

Gotta Eat

DJ Hotday

I swear I see this nigga I'ma kill him
I'm goin' to kill him so make a nigga suffer
Ya know what I'm sayin'
My man said life ain't easy
When niggas gotta eat that's when shit gets greasy
Streets be all like feed me, feed me
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Hey he had a whole lotta cheese
Plus he was a mack had a whole lotta seeds
Made a lot of niggas fat, gave a whole lotta G's
Grams man, he had a whole lotta these
And he would let you hold like a whole lotta Ki's
Even if you lose some he would give you new ones
Twice the bread it's like he had two buns
And he had a whole lotta seeds
Even his kids had meals for reals
Some rich small fries wrapped in paper
Since they was lil', ketchup nigga
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He was a heart breaker and a large shaker
If it was 'bout cakin' he was a part taker
International he would take trips bon voyage
That's so hard he was fishin' for the chips
So greedy he never gave to the needy
That's what some say
The way he shunned all the bums
Hangin' in the subways
He called them fruits and laughed at 'em

Delivery man on the pick-up drive through and throw a bag at 'em

And it was hard to understand him sometimes

Makin' a killin' the way he had 'em standin' in line

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Lovers call him king, haters call him clown

He would say bite me that's the way it's goin' down

He was havin' thoughts that maybe he should retire

Went to church on a Sunday and saw a deep frier

Said he had beef and people want him dead

He loved the hungry ones, was only scared of the Feds

He lived the fast life couldn't get his path right

Frier just told him 'bout the hooters that he had last night

Turned himself in to the paddy wagon, said no

Bacon wouldn't take him half the pigs on the payroll

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Hey, to be continued on another menu, ya dig?

Will he give up his life of crime or will he stay?

This and other adventures on

Lupe Fiasco's next album L.U.P.END

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