

Monica F/ Usher

"Sick & Tired"

Visit "[Sick & Tired](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus - Anthony Hamilton]

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

[Big V]

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

[B. Stille]

Man, I'm gettin tired of runnin and duckin (quit runnin
then)
Specially 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

[Scales]

And then it's what it coulda been, shoulda 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

[Skinny Deville]

I'm tired and sick, of bummin rides, on top of that my
nine to five
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

[Chorus]

[Ron Clutch]

Prophet, check this out

I'm gettin tired of mama breakin her neck for the paycheck

They makin her sweat, seem like everyday she stressed

[R. Prophet]

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

[Ron Clutch]

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

[R. Prophet]

Seems like the media portray us against bein rich

Like we shouldn't enjoy shrimp and occasional trips

[Ron Clutch]

While my baby brother scrappin with his baby mother

Deep down I know he love her but he shoulda worn a rubber

[R. Prophet]

I'm sick and tired of players down to do us bodily harm

Like them Country Boys ain't at the range firing arms

[Ron Clutch]

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

[R. Prophet]

I'm fed up when I feel like this

My yeagas keep your heads up, we pray and kneel for this

[Chorus]

[Big V]

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

[Scales]

(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

[Skinny Deville]

What they say? I ain't livin well
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

[B. Stille]

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
purist
"Mo' Money, Mo' Problems" - that's right Notorious

[Chorus 2x]

Visit [Monica F/ Usher](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.