOB/CALELLO, CHARLES/SCHRODY, ERIK/DIMONT, L  
Published by  
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>