

If I Had

Furney

Life

By Marshal Mathers

What is life?

Life is like a big obstacle

In front of your optical to slow you down
And every time you think you gotten past it
It's gonna come back around and tackle you to the damn ground

What are friends?

Friends are people that you think are your friends

But they really your enemies, with secret identities

And disguises, to hide they true colors

So just when you think you close enough to be brothers

They want to come back and cut your throat when you ain't lookin'
What is money?

Money is what makes a man act funny

Money is the root of all evil

Money'll make them same friends come back around

Swearing that they was always down
What is life?

I'm tired of life

I'm tired of backstabbing ass snakes with friendly grins

I'm tired of committing so many sins

Tired of always giving in when this bottle of Henny wins

Tired of never having any ends

Tired of having skinny friends hooked on crack and many things

I'm tired of this DJ playing your shit when he spins

Tired of not having a deal

Tired of having to deal with the bullshit without grabbing the steel

Tired of drowning in my sorrow

Tired of having to borrow a dollar for gas to start my Monte Carlo

I'm tired of motherfuckers spraying shit and dartin' off

I'm tired of jobs startin' off at five fifty an hour

Then this boss wonders why I'm smartin' off

Tired of being fired every time I fart and cough

Tired of having to work as a gas station clerk

For this jerk breathing down my neck driving me berserk

I'm tired of using plastic silverware

Tired of working in Building Square

Tired of not being a millionaire

But if I had a million dollars

I'd buy a damn brewery, and turn the planet into alcoholics
If I had a magic wand,
I'd make the world suck my dick

Without a condom on,
While I'm on the john
If I had a million bucks
It wouldn't be enough,
Because I'd still be out
Robbing armored trucks
If I had one wish
I would ask for a big enough ass
For the whole world to kiss I'm tired of being white trash, broke and always poor
Tired of taking pop bottles back to the party store
I'm tired of not having a phone
Tired of not having a home
To have one in if I did have it on
Tired of not driving a B-M
Tired of not working at G-M, tired of wanting to be him
Tired of not sleeping without a Tylenol P-M
Tired of not performing in a packed coliseum
Tired of not being on tour
Tired of fucking the same blond whore
After work in the back of a Contour
I'm tired of faking knots with a stack of ones
Having a lack of funds and resorting back to guns Tired of being stared at
I'm tired of wearing the same damn Nike Air hat
Tired of stepping in clubs wearing the same pair of Lugz
Tired of people saying they're tired of hearing me rap about drugs
Tired of other rappers who ain't bringin' half the skill as me
Saying they wasn't feeling me when nobody's as ill as me
I'm tired of radio stations telling fibs
Tired of J-L-be saying "Where Hip-Hop Lives" But if I had a million dollars
I'd buy a damn brewery, and turn the planet into alcoholics
If I had a magic wand, I'd make the world suck my dick
Without a condom on, while I'm on the john If I had a million bucks
It wouldn't be enough, because I'd still be out
Robbing armored trucks
If I had one wish
I would ask for a big enough ass
For the whole world to kiss
You know what I'm saying?
I'm tired of all of this bullshit
Telling me to be positive
How'm I 'sposed to be positive when I don't see shit positive?
Know what I'm sayin'?
I rap about shit around me, shit I see
Know what I'm sayin'?
Right now I'm tired of everything

Tired of all this player hating that's going on in my own city
Can't get no airplay, you know what I'm sayin'?
But ey, it's cool though, you know what I'm sayin'?
Just fed up
That's my word

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