

Tired

E-dubble

[Intro: Tom Petty]

I'm tired of srewin' up, tired of goin' down
Tired of myself
Tired of this town

[Verse 1: E-dubble]

Small pond, big pond, the fish are the only difference
City outta harmony lingering on the dissonance
Fisherman, wrapping up citizens with their fishing nets
Sometimes chemical, some plain old imprisonment
Dissidents laughing at themselves as if they had a voice
Acting like technology really gives them a better choice
Protect our borders as we stack up our elitism
Defeatism is what we pretend that we keep believin' in
I'm straddling both lines, the quietest re-volt
Politicians fake like they caring that we-vote
Legalese ver-bose, cause if its plain english
Then us add, ritalin, riddled children might get it
And if they do, then your fucked, when they know what's up
You might start seeing public servants dressed as little punks
No tie, no suit they just lookin for some truth
Campaign funds came from hacked ATM booths
Talkin' grass roots, man they talkin' run and shoot
I just sit back and figure out what the fuck to do
And of course I want the loot but everyone should have the freedom first
Tryna find a balance between callous and liberal bleeding jerk
One hand in my pocket, one fist in the air
White guy from the suburbs like I probably shouldn't care
But fuck this establishment, I really ain't havin it
Manipulate like machiavelli until I'm grabbin it

[Hook: Tom Petty]

I feel summer creepin' in and I [3x]
I'm tired of this town

[Verse 2: E-dubble]

Me too Tom
Shift gears, 6th gear, mash it until I get there
Illadelphia state of mind until I get my head clear
DMV stand up, Baltimore and what
The politics of everything suck, so just man up
Don't know what to stand for at least I'm still upright
Even those on the down low can be uptight
Not me, I'm me, balls in my hand
When I'm spittin' cause my potency's stronger than any mans
And I'm never laying down, my feet are not in the sand
Only vacations we get are at the bottom of a glass
Top me off again, poppin' vodka for a tan
This fifth is like a time machine or a weekend in japan
Line by line my rhymes revealin' just what's inside of me
Nothing to be proud of but at least I get it outta me
How did he, trick the doctor out of a lobotomy
Whatever he's got should probably be put inside a bottle please
FDA approval then it fixes the economy
Rationality becomes the standard for the commonry
Less bombings and a sharp decline in whose in poverty
Suddenly the nobel peace prize goes to a rhymer like Bang!

[Hook]