

Nappy Roots

"Sick & Tired"

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I'm sick and tired of bein' criticized
I'm sick and tired of barely gettin' by
I'm sick and tired of not livin' right
I'm sick and tired of bein' sick and tired
I'm sick and tired of bein' pushed aside
I'm sick and tired of callin' folks for rides
I'm sick and tired of this petty life
I'm sick and tired of bein' sick and tired

What is life? What is makin' it? For peace is there a price?
They tell me if you rich you only got to worry about more shit
The house, and the car notes, child support and kin people
Kick those, mo' money, mo' problems that's how the shit goes

Man, I'm gettin' tired of runnin' and duckin' quit runnin' then
Especially when I ain't did nothin' do somethin' then
Out here in these cold streets hustlin'
Po', tryin' to make this dough, before the police bustin' in

And then it's what it could'a been, should'a been
Find yourself outside lookin' in, givin' up, feelin' stuck
Mad at the world 'cause you down and they gettin' up
Mad at yourself 'cause you know you shouldn't be givin' up

I'm tired and sick, of bummin' rides, on top of that my 9 to 5
Sucks for a couple bucks and change, now what's the reason why?
My luck, don't amount to fuck, no matter how hard I try
I'm stuck in a 22, now catch me when I'm sick and tired

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Prophit, check this out
I'm gettin' tired of mama breakin' her neck for the
paycheck
They makin' her sweat, seem like everyday she
stressed
I've had up to here with pussy footers actin' like we owe
you somethin'
Let's see you know who like I'm supposed to throw you
somethin'

I'm gettin' tired of daddy puchin' the clock, scarin' his
knuckles
He tired of the hustle, he feel the pain deep in his
muscles
Seems like the media portray us against bein' rich
Like we shouldn't enjoy shrimp and occasional trips

While my baby brother scrappin' with his baby mother
Deep down I know he love her but he shoulda worn a
rubber
I'm sick and tired of players down to do us bodily harm
Like them Country Boys ain't at the range firing arms

And my little sister think she grown, wanna make it on
her own
I ain't bring you in this world, but you still my baby girl
I'm fed up when I feel like this
My yeaga's keep your heads up, we pray and kneel for
this

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Keep it real, remember God, don't change, sign this
Don't forget where you come from, you got some
money gimme some
You different, fuck you, man I got your first tape
You always gon' be Vito to me, so get out my face

I know what you mean dog

Tired of people who complain, always 'bout the same
thing
First you learn to maintain, after that create change
See we gettin' up and gettin' out
Playa what you jokin' and you kiddin' 'bout?
Change is what we gettin' out

What they say? I ain't thinkin bout
All day and night, I struggle hustle just to pay the dues
Now I gotta keep the lights on and ain't got no time for
lay and snooze
Damn man, who made these rules? What think about
they amused
I'm sick and tired but I can't stop, no matter if they say I
lose

Yup, we still smoke weed, and my wife is curious
'Bout how much she can get me on for life insurance
But still was bummin', no problem, that's when life was
purious
"Mo' money, mo' problems" that's right Notorious

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