

Cyprys Winkler

"Fed Up"

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I say brothers are amused by other brothers reps
But theyre all playing roles just like Omar Epps
I see so many players I wonder where the coach is
My names Everlast Im hard to kill like roaches
The dough that youre making has got you fronting and
faking
Your hearts been shook your brains cooked like bacon
Cant believe youre not butter you thought you was on it
Out trying to flaunt it but its just Blue Bonnet
And now its my turn kid watch me churn
Theres only so many spots theyre had to earn

Pack it up pack it in
So let me begin
Dont make me have to smack your dumb ass into a
head spin
Youre left in suspense from the aura of my presence
Trying to get props under false pretense
You wanna say something but youre not sure
If Im a dis ya cause youre not pure
Like the cheap version that gets cut with baking soda
If you had game you still couldnt get over
I know your crews 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 youre napping I got your chicks titties flapping
Shes asking for me to hit her off lovely
Im 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
Im asking how many days have you fasted

Chorus

Get up Ill break ya down a little something

Im fed up its time to go head hunting
Dead up too many crews be fronting
Im fed up its time to go head hunting
Get up Ill break ya down a little something
Im fed up its time to go head hunting
Dead up too many crews be fronting
Im fed up its time to go head hunting

Hey whats that sound dont 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 lets suppose you really had a burner
You would still need some lessons on how to hold it
firmer
Fuck a murder Im a just kill your ego
Cause we know that you aint really got no people
Murdering a prop my man this my homey that
You need to get the fuck out my face cause you dont
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 Im my only friend
Theres a killer on the road money its the end
And you might think that Im a dummy
But while youre out at the spot Im home chilling with
your honey

I kicks flavor
Like Steven King I write the horror
If you wanna see tomorrow when I lead youre best to
follow
Or youll be left along the road in the dust
And me and you wont have too much to discuss
Trust me I be the gifted unlimited
Too many of these rappers blowing up because of
Guinness kid
You aint did the bid you aint never pulled the trigger
You battle me I make you stagger more than liquor
I get raw Im quickdraw the outlaw I dealt yall
Ready to fuck with me so boy you better stop

Cause Im a beat your ass like your pops

Get the real estate money and then the props

Chorus

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