Food For Thought

Lord Finesse

(so you know there's a lotta darkness out here
We watch it all time
I'm busy looking at the darkness sayin
"damn, that's some darkness over there", you know?
Whatever
And we have responsibility to focus on it, sayin, you know
"y'all be cool")(mh-mh-mh)Ah yeah
Check it out, y'all
A little food for thought
For those in the ghetto
Actin wild, livin foul
Cause y'all think it's in style
Know what I'm sayin?Now every neighborhood has a nice child
But because of the things around em they change up they whole lifestyle
I knew a kid with a little cash
He had a little gear, yo, his status was middle class
But girls used to say he was so chopped
And brothers around the way wasn't tryin to give him no props
He was quiet, he used to lounge and play the smooth role
Brothers tried to diss him, he ain't sweat it, it was cool though
Confidence is what the child lacked
He was tryin to scoop this girl he was sweatin since a while back
He asked honey to go with him
Since he didn't have a name, that bitch ain't give him no rhythm
Matter of fact, she made him feel low
She said she needed a man that was out there makin real dough
So it was a lot that he had to prove
So money said 'fuck it' and changed up his whole attitude[chorus]
(time to get it)
Yo, y'all better chill
(time to clock bills)
(yo, y'all better chill
(hey yo, I wanna get ill)
Yo, y'all better chill
(so what's the muthafuckin deal?)
Yo, y'all better chillNow he had to make quick figures
So he started sellin drugs, because honey wanted a rich nigga
He was livin foul and then some
He started killin niggas and buildin figures for his income

He had the fat rides he drove around in
He was clockin dough, knockin hoes, money was loungin
And waitin for a nigga to test him
You know, play him, try to slay him, or disrespect him
Let some brother tried to riff with him
He wouldn't hesitate to pull out and let off his whole clip in em
He was wettin niggas like firemen
Shit, he was packin more iron than vitamins
Now the brothers seein mad money
And guess who pops up on the scene, yo, it's the bad honey
Now she's on the block hawkin
Before no words, now he can't get that bitch to stop talkin
He told her to cut the shit
He laid her, played her, told the hoe to suck his dick
He said he was only out to get money
So step the fuck off, because paybacks is a bitch, honey
She only got what she deserved (word)
He kicked that stupid bitch to the curb
Cause man, he had his whole shit down
Cause the nigags who used to diss him was all on his dick now[chorus]Everything was how he imagined it
But word got out, and other dealers wasn't havin it
The hoe he dissed, snitched and told on him
So one day some fellas ran up and the rolled on him
Shot em up with blow-me-down
Cause if money wasn't catholic, he was holy now
He had it goin on and played the perfect role
But ask yourself a question: was it worth it though?[chorus]

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