I'm Hungry

Bo Diddley

I'm hungry, I'm hungry
I'm hungry, I'm hungry
I be out there in the street 'cuz I gotta eat
My mom gotta eat, lil' brother gotta eat
I'm hungry, I'm hungry
I'm hungry, I'm hungry
I be out there in the street 'cuz I gotta eat
My squad gotta eat, baby mother gotta eat
I refuse to go back to bein' broke again
I'd rather load the toast wit the shells and sell coke again
Rather put the blow on the scale and sell dope again
Rather put the dro in the L and inhale smoke again
I refuse to go back to bein' poor again
I'd rather sell dimes outside of the corner store again
Put the guns up and run up in the corner store again
Rather take my gat to Iraq and go to war wit them
I refuse to go back to bein' down again
I'd rather walk around all day wit the tre pound again
Hop out on a clown wit the K and spray rounds again
Get you dug up out ya grave and laid down again
I refuse to go back to no dough again
I'd rather go to my young boy that grow dro again
Then make a young boy strip wit the 4-4 again
I even make my bitch strip and then go go again
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I be out there in the street 'cuz I gotta eat
My squad gotta eat, baby mother gotta eat
I ain't tryna go back to livin' gutter man
That's why I'm stackin' this cheese to feed my mother, man
Plus I got a step pop and a little brother, man
And I still gotta take care of my baby mother, man
Now I'm signed some cats is not actin' right
They be thinkin' I'm stackin' 'cuz I be rappin', right?
When you dead the bread can't bring you back to life

But I got family to feed and they got appetites
So I ain't tryna be ridin' on the bus again
Workin' a 9 to 5 that's why I'm husslin'
Got rhymes line for line, man I'm crushin' 'em
This little 9 of mine, man I'm bustin' 'em
I gotta stay on my grind 'cuz I ain't eatin' right
Got bags under my eyes 'cuz I ain't sleepin' right
Even if I ain't beefin' I gotta keep the pipe
You got cake, I'mma eat a slice, nigga
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My squad gotta eat, baby mother gotta eat
Man I'm just like a dude in the crib wit no food in the fridge
And I'm just like the guy that you saw that was robbin' the store
And I'm just like the dude on the block that be movin' the rock
And I'm just like the hustlin' cat that be bustin' his gat
That's why I do what I do
You would too if you knew what I knew
I cop ostriches, got beef like sausages
And I'm hungry as a hostage is
So I'mma keep sellin' coke to ya
'Cuz niggaz gotta eat in the street, it's like a little Ethiopia
That's why I be out here in the street
'Cuz 'till the day I die, man I gotta eat
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