

# 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-

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