

Fed Up

DJ Khaled

It was all a dream
Yeah homie I'm on my job
And you can't take that away from me
Yeah I got my team
And I got all of my niggas behind me
And they give me the love I need
Yeah I got my foot in the door
Still hustling for more
Checking the game
Yeah I'm back in the life
Yeah I'm fed up
Hey I'm fed up
Hey I'm fed up
I'm so sick and tired of being sick and tired

I am absolutely positively on my grizzly
Even though I'm sick of them tired, I gets busy
Started 62, what ended up a frisbee
And me, I like to stand at the stove until I'm dizzy
Ball so hard it's like I brought the game with me
Left my glove, so why you thought I brought Jermaine with me?
'Bout to paint a purple picture like I brought the frame with me
I give it all up before I let the fame get me
I got niggas tryin' to sue me, bitches tryin' to do me
Way these niggas actin' who'd have though they never knew me (Young)
But these niggas know me and half them niggas owe me
I'm fed up, it's why I'm acting like the ol' me

I'm sick and tired of you suckahs so now I'm fed up (Ross)
Somebody catch the chain; I'm 'bout to tear his head off
Shawty bendin' over knowin' I'm 'bout to tear it up
Before you let your top back, get your bread up
Made history, but now we claiming victory
Get ya out da white house; go back to your efficiency
Suckahs finny and I know you haters hear me
Like the IRS, you wonder what I'm makin; yilly!
With them brown bags, circulate so why I perpetrate
We shinin' than the bottom cuz we're down to twerkulate
Lookin' at the parking lot; better get your mind right
Oh, you better be broke cuz the time's right

Uh, me and Wayne was gettin' high on 'em
We leaned over and told 'em to go retire on 'em
And when they give ya they shoulders, never cry on 'em
And when they love you to death, never die on 'em
And the question still remains
Have I counted all the money that I managed to obtain?
Niggas dedicating overtime to damaging my name
And somehow I'm still the hottest, muthafuckah in the game

Yeah I've been in this bin breaking records since '94
So I ain't gotta brag about records that I've brought
Records that I hold
Records that I've sold
Man I'm fed up with these niggas, believe in my lingo
Yeah, don't bite the hand of your provider
You say that I ain't influence you; you a liar

I'm on fire; you used to light up
You're gonna wake up and realize-

It was all a dream
Yeah homie I'm on my job
And you can't take that away from me
Yeah I got my team
And I got all of my niggas behind me
And they give me the love I need
Yeah I got my foot in the door
Still hustling for more
Checking the game
Yeah I'm back in the life
Yeah I'm fed up
Hey I'm fed up
Hey I'm fed up
I'm so sick and tired of being sick and tired