

House Of Pain, Fed Up (Remix W, Guru)

I say brothers are amused by other brothers reps
But they're all playing roles just like Omar Epps
I see so many players I wonder where the coach is
My name's Everlast I'm hard to kill like roaches
The dough that you're making has got you fronting and faking
Your heart's been shook your brain's cooked like bacon
Can't believe you're not butter you thought you was on it
Out trying to flaunt it but it's just Blue Bonnet
And now it's my turn kid watch me churn
There's only so many spots they're had to earn
Pack it up pack it in
So let me begin
Don't make me have to smack your dumb ass into a head spin
You're left in suspense from the aura of my presence
Trying to get props under false pretense
You wanna say something but you're not sure
If I'm a dis ya cause you're not pure
Like the cheap version that gets cut with baking soda
If you had game you still couldn't get over
I know your crew's gotta be crazy weak
Cause I can judge them by the company they keep
Way deep is how I get into this rap thing
While you're napping I got your chick's titties flapping
She's asking for me to hit her off lovely
I'm a slay all you punks like as if I was ...
When you sell out to appeal to the masses
You have to go back and enroll in some classes
All you curve pieces start shaking your asses
All you blunt holders take two pulls and pass it
Back in '89 I dropped too much acid
Rock from Lake Habasoo out to Lake Placid
While you busy ragging on the people you blasted
I'm asking how many days have you fasted
Chorus
Get up I'll break ya down a little something
I'm fed up it's time to go head hunting
Dead up too many crews be fronting
I'm fed up it's time to go head hunting
Get up I'll break ya down a little something
I'm fed up it's time to go head hunting
Dead up too many crews be fronting
I'm fed up it's time to go head hunting
Hey what's that sound don't turn around
To your back I got the grey ground
Hard for you chumps that act odd
The ones faking jacks packing guns acting hard
But let's suppose you really had a burner
You would still need some lessons on how to hold it firmer
F**k a murder I'm a just kill your ego
Cause we know that you ain't really got no people
Murdering a prop my man this my homey that
You need to get the f**k out my face cause you don't know me jack
Eeny meeny miney moe
I put seeds in your mental and I watch em grow
Turn on the instrument and then clock my flow
Put the dough in my pocket and I rock the show
Cause I know and you this is how we go
Somalaku to the Muslim
Shalom to the Hebrew
Geed lust envy sloth gluttony pride and wrath do the math
These seven deadly sins represent my jinn
You scheming on testing me kid where you been
I been told all my life I'm my only friend
There's a killer on the road money it's the end

And you might think that I'm a dummy
But while you're out at the spot I'm home chilling with your honey
I kicks flavor
Like Steven King I write the horror
If you wanna see tomorrow when I lead you're best to follow
Or you'll be left along the road in the dust
And me and you won't have too much to discuss
Trust me I be the gifted unlimited
Too many of these rappers blowing up because of Guinness kid
You ain't did the bid you ain't never pulled the trigger
You battle me I make you stagger more than liquor
I get raw I'm quickdraw the outlaw I dealt ya'll
Ready to f**k with me so boy you better stop
Cause I'm a beat your ass like your pops
Get the real estate money and then the props
Chorus
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