

# Hungry

## Common

Yo, niggaz don't want none of this  
Niggaz know they can't fuck with this  
Turn this shit up just a little more I walk the night in rhyming armor, bomb a nigga like a winter coat  
Have him on Death Row searchin' for an Inter scope  
Yet I sparkle like Irene Cara symbolize dope, like sirens do terror  
Mariel just had a baby someone else decapitated Flashbacks of past raps make me so glad I made it  
Players is gettin' traded, I drop a gem off, them who's style is jaded  
My juice is grated shit is so bangin' niggaz say it's gang related  
On philosopher's rink of thought, I've skated with precision Crews is gettin' split like decisions com will let it  
ride in collision  
Vision like Coleco or tel, I battle stars in stellar  
Regions, my thought scheme was my like my offspring  
Now, it's teethin' My reason of rhyme applies to season and time  
Season of mind, body and regions divine  
In mom's cookouts, I'm leavin' the swine  
Verbal vegetarian, squashed beef with Ice Cube Came in this rap life nude now I'm fully clothed with flows  
You tricks can't hide behind expensive cars and clothes  
Old niggaz I expose like Luke does hoes in videos  
With classic material, imperial and rugged like Got mag but my slugs a mic  
You fake like a smile, like a hug, I'm tight  
Skip ladies, this is rip a muthafucka night  
Oracle arouse, niggaz don't even run for cover right Downtown interracial lovers hold hands  
I breathe heavy like an old man, with a cold can of Old Style  
Hold a Stone Isle profile  
Mix between Malcolm X and Sef when I go wild Hold mics like a second nut until the second comin'  
Hummin' comin' towards you with power like forwards do  
Hip hop, you my bitch and like a Ford, I'm explorin' you  
So, wack niggaz be cool, with them, I stay cordial Flowin' room temperature, cats is presumed miniature  
Like golf soft like Tiger Woods  
And real nigga angles I've stood with ways that's geometric  
Don't need to rob banks with dike broads to set it I levitate to the occasion, lounge like a lyricist  
Rhyme wise, you a rest haven  
You sat by the door spooked like I was Wes Craven  
You need to do more deletin' and less savin' A praise in hell, raisin heaven  
Like the bill on my pager leavens  
What you should have known from day one  
You will on day seven Hungry hip hop junkie in the city  
Hungry hip hop junkie in the city  
Hungry hip hop junkie in the city

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