

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