Food Fight

Vera Chytilova

Game 11This is a federal food fight
(You better know it)
That means we're callin' out all you kooks and crooks
(What? We're about to rip this shit)Oh, me? My name is Humpty Hump
(There's a party in here, baby)
I'm the original big-nosed rapper, baby
(You better get down with this, baby)We're about to sling hot food all over this piece
(Just nothing but a food fight)
Here we go, back in the house for the 9-whatever
(Food fight)
With the bacon and egg sandwichYou ain't bringing groceries, G, your groove is getting rude over records
But can you sling the food like this?
You better bite this, if you wanna make the people move like this
Chez wa, Allah, cheese burgerFlame broil base, my pickle make ya wiggle
You're busted, my mustard will wax your whole plate
By itself, not including all my funky condiments
Nod your head to this and duck downAs I commence to lock and load a fresh cantaloupe
Yo, I'm illin', I'm slingin' melons like the felons are slangin' dope sacks
So max but I wouldn't stand so close up in the light
Either bring it or hide 'cause it's about to be a food fight(You need something for the food fight)
We hit you in the neck with a cheeseburger
(Gotta bring food to the food fight)
Yeah, bruh, we hit you in the neck with a cheeseburgerIt's classic, slapping brothers with some lettuce from jurasstic
I counteract it with the Shock with ham hocks
From brothers who might Tupac
Fifty-seven black too hard but lots of flowsFat like hippopotamus, still caught 'em though
In the face with excrements, peep my testaments
I bring the seasoning paprika
Eureka for the weaker, and smoke the reeferDribble up the funk in the beaker and, yes, about to say, "Speaker"
It leaks in your ears and years ahead
I went to Japan and they was throwing pork balls
But I'm calling protocol, stop(You need something for the food fight)
We banked you in the neck with the cheeseburger, come on
(Gotta bring food to the food fight)
Yes, we're slugging the chicken nugget to your grill(You need something for the food fight)
Get ready, we're coming fetti with the groceries
(Gotta bring food to the food fight)
Someone shoulda told ya, it ain't over till it's overNow if I am what I eat I hope I ain't a big couchie

Gotta substitute the 'Ouch' for the 'Ooch'
If so, I hate to see my man Donnie O, he'd be a butt hell
Substitute the 'Ell' for the 'Ole'Actually, factually hella fools I know would be toe up
If you was what you ate, no fakin'
My man Nate would be a plate of bacon
My brother Shock popcorn, and my cat would be a ratMy girlfriend would be some super sperm and things
My rich nigga Pac would be a lobster with hot wings
It's quite simple, if true that my temple is wrecked
I'd be some mushrooms and cognacI'd be a pinto bean gravy smothered neck bone
Scrilla taker, vanilla wafer, baker, filler
So come on with your food slingin' 'cause I'm ready
Bring it shut up nigga, sing it(You need something for the food fight)
We banked you in the neck with the cheeseburger
(Gotta bring food to the food fight)
Yes, we're slugging the chicken nugget to your grill(You need something for the food fight)
Get ready, we're coming fetti with the groceries
(Gotta bring food to the food fight)
Someone shoulda told ya, it ain't over till it's overBring the groceries
Bring the groceries
Bring the groceries

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