

# So Tired

Hi-Tek

(feat. Dion, Bun B, Devin the Dude, Pretty Ugly)

[Chorus: Dion]

Tired, so tired  
It's a shame the way I'm livin this life, but I keep livin it  
Smoke to get high  
And the weed and hennessy don't do nothin but I keep rippin it  
It's the way I live my life  
It's my life and how I live in the sunshine, my nigga  
It's just the way I live my life  
It's my life and how I live in the sunshine

[Verse 1: Bun B]

Man, day-in day-out it's the same old same  
I'm tryin to make a dollar out of 15 cents main  
A little purp in the swisher  
A little purp in the cup  
A little purp in my system  
and I can't give myself up  
I kick myself up out the bed  
Out the door to the block  
Motivate my way to the corner and hustle the rocks  
I don't love what I'm doin, but I hate where I'm stayin  
So I be out with the truth's, cause it's due's that I'm payin  
Prayin I can find a way up out this bottomless pit  
Cause livin like how I'm livin ain't hittin no shit  
Niggas tell it like it's nothin so there's no one to trust  
And for me to see tomorrow by any means is a must  
So ain't no need to fuss about it, take it day-by-day  
Get my hustle on and keep these hater's out my way  
I trust no niggas and trust no ho's  
And I'm never really asleep, there's only one eye closed  
So I'm tired

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Devin the Dude]

My work, shit is also playtime  
When I punch in I roll a sweet then I say rhymes  
A drink'll help, I take a step to the bottle then pop the top  
Finish up the lyrics, go in and rock the spot  
I come out and take another swig  
Another brew, another blunt, another cig  
Shit, who got the liquor nigga  
Fuck it, I'll drink it even though, you know, it gets me sicka quicka  
I'm goin hard, yet, I'm still on the clock  
My homie got the weed, my partna got the pills on lock  
And, whatever-ya else you want from speed to syrup  
But I prefer the herb  
And I drink, so I got to watch how I behave  
My beer was frozen - tried to put it in the microwave  
I got to focus cause tonight we got a show  
And you know we gonna be drinkin and smokin some mo'  
But ughhh

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Pretty Ugly]

Now personally, I don't give a f\*\*k who forget about me when I'm dead and gone

Cause most of the people who don't care won't even hear this song

I been a lot of place's I thought I'd never ever be

And I seen a lot of things I thought I'd never ever see

My momma told me that these streets gonna be the death of me

I've been in situations from murder's to the burglaries

I'm a pretty dude, why ugly dudes always be testin me

I'm a skinny dude, why big dudes always be testin me

I make it happen real fast, unexpectedly

My hood shootouts be exactly like the Westerns be

I tell a judge and jury I was just defendin' me

And intimidation is no relation, only kin to me

I usually ride by myself, there's never men with me

I'm a grown man, I don't need no men to send for me

Cause it ain't no vest on me, don't think you got the best of me

That ain't the way I'm supposed to die, that ain't my destiny

[Chorus]