

Sick & Tired

Nappy Roots

I'm sick and tired of being critisized
I'm sick and tired of barely gettin by
I'm sick and tired of not livin right
I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired

I'm sick and tired of being 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 being sick and tired

What is life what is makin it
for peace is there a price
tell me if you rich you only gotta worry about more shit
the house, the car notes, child support and kin people
kick doors "mo money, mo problems" thats how it goes

Man, I'm gettin tired of runnin and duckin, quit runnin then
Especially when I ain't did nothin, do somethin then
out here in these cold streets hustlin
po, tryin to make this dough 'fore the police bustin in

And then its what it could'a been should'a 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 shouldnt be given up

I'm tired and sick of bummin rides
on top of that my nine to five
sucks for a couple bucks
and change now whats the reason why
my luck don't amount to fuck
no matter how hard I try
I'm stuck in the 22 now catch me when Im sick and tired

Prophit, check this out
I'm gettin tired of mama breakin her neck for the pay check
they makin her sweat seem like everyday she stressed

(I've had up to here with pussyfooters actin like we owed you something
lets see "you know who" like Im supposed to throw you something)

I'm gettin tired of daddy puchin the clock scaring his knuckles
he tired of the hustle he feel the pain deep in his muscles

(seems like the media potray us againts being rich
like we shouldnt enjoy shrimp and occasional trips)

while my baby brother scrappin with his baby mother
deep down I know he love her but he shoulda worn a rubber

(Im sick and tired of players down to do us bodily harm
like them country boys ain't at the range firing arms)

and my little sister think she grown wanna make on her own
I ain't bring you in this world but you still my baby girl

(Im fed up when I feel like this
my yeaga's keep your head up we pray and kneel for this)

Keep it real remember god don't change sadness
dont forget where you come from
you got some money gimme some
you different, fuck you
man I got your first tape
you always gonna be Vito to me
so now get out my face

I know what you mean dog
Tired of people who complain always bout the same thing
First you learn to maintain after that create a change
See we gettin up and gettin out
Playa what you jokin and you kiddin bout
change is what we gettin out

What they say I ain't thinkin bout
all day and night I struggle hustle
just to pay the dues
now I gotta keep the lights on
aint got no time for lazy snooze
damn man, who made these rules
what think about they amused
im sick and tired but I can't stop
no matter if they say I lose

My wife is curious about how much she can get me on her life insurance
but still was bummin no problem thats life was purious
"Mo money, Mo Problems" thats right Notorious

[Chorus fades out]