

## **Dalton Lacy J. And Sousa Beans**

### **"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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