

Yeah, I'm sick of this bullshit
Fake-ass niggaz and shit, y'knahmean?
One, yeah
Get it right man f'real, stop whinin and shit
Shut your punk ass up f'real
I'm sick of your punk ass

I'm sick of niggaz, who claim to be the best
Say they sleep with the vest but won't come fi test
I'm sick of niggaz, who wanna front on Crips
But won't invite Shug over for the beef ribs
I'm sick of niggaz, who say they street like me
I see by your profile you deeply sweet
I'm sick of niggaz, who like to talk to cops
And scared to death to box, and suck on cocks
I'm sick of niggaz, who rhyme in the same clique
You sound like your man and he's, dog shit
I'm sick of niggaz, who fell the fuck off
It's over now nigga, get the fuck off
I'm sick of niggaz, who claim to be the boss
But spend their money, on pedicures and lip gloss
I'm sick of niggaz, who ask me for money
I slap the dog shit out you sonny, I'm sick

Wit'cha fake-ass gangsta shit, I'm sick of niggaz
In they trick clothes tryin to pimp, I'm sick of niggaz
In the hood now chillin with rats, I'm sick of niggaz
I'm sick sick, sick sick sick, sick of niggaz

Listen, it's Bumpy Knuckles niggaz bow, salute the royal higness
I'm the finest and divine of all rhymers, since the 90's
Hardcore niggaz I'm back, sick at you niggaz
Still got that ol', fo', fifth at you niggaz
I'm sick of you niggaz who get, but don't help get
other niggaz bread blockin they shit
I'm sick of niggaz and this earring shit, both ears hangin
Like granny in the large house sangin
Sick of niggaz who fake gangbangin, set-claimin and crack slangin
But got they NexTel police phone rangin
I'm sick of white boys who got soul
Still on this mic, cause I'm still not cold, y'all not fuckin with me
I'm sick of niggaz with they fancy cars
You spittin bullshit, step up your bars
Sick of rap suckers, I got SARS - get it? SARS
Sick of havin to always explain my bars

I'm sick of niggaz, who want a deal
I'm sick of niggaz, who I cannot feel
I'm sick of niggaz, who snitch and squeal
I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm sick