

# Food Fight

## Digital Underground

Game 11 This is a federal food fight  
(You better know it)

That means we're callin' out all you kooks and crooks  
(What? We're about to rip this shit) Oh, me? My name is Humpty Hump  
(There's a party in here, baby)

I'm the original big-nosed rapper, baby  
(You better get down with this, baby) We're about to sling hot food all over this piece  
(Just nothing but a food fight)

Here we go, back in the house for the 9-whatever  
(Food fight)

With the bacon and egg sandwich You ain't bringing groceries, G, your groove is getting rude over records  
But can you sling the food like this?

You better bite this, if you wanna make the people move like this  
Chez wa, Allah, cheese burger Flame broil base, my pickle make ya wiggle  
You're busted, my mustard will wax your whole plate

By itself, not including all my funky condiments  
Nod your head to this and duck down As I commence to lock and load a fresh cantaloupe  
Yo, I'm illin', I'm slingin' melons like the felons are slingin' dope sacks

So max but I wouldn't stand so close up in the light  
Either bring it or hide 'cause it's about to be a food fight (You need something for the food fight)

We hit you in the neck with a cheeseburger  
(Gotta bring food to the food fight)

Yeah, bruh, we hit you in the neck with a cheeseburger It's classic, slapping brothers with some lettuce from  
jurassic

I counteract it with the Shock with ham hocks  
From brothers who might Tupac

Fifty-seven black too hard but lots of flows Fat like hippopotamus, still caught 'em though  
In the face with excrements, peep my testaments

I bring the seasoning paprika

Eureka for the weaker, and smoke the reefer Dribble up the funk in the beaker and, yes, about to say, "Speaker"  
It leaks in your ears and years ahead

I went to Japan and they was throwing pork balls  
But I'm calling protocol, stop (You need something for the food fight)

We banked you in the neck with the cheeseburger, come on  
(Gotta bring food to the food fight)

Yes, we're slugging the chicken nugget to your grill (You need something for the food fight)  
Get ready, we're coming fetti with the groceries

(Gotta bring food to the food fight)

Someone shoulda told ya, it ain't over till it's over Now if I am what I eat I hope I ain't a big couchie

Gotta substitute the 'Ouch' for the 'Ooch'  
If so, I hate to see my man Donnie O, he'd be a butt hell  
Substitute the 'Ell' for the 'Ole' Actually, factually hella fools I know would be toe up  
If you was what you ate, no fakin'  
My man Nate would be a plate of bacon  
My brother Shock popcorn, and my cat would be a rat My girlfriend would be some super sperm and things  
My rich nigga Pac would be a lobster with hot wings  
It's quite simple, if true that my temple is wrecked  
I'd be some mushrooms and cognac I'd be a pinto bean gravy smothered neck bone  
Scrilla taker, vanilla wafer, baker, filler  
So come on with your food slingin' 'cause I'm ready  
Bring it shut up nigga, sing it (You need something for the food fight)  
We banked you in the neck with the cheeseburger  
(Gotta bring food to the food fight)  
Yes, we're slugging the chicken nugget to your grill (You need something for the food fight)  
Get ready, we're coming fetti with the groceries  
(Gotta bring food to the food fight)  
Someone shoulda told ya, it ain't over till it's over Bring the groceries  
Bring the groceries  
Bring the groceries

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