

# Meat

Brotha Lynch Hung

Alarm clock, I hate alarm clocks

Hey babe I gotta get up  
Real shit ya'll

I only got enough money for some hamburger meat  
But I still ain't trippin that's the shit I like to eat  
But my son he like daddy this is all we got to eat  
I'm like son I'm about to sing big time  
I'm downloadin' beats and I'm a start writin' to em  
And if the fans don't buy em I'm a kill them in they sleep  
Bring the extra cheese  
We gonna eat somehow like the Vietnamese, Chinese, Japanese  
Gettin' dirty meats, make me some fuckn' stacks of G's  
With the a-r automatic uzi machine  
All you gotta do is wash it off and then put it in the freeze  
And then we good for another couple of weeks  
When you get older like me you'll be tuckin the heat  
And if not you, you'll be stuck in the street  
I wanna say ya mom love you, but that's up to she  
But we gonna do what we gotta do n that's get the meat  
Strange music got my back they hopefully  
But if not they really ain't no hope for me  
That means you goin' through the same situation  
That means we gone keep goin' through the same shit you hatin'

Meat, we gotta find something to eat  
Even if we gotta go do it on the street  
Even if we gotta go shootin' with the heat  
Even if we lie to dude we gone get the meat, (meat, meat)

I only got enough money for top ramen noodles  
My son lookin' at me like he don't wanna come to close  
He saw me in the bathroom cryin' it was to late  
I couldn't even keep a straight face, like 2 face  
All the mother fucka's around me they was to fake  
I ain't got an album out now they call me to late  
Bar b q yesterday, where the fuck was I at?  
A football game where's my mother fuckin' hi at?  
I remember lizz moore drive even after that  
Starin at my strange chain, thinkin' ain't goin' back  
I got a new life, I'm a get a new wife,  
I'm a get a new 9, I think it was do time  
No matter who's wrong or who right  
Life's like shakin' 'em up n rollin' 2 dice  
Thin slice, and my ol school homey like where you been ice  
Just marinatin, stomach achein shit ain't been right

Real shit ya'll... real shit ya'll... meat  
Hey kev wake up, fadin off, meat  
Yo kev wake up

Lil Kevin wake up it's school time, get ya clothes on  
Don't no body love you like me  
We in the O zone, twilight zone  
All we got to eat today is bullshit  
Time for you to pray, but I don't pray I carry full clips

You can't be like me cause I'm a fuck up,  
And if we both fuckn' up you gone be just like me  
It's gone be a tight squeeze, we can get through this  
You my 'lil nigga so nigga we gone do this  
Shit, I can count it on one hand  
Old as I am I can still cound it on one hand  
We both Kevin mann  
We both gotta stretch it out like a rubber band  
I got another plan, I got a million of em  
I'm a still come with em, I'm still run with em  
We gotta keep it goin, then I'm done with it  
That's it, I'm a whipe my hands  
I'm hella broke but I don't dance