

House Of Pain "Fed Up Remix"

Visit "[Fed Up Remix](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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
Let me begin
Too many men are judged by the color of their skin
Their apparatus gets blessed,
suckers get put to rest
The more damn pure
I got the cure for this fest
The wackness is spreading like a plague
MC's, they wanna get paid
But they cant make the fuckin' grade
How many times you wannabe's gonna try?
Yo they just style like dockers
They cant touch the knowlege I disordify
I tavel through the darkness carrying my torch like a
soldier
When I'm holdin down the fort
For some time, now
Others callin it manuscript
When I stop to go a top
They be like Damn he flipped
Now I'm sick, and fed up wit that bullshit
I got that lyrical front tip

When you sell out to appeal to the masses
You have to go back and enroll in some classes
All you worthless 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

I'm sick, demented, I smack my manager
The flow thats flessin
I'm adresssing all ya'll imatures
Cause to your back, I got the "Tre Pionce Piete"
Tell me why you tryin' to claim that you a gansta',
baby?
But let's suppose you really had a burner (suppose)
You would still 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
Murdering a prop my man this my homey that
You need to get the fuck out my face cause you don't
know me jack

Eney, 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 homes' 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 (in the dust)

And me and you won't have too much to discuss
I dont know why
MC's will come to test for ionide
Master of myself, my wealth
It's just my state of mind
I stack my loot
Just for a rainy day
And you can parch on your forty
Cause rappers I slay
I'm the quick draw
The outlaw
I doubt ya'll
Ready to fuck with me
So boy stop
Or, I'm a beat your ass
Like your pops

Hit the real estate money and then the props

[Chorus]

Visit [House Of Pain](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.