

## House Of Love

### "Fed Up Remix"

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I say brothers are amused by other brother's reps  
But they're all playin' 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 makin' has got you frontin' and fakin'  
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 tryin' to flaunt it, but it's just Blue Bonnet  
And now it's my turn, kid, so watch me churn  
There's only so many spots, they hard to earn

Pack it up, pack it in  
Let me begin  
Too many men are judged by the color of their skin  
The apparatus gets blessed, suckers get put to rest  
The more the impure, I got the cure for his vest  
The whackest, is spreadin' like a plague  
MC's they wanna get paid, but they can hit the f\*\*\*\*\*' grave  
How many times are wannabe's gonna try  
Yo, they must wanna die  
'Cause they can't touch the knowledge I personify  
I travel through the darkest, carryin' my torch  
The illest soldier when I'm holdin' down the fort  
For some time now, a thousand scrolls and manuscripts  
When I start to go all out, you be like damn he flipped  
Now I'm sick and fed up with the bull shit  
I got that lyrical full clip

When you sellout to appeal to the masses  
You have to go back and enroll in some classes  
All you earth pieces start shakin' your asses  
All you blunt holders take two pulls and pass it  
Back in '89 I dropped too much acid  
Rock from Lake Habasu, out to Lake Placid  
While you busy braggin' on the people you've blasted  
I'm askin' how many days have you fasted

CHORUS:

Get up, I'll break it down a little somethin'  
I'm fed up, it's time to go head huntin'  
Dead up, too many crew be frontin'  
I'm fed up, it's time to go head huntin'

I'm sick, demented, smack my manager  
The professional, addressin' all y'all amateurs  
And to your back I got the ???tres crown siente???  
Tell me why you tryin' to claim you were gangsta baby  
And let's suppose you really had a burner  
You still would need some lessons on how to hold it  
firmer  
Fuck a murder, I'm a just kill your ego  
'Cause we know, that you ain't really got no people  
Mutterin' about, my man this, my homey that  
You need to get the f\*\*\* out my face 'cause you don't  
know me jack

I say eeny, meney, miny, mo  
I put seeds in your mental, and I watch them grow  
Turn on the instrumental and clock my flow  
Put the dough in my pocket, and I rock the show  
'Cause I know, and you know, this is how we do  
[Salama lakem] to the Muslim  
[Shalom] to the Hebrew  
Greed, lust, envy, sloth  
Gluttony, pride, and wrath, do the math  
These seven deadly sins represent my jinn  
You schemin' on testin' me, kid, where you been  
I've been told all my life I'm a 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 chillin' with  
your honey

I kicks flavor  
Like Steven King a write the horror  
If you want to see tomorrow, and when I lead, you 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  
I don't know why, MC's will come to test the ???eye and  
I???  
Master of self, my wealth, it's just my state of mind  
I stack my loot, just for the rainy day  
And you can pour out your 40, for rappers I slay  
I'm the quick draw, the outlaw, I doubt your  
Ready to f\*\*\* with me, so boy stop  
Or I'm a beat that ass like your pops

[Get the real estate, money, and then the props]

CHORUS

VERSE:

Cockni O'Dire

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