

# Hunger Pangs (feat. Ca\$H Bilz)

## Prodigy

[Verse 1]

I give thanks to the creator 'cause my life is blessed  
And wish all the haters nothing but the best  
This is Infamous 'till the name wear out  
Clock run out, sun burn out and all hell freezes over  
When Babylon, I'll be by the shoulder  
Of the Most High, laughing my balls off like good riddance  
Until then I'll be in the soup kitchen  
Cookin' up shit like this for poverty stricken  
Under privileged, brothers and sisters  
We're soldiers of the global resistance, forgive me  
For being late, I was goin' through some things  
I had to come of age and go through growing pains  
You don't realize what you got 'till it's gone  
I had to lose it all to see what I was doing wrong  
I was stripped bare down to my soul and burnt out  
Then rose like a Phoenix through the fire  
These people get fat while we starve and go through hell  
Nobody looking for no hand out, we offer our skills  
In return for a little scraps  
And on the glass, I seen you laugh when I turned my back  
They say revenge is a sweet dish best served cold  
But fuck that I need mine fresh off the stove  
Yeah it's best served cold, but fuck that I need mine fresh[Hook]  
My, my stomach touching my spine  
My, my belly aches, my, my headaches  
Make me start showing my fangs  
Hunger pangs, hunger pangsWaiting for the sun to awake  
And bring me a better dayMake me start showing my fangs  
Hunger Pangs, hunger pangs[Verse 2: TK]  
In a world full of hatred, insanity and vanity  
We all forget the basics, destroying what is sacred  
Often lose patience for instant gratifications  
Whether tail that you're chasing or the numbers like the Matrix  
Well this is cash bills unplugged  
The flow's medicated, those with their brain on drugs  
Heavily sedated, sleep walking through it all  
With plans to run the city, I'm just out here for a jog  
And I'm about to walk it off, cause I ain't racing y'all lames

Ringin' bells, long as I jingle like small change  
And keep the small thing right in the boot  
Was in the club, some niggas wanted my loot  
I'm outside  
I feel incredible, Miss Angelou poetical  
Giving all my caged birds a better view  
A better me, a better you  
My nigga Mills be home in a few  
They gave him 10, he got two more to do  
I'm still (waitin' for)  
Brothers dyin', mother's cryin'  
Police wyldin', they actin' like tyrants  
We hear the sirens, get in the crib  
Man they still tryna change where I live  
I'm waitin' for it[Hook]  
My, my stomach touching my spine  
My, my belly aches, my, my headaches  
Make me start showing my fangs  
Hunger pangs, hunger pangsWaiting for the sun to awake  
And bring me a better dayMake me start showing my fangs  
Hunger Pangs, hunger pangs

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

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