

# Eat

## RATKING

Swelled up and I am blue, purple from bruises  
Just a few couple several rusty screws loose  
No way in hell I'm letting you move thus  
What you mugs might consider think say fuses  
Heckling heads that though I'd slip stupid  
Snuggle up to my sound now as if I shot like cupid  
My lans, my people spit it up to soothe it  
Rearrange with the ruses that rose so ruthless  
Since I was little, I was tied to the music  
Ya should've gone in the first day you flew in  
Instead wasted years beating off and goofing  
Dropped out of high but remained a student  
Not one for great speeches but I think I'll say  
Unsown my mouth with words decayed  
Knees sore walk off the pain, poets die and poems stray  
No day at the beach hopefully  
Try not to slip in of the beast, 'til our next ride 'til we leave I need what I eat so i keep eating 'til I'm full  
Mean what I speak so I keep speaking til I'm through  
As I grew pursued brew, don't look at me rude dude  
You ain't never cruised in my shoes, my Clydes  
So don't act like you know what you ain't knew, my life  
Spit crack, live rap, while my boy weighed OZ's  
Coke? No weed low-key, I drank OE, 'til theres no left, only  
Thing got gold left's the tostones  
Pops cooked away the trouble of his day  
All the Oxy out his cupboard that I ate, vomit  
Step in the puddle that'd I make, and everything I'm busting is straight, truths  
Everything you publishing is fake  
Back to the Ox the pain up in my stomach that it gave  
Made me nauseous when i'd eat, vomit when I'd speak  
In school, it made me cautious when I'd sleep  
Dr. Degraff please don't call up my dad, tell him all the possible paths  
I could have took. I should have took, I would have took  
If I hadn't heard or, I wouldn't look  
At that certain song or that certain image  
When I was living in singular digits, now its double and it's trouble  
One nine son blind, by the rubble I am breakfast, lunch and dinner  
Be my saint I'll be your sinner  
You're too near not to hear as we ride

Beat don't hurt your feelings, then what's the point, no point  
Came to you running, heard you starving, glad I heard your hunger

Songwriters

ERIC ADIELE, HAKEEM LEWIS, PATRICK MORALES  
Published by  
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Downtown Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>