

## John Travolta % Olivia Newton-John "Tired"

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We can go, soul for soul, over mic control  
Kid you can touch me with a ten foot pole  
And I even made the devil sell me his jewels  
He was out to cold mock me, and play you for fools  
Kid, you know the rules, must be smoking (?two for  
booze?)  
Try to dis me on the low, got to be a psycho  
That's alright though, you know you won't see me  
shaking  
I'm out to the blow the spot on who's real and who's  
faking  
Who's giving, who's taking, who's living, who's starving  
Dis me on the mic, it's time for headstone carving  
And epitaph writing, I strike you like lightning  
Dissolve you like powder, so turn it up louder  
Go on, pump the wattage, get the cheese, buy a  
cottage  
I like mean streets, I like Spanish freaks  
I like Korean bar-b-que, I like old school beats

Chorus:

And I'm sick of all the shit that's dropping  
And I'm tired of all the lip that's popping  
And all the wack attitudes people copping  
I'm only tryin' to get a few heads bobbing  
(Repeat)

It go bang bang boogie, I'm sick like a loogie  
I'm w(e)iser than Bud, I'm thicker than blood  
I'm moldin' in time, moldin' from the divine  
How could you be so bold, to think that you'll take mine  
I'm Cash like Johnny, it's the highway man  
And I'm walkin' this line the best way I can  
With my farmer's tan and my bloodshot eyes  
I ain't body no one, I ain't dropped no pies  
With the mothers from the gutters  
I'm 'bout to explode, and blow the spot  
For now, but the gun, he'll roll  
Like artillery shells, been from heaven to hell  
And I'm say a little prayer for every rapper that fell

## Chorus

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