

Fed Up

House of Pain

Lord have mercy

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I got demons running through my slate
They like to creep when my thoughts get deep
Scheming, trying to find a place to fit in
And manifest itself in the form of a sin
If I was rin tin tin I'd rip the skin off of lassie
The shit you talk is idle threatening to blast me
You high on gas like a rastaman bought it
Don't set it off kid and get me started
Cause you're highly regarded when you're dearly departed
But momma's still crying asking God why in
The world could you take her only child
When you was fronting on the streets like you was buckwild
To keep it real kid you gots to stay humble
You can't fumble and if you gots to rumble
Then word to bryant gumble I'm a live for today
And God bless the man that steps in my way
Cause if I said it somebody's getting wetted
So just keep your cool and everything's copasetic
Pull out your heater kid spit your razor
And mine'll still be the intellect that plays ya
Cause when the mike check I'm high tech skills are apparent
You can play the child kid I'll play the parent
Cause I'm a be responsible for your schooling
But I won't change your diapers or do your car poolin

Chorus

Get up I'll break ya down a little somethen'
I'm fed up it's time to go head huntin'
Dead up too many crews be frontin'
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Get up I'll break ya down a little somethin'
I'm fed up it's time to go head huntin'
Dead up too many crews be frontin'
I'm fed up it's time to go head huntin'
Lord have some mercy on my soul
Now why everybody making shit that's unreal
Cause the (ayanon) man he wants mass appeal
Forgetting all about how it's supposed to feel
Kids be going out for the record deal
So if you pull out the clap then bust your cap
Or I'm a make like the man and drop bomb on your gat

But don't snap cause this ain't hbo
Kid you got no benz plus you got no dough
While you say that though you trying to gain that ho
Used to be you had to rhyme about stuff you know
I don't need mtv to make no bucks
I rock styles that make you say ;°ah who dat waz? ;±
Who that was is the man of all hours
Sending all star players straight back to the showers
Fake hard rocks are really just cowards
I master dub plates like my name's herb powers
I getcha open like hunting season
I make papers don't front on the reason
Cause I'm seizing up every day
You say carpe diem I call em like I see emChorus 3

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>