

Nothing in my cupboard but the Mi Goreng
Steady in my stomach as the weed boring
I'mma keep scorin', get a heap more an'
Hot box the booth while I'm recording

People sleepin' on me keep snorin'
These ups and downs got me seesawin'
Catch a case, coppers got me reportin'
Piss test comin', but I keep pourin'

Too many jacks to relax, that's my state of mind
Might get whacked by mate of mine
Come try, boy. Pay the price
I'mma swing on you cats like you made of vines

Need rehab, I'm made of binds?
But I'm stubborn as fuck, I remain behind
Rather sip this shit and wake up hating life
Do it all again to take the weight off my mind

Used to never say no, brah
Helpin' all of my homies
Most of them have turned cobra
Now I'm sitting here lonely

I don't really care cuz all the fakes'll get a headbutt
And the rest of you snakes get ya heads cut
Rappers they bitin' like bed bugs
Sick of t'bullshit, sick of the headfucks

Sick of the bullshit, sick of the headfucks
Sick of the headfucks, sick of the bullshit
Sick of the bullshit

Cocaine sittin' all up in my nose
Propane spittin' all up in my flows
Too many people, want a free ride from me
Nowdays, but I ain't fuckin' wit those

My whole life I've been a reject
Too busy tryin' to get the money up to pay to weed debt
People see I'm full of regret, but
Sick of me saying in my songs I wanna be dead

I ain't fuckin' wit nobody
Why they fuckin' with me?
Got so much shit up on my plate
But still got nothing to eat

I been down, and I stay down
But this ghetto shit has been played out
I'mma stand up man, never laid down
When I say shit, it be straight out

I been up writin' all night
Drop that 'cid, take the ride of my life
Dumb flow rappers be bitin' my pipe

Everybody double timin'. Now they're bitin' my lines

Got me thinkin' why do I write?
Nobody knows I'm the dopest
So long, haven't seen the white in my eyes
Now I'm smoking the dope just to focus

My bro's doing a bid
My dad's doin a bid
I'm still going to court
I'm not going to win

I told you motherfuckers that
I'm sick of the bullshiit
But I'm still holding the towel
And not throwing it in

I be stranger than tech nine
Sick of being late so I'm changin' the deadline
Ever since a baby, I've hustled to get mine
Probably why t'demons come alive when it's bed time

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