

# 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]