

Everlast "Tired"

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Make you go
Soul for soul
Over mic control
Kid you can't touch me with a ten foot pole
And I even made the devil sell me his jewels
He was out to cold mock me
And play you for fools
Kid, you know the rules
Must be smokin' super cools
Try to diss me on the low
Got to be a psycho
That's aight though
You know you won't see me shakin'
I'm out to blow the spot
On who's real and who's fakin'
Who's givin'
Who's takin'
Who's livin'
Who's starvin'
Diss me on the mic
It's time for headstone carvin'
And every tap writin'll strike ya like lightin'
Dissolve ya like powder
So turn it up louder
Go on pump the wattage
Get the cheese by cottage
I like mean streaks
I like Spanish freaks
I like Korean barbecue
I'm like old school beats
'Cause...

CHORUS

I'm sick of all the shit that's droppin'
And I'm tired of all the lip that's poppin'
And all the wack attitudes people coppin'
I'm only tryin' to get a few heads boppin' (X2)

It go bang bang boogie
I'm sick like a loogie
I'm wiser than bud
I'm thicker than blood

I'm older than time
Molded from divine
How can you be so bold to think that you'll take mine
I'm cash like Johnny
It's the highway man
And I'm walkin' this line the best way I can
With my farmer's tan
And my bloodshot eyes
I ain't bodied no one
I ain't chopped no pies
With the butters from the gutters
I'm about to explode
And blow the spot for folk nave
Up the Gun Hill Road
Like artillery shells
Been from heaven to hell
And I'm a say a little prayer for every rapper that fell
'Cause...

CHORUS

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And I'm tired of all the lip that's poppin'
And all the wack attitudes people coppin'
I'm only tryin' to get a few heads boppin' (X2)

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