

Famished

Ces Cru

What are we going to do about food?
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Lights on center stage, life sweet as lemonade
But it's sour too, motherfuckers wilin' out on the internet but they been af
raid
Y'all know how I really feel, it's like same shit, different day
Hit 'em with the hot lights, roll up in the spot with a troll up in a box li
ke fish and eggs
Yeah, yeah, keep shots ricochet
Smoke screen blurred a scene
Grind on my nemesis, rap boy scurred of me
They might have settled in, shit it never did occur to me
Hungry as I ever been, they said I'm the best since whoever ya bitch don't e
ncourage me
We never got on free, egg on they face but it's not on me
Talkin' hella cheap took a shot on me
But when I see you on the scene take a shot on me
Sugar in they tank but it's not all sweet
Put 'em in they place where they not on beat
Put it on they face and they got all meat
Hey trickin' if you got it and forgot our treats
Halloween on Christmas day ya bitch
No clause are the same when they came with gifts
All you need is some balls and to bring your dick
Ain't no need for applause when I say that shit, boy
I see what I saw what I say's specific
The fuck would I be doin' if I played it different
Spent days in the kitchen, now my name is hittin'
Beat drop when I rock, whole place is trippin'

Homie gotta get his, he give a fuck how I get mine
Maybe my name'll make the headline
Doin' fed time standin' on the breadline
Now I'm hype and I'm fed up
Gotta pull a heist on a bread truck
I cite red rum, they shoulda never not fed us
What are we going to do about food?
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(They shoulda never not fed us)
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I put the water in the pot then
I let it come to a boil
Throw the noodle in after that
Flavor wrapped in the foil
Whippin' a motherfuckin' meal dawg
Rippin the package and it peeled off
I need to eat I'm finna kill off
Not givin' a fuck if it's still raw
F-A-R-O-U-T no lies
That can't nobody fornicate but me, oh my
You see us poppin' up everywhere nigga we don't die
I know ya hate but hold it in whenever we go by
Look at the level I'm on, I've gone hungry homie

You're right, I need a meal I put it on to show me
I get it how I get it so ya mom can blow me
I'm trynna get the bread and put it on bologna
My head on backwards, my thoughts are crossed out
And I don't give a fatherfuckin' fuck, I'm bossed out
Can never yellow diamond lemonade, I'm flossed out
And I don't know how many runners up, I lost count
Although my face is painted, homie no clown
I'm well aware that they refer to me low down
I'm on the throne and I don't even need no crown
Hand out a motherfuckin' turkey like I'm Nino Brown
Murderin' for a plate, wait, who's beside me?
And why them on the menu, dude can try me
I'm orderin' at random, do surprise me
But whatever it is, better supersize me
Honey ham on the wishlist, money gram and a slit wrist
And you can witness
What a man would do for a plate when he ran in the place
Hella jam with his biscuits

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Man I'm hungry as hell man
Get this pizza, some bread-sticks...
Yeah...