

## Tired

Everlast

We can go  
Soul for soul  
Over mic control  
Kid you can't touch me with a ten foot pole  
And I even made the devil sell me his jewels  
He was out to cold mock me  
And play you for fools  
Kid, you know the rules  
Must be smokin' super cools  
Try to diss me on the low  
Got to be a psycho  
That's aight though  
You know you won't see me shakin'  
I'm out to blow the spot  
On who's real and who's fakin'  
Who's given'  
Who's taken'  
Who's livin'  
Who's starvin'  
Diss me on the mic  
It's time for headstone carvin'  
And then tap right ya, I'll strike ya like lightin'  
Dissolve ya like powder  
So turn it up louder  
Go on pump the wattage  
Get the cheese by cottage  
I like mean streaks  
I like Spanish freaks  
I like Korean barbecue  
I'm like old school beats'  
Cause...

I'm sick of all the shit that's droppin'  
And I'm tired of all the lip that's poppin'  
And all the wack attitudes people coppin'  
I'm only tryin' to get a few heads boppin' (2x)

It go bang bang boogie  
I'm sick like a loogie  
I'm wiser than bud  
I'm thicker than blood  
I'm older than time  
I'm only from divine  
How can you be so bold and think that you'll take mine  
I'm cash like Johnny  
It's the highway man  
And I'm walkin' this line the best way I can  
With my farmer's tan  
And my bloodshot eyes  
I ain't bodied no one  
I ain't chopped no bod  
With the butter's from the gutters  
I'm about to explode  
And blow the spot for folk nave  
Up the Gun Hill Road  
Like artillery shells  
Been from heaven to hell

And I'm a say a little prayer for every rapper that fell  
'Cause...

I'm sick of all the shit that's droppin'  
And I'm tired of all the lip that's poppin'  
And all the wack attitudes people coppin'  
I'm only tryin' to get a few heads boppin' (2x)