## Everlast, Tired

Make you 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 givin', who's takin', 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 But...

## CHORUS:(2x)

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'

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...

## **CHORUS**