The Food

Secret Mommy

Tonight's musical guest
Two of Chicago's finest emcees
Give it up for Common and Kanye West
It's common sense
Yeah! Common sense
It's Common Sense, yeah well
On the Dave Chappelle Show
Everybody gotta eat right? It's the food, baby
I walked in the crib, got two kids
And my baby mama late
So I had to did, what I had to did
'Cause I had to get
I'm up all night, getting my money right
Until the blue and white
Now the money coming slow but at least a nigga know
Slow motion better than
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 Sprewells and trucks that's detailed
Heartless females that wanna ride in 'em
Felt the South side venom in raw hides and denim
Pimp minds collide with 'em, a system that tries victims
We living in, my man in the fast lane pivoting
On the block white is selling like Eminem
On the block it jump off like Kim and them
On the block it's hot, you can feel it in your skin
And then shorties get the game but no instructions to assembling
Eyes bright, it seem like the fight is dimming them
Call my man cuzo like I'm kin to him
He trying to stay straight, the streets is bending him
I walked in the crib, got two kids
And my baby mama late
So I had to did, what I had to did
'Cause I had to get

I'm up all night, getting my money right
Until the blue and white

Now the money coming slow but at least a nigga know
Slow motion better than
It's all good in the hood like raps and gems
Throwbacks and Timbs, blacks and rims
Whether on ball courts, attires of all sorts
We never fall short, with us it's our Force like And 1's
Some waves, some air guns, the days of the fair one is over
For cats is colder than four below, with self, I go toe to toe
Wondering if it's for the art or for the doe
Though I know to grow a nigga, I gotta learn to let go
Though I know to doe, I gotta bring back to the ghetto
Arrows on Terot cards pointing to the grind
Po' livin' in more prisons, pointing to my mind
Shine the light up, clench my fists tight, holding the right up
Freedom fight in dark gear for the years to get brighter
Situations and jobs get tighter
My man trying to get his weight and height up, c'mon
I walked in the crib, got two kids
And my baby mama late
So I had to did, what I had to did
'Cause I had to get
I'm up all night, getting my money right
Until the blue and white
Now the money coming slow but at least at nigga know
Slow motion better than
I, I know I could make it right
If I could 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
See, I can't run away or put my gun away
You can't front on me

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