

The Food (feat. Kanye West)

Common

I walked in the crib, got 2 kids
And my baby momma late (uh oh, uh oh, uh oh)
So I had to did what I had to did
Cause I had to give (dough, dough, dough)
I'm up all night gettin' my money right
Until the blue and whites (popo, popo, popo)
Now the money coming slow, but at least a nigga know
Slow motion better than (no-oh, no-oh, no-oh) You love to hear the story, again and again
About these young brothers from the city of wind
Like juice and gin in the city we blend
Amongst the hustle, titties and skin, fifties and rims
Y'all know the spreewells
And trucks that's detailed,
Heartless females that want to ride in 'em
Felt the southside in them with raw hides and denim
Bent minds collide with them
A system that tries victims, we livin' in
My man in the fast lane pivotin'
On the block white is sellin' like m & m
On the block get jump off like Kim 'n 'em
On the block is how you can feel it in your skin
Shorties get the game with no instructions of asemblin'
Odds right it seems like the fight is dim in him
Call my man cousin like I'm kin to him
He tryin' to stay straight, the streets is bendin' him I walked in the crib, got 2 kids
And my baby momma late (uh oh, uh oh, uh oh)
So I had to did what I had to did
Cause I had to give (dough, dough, dough)
I'm up all night gettin' my money right
Until the blue and whites (popo, popo, popo)
Now the money coming slow, but at least a nigga know
Slow motion better than (no-oh, no-oh, no-oh) It's all good in the hood like rats and gyms
Fullbacks and tims, blacks and rims
Whether on ball courts
Attires are ball shorts
We never fall short
With us it's all force like air ones
Some wave some air guns
The day of the fair ones it's over fo'

Cats is colder than four below, wha'sup?
I go toe to toe
Wondering if it's for the art or for the dough
Though I know to grow a nigga gotta learn to let go
Though I know the dough I gotta bring back to the ghetto
Aeros or Tarot cards pointin' to the grind
Po' livin' and mo' prisons pointin' to my mind
Shine the light up!
Clench my fists tight and holdin' it right up
Freedom fight in dark gear for the years to get brighter
Situations, the jaws get tighter
My man trying to get his way to higher I walked in the crib, got 2 kids
And my baby momma late (uh oh, uh oh, uh oh)
So I had to do what I had to do
Cause I had to give (dough, dough, dough)
I'm up all night gettin' my money right
Until the blue and whites (popo, popo, popo)
Now the money coming slow, but at least a nigga know
Slow motion better than (no-oh, no-oh, no-oh) Yo, hey yo I, I know I could make it right
If I can just swallow my pride
But I can't run away or put my gun away
You can't front on me
I, no I can't let it ride
No no not tonight
No I can't run away or put my gun away
You can't front on me

Songwriters

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