

M.C. Breed, Seven Years

(feat. SFD)

Yeah
Seven years of this bullshit
SFD gon' put that shit on the line for yo ass

(Seven years of bullshit)

[VERSE 1: member 1 of SFD]

Ain't this kinda funny how the shit done changed now?
It's been seven years of the same old shit, had to put my foot down
Now I'm lookin through my eyes a little clearer
Cause next year, ah, I be the nigga in the mirror
Sellin tapes, now people wanna celebrate
Get me for a high rate on my contract - gimme my shit back!
I ain't no fool tryin to make no quick moves
I can wait, cause I'm already seven years late
From that bullshit, in one ear and out the fuckin other
Always borrowin my money from my pops and my mother
The music seminars, 'Jack The Rapper', 3 years
Do nothin but talk shit and drink beers
Fuckin hoes after other niggas' shows
Ain't that kinda tired?
Yo, I'm tired of that shit, I need to quit
But I'm gon' hang in this game till this game get my loot on
If I gotta kick mo' shit, let me put my fuckin boots on

[CHORUS: MC Breed]

Seven years, seven years
Seven years, seven years
Of sweat and tears
And what?
(Seven years of bullshit) [x2]

□

Yeah, I'm sick and tired
Sick and tired of the bullshit
B.S., I'm sick and tired of the bull [x2]

[VERSE 2: member 2 of SFD]

I love it, bein in the eyes of the public
Every time I made a tape, my niggas wanna dub it
If you wanted to count dub tapes up in my hood
Nigga, we went gold
Without one of em bein sold
But I'm tired and I'm sick
Sick and tired of that bullshit
Gettin thicker than liqour
Drinkin got a nigga thinkin
What should I do? Whatever I do, I gots to do it quick
Somehow I got to hit myself a lick
Put yourself in my predicament
What would you do?
Quick to get your cheese on
Makin the g's with ease on
The streets, cause the gees on
The streets say they got love
But where in the fuck is that love at?
Fat sacks, packin gats, black, I would love that
But they ain't kickin out no lick, so to hell with it
Let me bail with it
And I'm straight before the ace show up
If I'm number 1, then I'm stuck
In this business fucked
I done paid my dues, so what up?

[CHORUS]

Nigga, this ain't the chain gang, muthafucka
Yeah

[VERSE 3: MC Breed]

I've been on the road of my come-up since 1985
And I figured to get bigger, nigga gots to get live
I've strived to collect my dividends
(How you come up?)
A friend knew a friend knew a friend
I got an attitude, ain't no gratitude
About that shit you done did me with
Put no rubber on your dick, bitch
But I ain't even out to laid
I'm learnin to get paid
Layin my trademark down on the pave-
ment, and leavin niggas in the back
I'm makin hella tracks
But ain't no hella scratch
What the fuck's goin on, what the fuck's goin on?
When am I get my money on from kickin all these songs?
Yo, I'm fed up, and bout to head up to see the company
I'm pissed, I figured it out, these sons of bitches humpin me
And yo, that kiss is now a clip
Cause I'm tired of the bullshit

[CHORUS]