

Tired

Deniro Farrar

Sick of putting work in the plastic
Off-white work, Michael Jackson
Sick and tired of running, ducking, dodging these cases
Down to kill a nigga when it comes to big faces
Going in a fuck nigga mouth, no braces
White girl cocaine crazy
Let her snort lines till' her body start shaking
Feelin like a rafer in the 80's
Can't get money, these fuck niggas talking
If a nigga cross em', my shooters gone off em'
Living like kings, manoeuvre like bosses
Want everythang, we ain't takin' no losses
Light turn green, better hope you ready
Selling break-down my nigga that's petty
Straight drop, dope, make the fiends go crazy
Stealin' from they family, abandon they babies
First of the month, fuck you, pay me
Gotta get money, I just had babies
Gotta get money, cuz the fuckin' rent do
Aim at ya' head, nigga won't miss you
Ridin' in the rental hand on my 2
Paranoia like a bitch, still doing what I do
I don't really want 2, but I feel like I gotta
Main bitch be holdin' me down, she a rider
Don't need scales for the work, I'm higher
Straight from the mudhouse, built this empire
Couldn't keep a job, shit, I always got fired
Turn to the streets, then a nigga got hired
Servin' all this work, got my name on fire
If your bitch made it, somebody gone try her
Make a couple mill, maybe then, I'll retire
Smoke 10 blunts, won't get no higher, bitch
Tired of robbin' (Tired of hustlin')
Sick of dodgin' (Tired of duckin')
Sick of fussin' (Tired of fightin')
Done with rappin' (Tired of writin')Tired of robbin' (Tired of hustlin')
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Sick of dodgin' (Tired of duckin')
 Sick of fussin' (Tired of fightin')
 Done with rappin' (Tired of writin') Sick of putting weed in the bag, smokin' cigarettes till my
 mouth taste ashy
 Can't see me, fuck nigga need glasses
 Better drop rounds boys oops they plastic
 Tryna' make my last 20 stretch like elastic
 Hood hot and the police harrasin'
 Threw me on the ground and they talk to me nasty
 Holes in my shoes and my blue jeans ashy
 Can't get a bitch, Imma live with Ashley
 She in love with money, so the situation tragic
 I'm a broke nigga, so we always clashin'
 Dropped outta school, shit I was barely passin'
 Used to be an underdog, now I'm like a captain
 Grew up in the streets, yeah, I never had a daddy
 Payed a couple bills, tryna' make momma happy
 But she say money never bring satisfaction
 How the fuck you know? We ain't ever had it
 Flyin' on my rug and I'm feelin' like Aladdin
 Smokin' this kush, making me lag
 Heart start beatin', heart start collapsin'
 Baby on the way, bout to be a pappy
 Gotta leave the trap and make this rap happen
 Ain't gotta job, she always askin'
 Shit I'm tryna' make lil baby girl happy
 But she ain't happy nigga, but I'm happy with her
 Work hard tryin' not to be a savage nigga
 Sick of livin' my life like an average nigga
 Spendin' money really hard, tryna stack it nigga
 Sick of puttin this work in the baggin' nigga
 Play with my money, imma smash it nigga
 Chasing this cash got me so tired
 Smoke 10 blunts won't get no higher
 Bitch Tired of robbin' (Tired of hustlin')
 Sick of dodgin' (Tired of duckin')
 Sick of fussin' (Tired of fightin')
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 Done with rappin' (Tired of writin') End

