

# 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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