

Hi-Tek f/ Bun B, Devin the Dude, Pretty Ugly "So Tired"

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[Chorus: Dion]

Tired, so tired

It's a shame the way I'm livin this life, but I keep livin it

Smoke to get high

And the weed and hennessy don't do nothin but I keep
rippin it

It's the way I live my life

It's my life and how I live in the sunshine, my nigga

It's just the way I live my life

It's my life and how I live in the sunshine

[Verse One: Bun B]

Man, day-in day-out it's the same old same

I'm tryin to make a dollar out of 15 cents main

A little purp in the swisher

A little purp in the cup

A little purp in my system

and I can't give myself up

I kick myself up out the bed

Out the door to the block

Motivate my way to the corner and hustle the rocks

I don't love what I'm doin, but I hate where I'm stayin

So I be out with the true's, cause it's due's that I'm
payin

Prayin I can find a way up out this bottomless pit

Cause livin like how I'm livin ain't hittin no shit

Niggas tell it like it's breathless so there's no one to
trust

And for me to see tomorrow by any means is a must

So ain't no need to fuss about it, take it day-by-day

Get my hustle on and keep these hater's out my way

I trust no niggas and trust no ho's

And I'm never really asleep, there's only one eye
closed

So I'm tired

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Devin the Dude]

My work, shit is also playtime

When I punch in I roll a sweet then I say rhymes

A drink'll help, I take a step to the bottle then pop the top
Finish up the lyrics, go in and rock the spot
I come out and take another swig
Another brew, another blunt, another cig
Shit, who got the liquor nigga
Fuck it, I'll drink it even though, you know, it gets me sicka quicka
I'm goin hard, yet, I'm still on the clock
My homie got the weed, my partna got the pills on lock
And, whatever-ya else you want from speed to syrup
But I prefer the herb
And I drink, so I got to watch how I behave
My beer was frozen - tried to put it in the microwave
I got to focus cause tonight we got a show
And you know we gonna be drinkin and smokin some mo'
But ughhh

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Pretty Ugly]

Now personally, I don't give a fuck who forget about me when I'm dead and gone
Cause most of the people who don't care won't even hear this song
I been a lot of place's I thought I'd never ever be
And I seen a lot of things I thought I'd never ever see
My momma told me that these streets gonna be the death of me
I've been in situations from murder's to the burglaries
I'm a pretty dude, why ugly dudes always be testin me
I'm a skinny dude, why big dudes always be testin me
I make it happen real fast, unexpectedly
My hood shootouts be exactly like the Westerns be
I tell a judge and jury I was just defendin' me
And intimidation is no relation, only kin to me
I usually ride by myself, there's never men with me
I'm a grown man, I don't need no men to send for me
Cause it ain't no vest on me, don't think you got the best of me
That ain't the way I'm supposed to die, that ain't my destiny

[Chorus]

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