Tired

Deniro Farrar

Sick of putting work in the plastic Off-white work, Michael Jackson Sick and tired of running, ducking, dodging these cases Down to kill a nigga when it comes to big faces Going in a fuck nigga mouth, no braces White girl cocaine crazy Let her snort lines till' her body start shaking Feelin like a rafer in the 80's Can't get money, these fuck niggas talking If a nigga cross em', my shooters gone off em' Living like kings, manoeuvre like bosses Want everythang, we ain't takin' no losses Light turn green, better hope you ready Selling break-down my nigga that's petty Straight drop, dope, make the fiends go crazy Stealin' from they family, abandon they babies First of the month, fuck you, pay me Gotta get money, I just had babies Gotta get money, cuz the fuckin' rent do Aim at ya' head, nigga won't miss you Ridin' in the rental hand on my 2 Paranoia like a bitch, still doing what I do I don't really want 2, but I feel like I gotta Main bitch be holdin' me down, she a rider Don't need scales for the work, I'm higher Straight from the mudhouse, built this empire Couldn't keep a job, shit, I always got fired Turn to the streets, then a nigga got hired Servin' all this work, got my name on fire If your bitch made it, somebody gone try her Make a couple mill, maybe then, I'll retire Smoke 10 blunts, won't get no higher, bitch Tired of robbin' (Tired of hustlin') Sick of dodgin' (Tired of duckin') Sick of fussin' (Tired of fightin') Done with rappin' (Tired of writin')Tired of robbin' (Tired of hustlin') Sick of dodgin' (Tired of duckin') Sick of fussin' (Tired of fightin') Done with rappin' (Tired of writin')Tired of robbin' (Tired of hustlin') Sick of dodgin' (Tired of duckin')

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Done with rappin' (Tired of writin')Tired of robbin' (Tired of hustlin')

Sick of dodgin' (Tired of duckin')

Sick of fussin' (Tired of fightin')

Done with rappin' (Tired of writin')Sick of putting weed in the bag, smokin' cigarettes till my mouth taste ashy

Can't see me, fuck nigga need glasses

Better drop rounds boys oops they plastic

Tryna' make my last 20 stretch like elastic

Hood hot and the police harrasin'

Threw me on the ground and they talk to me nasty

Holes in my shoes and my blue jeans ashy

Can't get a bitch, Imma live with Ashley

She in love with money, so the situation tragic

I'm a broke nigga, so we always clashin'

Dropped outta school, shit I was barely passin'

Used to be an underdog, now I'm like a captain

Grew up in the streets, yeah, I never had a daddy

Payed a couple bills, tryna' make momma happy

But she say money never bring satisfaction

How the fuck you know? We ain't ever had it

Flyin' on my rug and I'm feelin' like Aladdin

Smokin' this kush, making me lag

Heart start beatin', heart start collapsin'

Baby on the way, bout to be a pappy

Gotta leave the trap and make this rap happen

Ain't gotta job, she always askin'

Shit I'm tryna' make lil baby girl happy

But she ain't happy nigga, but I'm happy with her

Work hard tryin' not to be a savage nigga

Sick of livin' my life like an average nigga

Spendin' money really hard, tryna stack it nigga

Sick of puttin this work in the baggin' nigga

Play with my money, imma smash it nigga

Chasing this cash got me so tired

Smoke 10 blunts won't get no higher

BitchTired of robbin' (Tired of hustlin')

Sick of dodgin' (Tired of duckin')

Sick of fussin' (Tired of fightin')

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Sick of fussin' (Tired of fightin')

Done with rappin' (Tired of writin')End

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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