

Meat (Feat. First Degree The D.E. & G-Macc)

Brotha Lynch Hung

Alarm clock, I hate alarm clocksHey babe I gotta get up
Real shit ya'llI only got enough money for some hamburger meat
But I still ain't trippin that's the shit I like to eat
But my son he like daddy this is all we got to eat
I'm like son I'm about to sing big time
I'm downloadin' beats and I'm a start writin' to em
And if the fans don't buy em I'm a kill them in they sleep
Bring the extra cheese
We gonna eat somehow like the Vietnamese, Chinese, Japanese
Gettin' dirty meats, make me some fuckn' stacks of G's
With the a-r automatic uzi machine
All you gotta do is wash it off and then put it in the freeze
And then we good for another couple of weeks
When you get older like me you'll be tuckin the heat
And if not you, you'll be stuck in the street
I wanna say ya mom love you, but that's up to she
But we gonna do what we gotta do n that's get the meat
Strange music got my back they hopefully
But if not they really ain't no hope for me
That means you goin' through the same situation
That means we gone keep goin' through the same shit you hatin'
Meat, we gotta find something to eat
Even if we gotta go do it on the street
Even if we gotta go shootin' with the heat
Even if we lie to dude we gone get the meat, (meat, meat)I only got enough money for top ramen noodles
My son lookin' at me like he don't wanna come to close
He saw me in the bathroom cryin' it was to late
I couldn't even keep a straight face, like 2 face
All the mother fucka's around me they was to fake
I ain't got an album out now they call me to late
Bar b q yesterday, where the fuck was I at?
A football game where's my mother fuckin' hi at?
I remember lizz moore drive even after that
Starin at my strange chain, thinkin' ain't goin' back
I got a new life, I'm a get a new wife,
I'm a get a new 9, I think it was do time
No matter who's wrong or who right
Life's like shakin' 'em up n rollin' 2 dice
Thin slice, and my ol school homey like where you been ice

Just marinatin, stomach achein shit ain't been right
Real shit ya'll... real shit ya'll... meat
Hey kev wake up, fadin off, meat Yo kev wake up Lil Kevin wake up it's school time, get ya clothes on
Don't no body love you like me
We in the O zone, twilight zone
All we got to eat today is bullshit
Time for you to pray, but I don't pray I carry full clips
You can't be like me cause I'm a fuck up,
And if we both fuckn' up you gone be just like me
It's gone be a tight squeeze, we can get through this
You my 'lil nigga so nigga we gone do this
Shit, I can count it on one hand
Old as I am I can still cound it on one hand
We both Kevin mann
We both gotta stretch it out like a rubber band
I got another plan, I got a million of em
I'm a still come with em, I'm still run with em
We gotta keep it goin, then I'm done with it
That's it, I'm a whipe my hands
I'm hella broke but I don't dance

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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