

Fed Up Remix

House Of Pain

I say brothers are amused by other brother's reps
But they're all playin' roles just like Omar Epps
I see so many players, I wonder where the coach is
My name's Everlast I'm hard to kill like roaches
The dough that you're makin' has got you frontin' and fakin'
Your heart's been shook, your brain's cooked like bacon
Can't believe you're not butter, you thought you was on it
Out tryin' to flaunt it, but it's just Blue Bonnet
And now it's my turn, kid, so watch me churn
There's only so many spots, they hard to earn
Pack it up, pack it in
Let me begin
Too many men are judged by the color of their skin
The apparatus gets blessed, suckers get put to rest
The more the impure, I got the cure for his vest
The whackest, is spreadin' like a plague
MC's they wanna get paid, but they can hit the f*****' grave
How many times are wannabe's gonna try
Yo, they must wanna die
'Cause they can't touch the knowledge I personify
I travel through the darkest, carryin' my torch
The illest soldier when I'm holdin' down the fort
For some time now, a thousand scrolls and manuscripts
When I start to go all out, you be like damn he flipped
Now I'm sick and fed up with the bull shit
I got that lyrical full clip
When you sellout to appeal to the masses
You have to go back and enroll in some classes
All you earth pieces start shakin' your asses
All you blunt holders take two pulls and pass it
Back in '89 I dropped too much acid
Rock from Lake Habasu, out to Lake Placid
While you busy braggin' on the people you've blasted
I'm askin' how many days have you fasted
CHORUS:
Get up, I'll break it down a little somethin'
I'm fed up, it's time to go head huntin'
Dead up, too many crew be frontin'
I'm fed up, it's time to go head huntin'

I'm sick, demented, smack my manager

The professional, addressin' all y'all amateurs
And to your back I got the ???tres crown sienté???
Tell me why you tryin' to claim you were gangsta baby
And let's suppose you really had a burner
You still would need some lessons on how to hold it firmer
Fuck a murder, I'm a just kill your ego
'Cause we know, that you ain't really got no people
Mutterin' about, my man this, my homey that
You need to get the f*** out my face 'cause you don't know me jack
I say eeny, meney, miny, mo
I put seeds in your mental, and I watch them grow
Turn on the instrumental and clock my flow
Put the dough in my pocket, and I rock the show
'Cause I know, and you know, this is how we do
[Salama lakem] to the Muslim
[Shalom] to the Hebrew
Greed, lust, envy, sloth
Gluttony, pride, and wrath, do the math
These seven deadly sins represent my jinn
You schemin' on testin' me, kid, where you been
I've been told all my life I'm a only friend
There's a killer on the road, money, it's the end
And you might think that I'm a dummy
But while you're out at the spot, I'm home chillin' with your honey
I kicks flavor
Like Steven King a write the horror
If you want to see tomorrow, and when I lead, you best to follow
Or you'll be left along the road in the dust
And me and you won't have too much to discuss
I don't know why, MC's will come to test the ???eye and I???
Master of self, my wealth, it's just my state of mind
I stack my loot, just for the rainy day
And you can pour out your 40, for rappers I slay
I'm the quick draw, the outlaw, I doubt your
Ready to f*** with me, so boy stop
Or I'm a beat that ass like your pops
[Get the real estate, money, and then the props]CHORUS
VERSE:
Cockni O'Dire

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