

# 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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