

Gotta Eat

Slim Thug

You know who the fuck I am bitch
It's Thugga, Thugga

I'm the realest nigga ever, nobody do it better
I ain't never stopping, I'ma do this shit forever
Addicted to new leather, in love with the money
Drop the 'Rarri top, when that weather gets sunny
Neighbors looking funny, cause ery'time they speak
It be a different bitch, everyday of the week
I'm a Hogg, I gotta eat
And word is, there's lobster and steak in these streets
I got a problem though, I like freaks
Give me two of those, my square hoes acting weak
It's hard to compete, with two dimes in my sheets
They swapping out my meat, got a nigga all deep

Catch me in the club, every week bitch
Never see me out, with a weak bitch
Fuck a good girl, I want a freak bitch
Up all week, we gotta eat bitch
We gotta eat bitch
Bricks on the table, gotta eat bitch
We gotta eat bitch
Lil' cash in a safe, we gotta eat bitch

I'm still starving, and I just ate
Trying to see how many meals, I can take
Got a mill cash, stashed in the safe
Shit I can't complain, life's great
And I just, got that new Range
Cocaine, everythang
That's a damn shame
My side chick I'm dicking down, is your main
Hold up mayn, where is your brain
Cause her's a fool, some'ing I can't explain
I can't stay in my lane, get money fuck the fame
Solid gold chains, Rover changing lanes

I ain't got time, for these bitches
I'm spending all my time, getting money
And I ain't slowing down, for you niggaz
You better catch up, if you coming
[2x]