

I'm Tired

Flipsyde

I'm tired of arguing with close minded hypocrites
And dumbin' down cause a country is illiterate.
I'm tired of putting kids faces on them white tees,
And not knowing the difference between them and me.
Maybe a little luck, maybe some education.
My momma smoked weed, they momma freebasing.

And neither one of us have a daddy that didn't make it.
Maybe I didn't make it, maybe death's hesitating.
I'm tired of talking to myself and don't nobody feel me,
And talking shit to the devil as if he couldn't kill me.
I'm tired of fools claiming they grindin' to feed they kids,
Your kid's can't eat a hundred thousand dollar meals.

I'm tired of hearing mother fuckers blamin' white people,
I'm tired of white people blamin' my people.
I'm tired of watching Mickey Mans tryna keep it real.

And keep it hood dog and get your ass killed.

Well I can see what you can't believe, it's suffocating and it's hard to breathe.

(Fuck that I ain't ready yet!)

We hear the truth and yet you tryin' ya lies.

Ya still ya broke young brotha' when ya ready to die.

(I ain't ready yet!)

I can see what you can't believe, it's suffocating and it's hard to breathe.

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Wooooahhhh

I'm tired of being tired,
I'm tired of talking shit,
I'm tired of all you politicians and you hypocrites.
I'm tired of gettin' my hopes up to let them down.
I'm tired of black on black,
I'm tired of brown on brown.

Violence to violins, they playing loud.
The government is hovering over the whole crowd.
Tear gas and rubber bullets some of them real,
Killing women and children,
Playa that's how ya feel.

From Libia to Yemen, the people gotta get it,
Tunisia the beginning, the knives never ending.
Them hillbillies crazy,
Man, they done lost they minds,
The first generation to try to rewind time.
You can't defeat god, ya nothing but a speck.
And when them people get tired they coming for ya neck,
Cause you neglect to feed'em
And now they know you need'em,
The powers in the people in the tidal wave of freedom.

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Woooaahhh

I'm just tryna' limit myself by living limitless.

Maintaining your composure in hopes of forgivin' this,

Greedy ass world with how we did the indigenous.

Capitalistic Paternalistic practice is a sin.

Know we gonna have to change,

Change just to maintain.

Tame the lion thru heroin in His holy veins,

Tame the children by building divisions in the system,

Tame the poor, addicting them to the jewels and denim.

But they don't know what's in them,

What's in 'em? what's in 'em's God.

Just like you and me (me!)

Know it's some kinda odd (odd!),

But if we focus on it, put our hocus-pocus on it,

We can elevate the generation be the dopest on it.

On what? The planet!

And that's our job damn it,

I'm tired of living in this box, they taking advantage.

Ask the wrong questions never get the right answers,

Just look inside of ourselves so we can cure the cancer.

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