

MC Breed

"Seven Years"

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f/ SFD

Yeah

Seven years of this bullshit

SFD gon' put that shit on the line for yo ass

(Seven years of bullshit)

[VERSE 1: member 1 of SFD]

Ain't this kinda funny how the shit done changed now?

It's been seven years of the same old shit, had to put
my foot down

Now I'm lookin through my eyes a little clearer

Cause next year, ah, I be the nigga in the mirror

Sellin tapes, now people wanna celebrate

Get me for a high rate on my contract - gimme my shit
back!

I ain't no fool tryin to make no quick moves

I can wait, cause I'm already seven years late

From that bullshit, in one ear and out the fuckin other

Always borrowin my money from my pops and my
mother

The music seminars, 'Jack The Rapper', 3 years

Do nothin but talk shit and drink beers

Fuckin hoes after other niggas' shows

Ain't that kinda tired?

Yo, I'm tired of that shit, I need to quit

But I'm gon' hang in this game till this game get my
loot on

If I gotta kick mo' shit, let me put my fuckin boots on

[CHORUS: MC Breed]

Seven years, seven years

Seven years, seven years

Of sweat and tears

And what?

(Seven years of bullshit) 2x

Yeah, I'm sick and tired

Sick and tired of the bullshit

B.S., I'm sick and tired of the bull 2x

[VERSE 2: member 2 of SFD]

I love it, bein in the eyes of the public

Every time I made a tape, my niggas wanna dub it

If you wanted to count dub tapes up in my hood

Nigga, we went gold

Without one of em bein sold

But I'm tired and I'm sick

Sick and tired of that bullshit

Gettin thicker than liqour

Drinkin got a nigga thinkin

What should I do? Whatever I do, I gots to do it quick

Somehow I got to hit myself a lick

Put yourself in my predicament

What would you do?

Quick to get your cheese on

Makin the g's with ease on

The streets, cause the gees on

The streets say they got love

But where in the fuck is that love at?

Fat sacks, packin gats, black, I would love that

But they ain't kickin out no lick, so to hell with it

Let me bail with it

And I'm straight before the ace show up

If I'm number 1, then I'm stuck

In this business fucked

I done paid my dues, so what up?

[CHORUS]

Nigga, this ain't the chain gang, muthafucka

Yeah

[VERSE 3: MC Breed]

I've been on the road of my come-up since 1985

And I figured to get bigger, nigga gots to get live

I've strived to collect my dividends

(How you come up?)

A friend knew a friend knew a friend

I got an attitude, ain't no gratitude

About that shit you done did me with

Put no rubber on your dick, bitch

But I ain't even out to laid

I'm learnin to get paid

Layin my trademark down on the pave-
ment, and leavin niggas in the back

I'm makin hella tracks

But ain't no hella scratch

What the fuck's goin on, what the fuck's goin on?

When am I get my money on from kickin all these
songs?

Yo, I'm fed up, and bout to head up to see the company

I'm pissed, I figured it out, these sons of bitches
humpin me

And yo, that kiss is now a clip

Cause I'm tired of the bullshit

[CHORUS]

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