

# M.C. Breed, Seven Years

(feat. SFD)

Yeah

Seven years of this bullshit  
SFD gon' put that shit on the line for yo ass

(Seven years of bullshit)

[VERSE 1: member 1 of SFD]

Ain't this kinda funny how the shit done changed now?  
It's been seven years of the same old shit, had to put my foot down  
Now I'm lookin through my eyes a little clearer  
Cause next year, ah, I be the nigga in the mirror  
Sellin tapes, now people wanna celebrate  
Get me for a high rate on my contract - gimme my shit back!  
I ain't no fool tryin to make no quick moves  
I can wait, cause I'm already seven years late  
From that bullshit, in one ear and out the fuckin other  
Always borrowin my money from my pops and my mother  
The music seminars, 'Jack The Rapper', 3 years  
Do nothin but talk shit and drink beers  
Fuckin hoes after other niggas' shows  
Ain't that kinda tired?  
Yo, I'm tired of that shit, I need to quit  
But I'm gon' hang in this game till this game get my loot on  
If I gotta kick mo' shit, let me put my fuckin boots on

[CHORUS: MC Breed]

Seven years, seven years

Seven years, seven years

Of sweat and tears

And what?

(Seven years of bullshit) [x2]

□

Yeah, I'm sick and tired

Sick and tired of the bullshit

B.S., I'm sick and tired of the bull [x2]

[VERSE 2: member 2 of SFD]

I love it, bein in the eyes of the public  
Every time I made a tape, my niggas wanna dub it  
If you wanted to count dub tapes up in my hood  
Nigga, we went gold  
Without one of em bein sold  
But I'm tired and I'm sick  
Sick and tired of that bullshit  
Gettin thicker than liqour  
Drinkin got a nigga thinkin  
What should I do? Whatever I do, I gots to do it quick  
Somehow I got to hit myself a lick  
Put yourself in my predicament  
What would you do?  
Quick to get your cheese on  
Makin the g's with ease on  
The streets, cause the gees on  
The streets say they got love  
But where in the fuck is that love at?  
Fat sacks, packin gats, black, I would love that  
But they ain't kickin out no lick, so to hell with it  
Let me bail with it  
And I'm straight before the ace show up  
If I'm number 1, then I'm stuck  
In this business fucked  
I done paid my dues, so what up?

[CHORUS]

Nigga, this ain't the chain gang, muthafucka  
Yeah

[VERSE 3: MC Breed]

I've been on the road of my come-up since 1985  
And I figured to get bigger, nigga gots to get live  
I've strived to collect my dividends  
(How you come up?)  
A friend knew a friend knew a friend  
I got an attitude, ain't no gratitude  
About that shit you done did me with  
Put no rubber on your dick, bitch  
But I ain't even out to laid  
I'm learnin to get paid  
Layin my trademark down on the pave-  
ment, and leavin niggas in the back  
I'm makin hella tracks  
But ain't no hella scratch  
What the fuck's goin on, what the fuck's goin on?  
When am I get my money on from kickin all these songs?  
Yo, I'm fed up, and bout to head up to see the company  
I'm pissed, I figured it out, these sons of bitches humpin me  
And yo, that kiss is now a clip  
Cause I'm tired of the bullshit

[CHORUS]