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[CHORUS]
I'm hungry (What?!) I'm hungry (What?!)
I'm hungry (What?!) I'm hungry (What?!)
I be out there in the street 'cuz I gotta eat
My mom gotta eat, lil' brother gotta eat (Talk to 'em)
I'm hungry (What?!) I'm hungry (What?!)
I'm hungry (What?!) I'm hungry (What?!)
I be out there in the street 'cuz I gotta eat
My squad gotta eat, baby mother gotta eat
[VERSE 1]
I refuse to go back to bein' broke again
I'd rather load the toast wit the shells and sell coke again
Rather put the blow on the scale and sell dope again
Rather put the dro' in the L and inhale smoke again
I refuse to go back to bein' poor again
I'd rather sell dimes outside of the corner store again
Put the guns up and run up in the corner store again
Rather take my gat to Iraq and go to war wit them
I refuse to go back to bein' down again
I'd rather walk around all day wit the tre pound again
Hop out on a clown wit the K and spray rounds again
Get you dug up out ya grave and laid down again
I refuse to go bak to no dough again
I'd rather go to my young boy that grow dro again
Then make a young boy strip wit the 4-4 again
I even make my bitch strip and then go-go again
[CHORUS]
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My mom gotta eat, lil' brother gotta eat (Talk to 'em)
I'm hungry (What?!) I'm hungry (What?!)
I'm hungry (What?!) I'm hungry (What?!)
I be out there in the street 'cuz I gotta eat
My squad gotta eat, baby mother gotta eat
I ain't tryna go back to livin' gutter man
That's why I'm stackin' this cheese to feed my mother, man
Plus I got a step pop and a little brother, man
And I still gotta take care of my baby mothter, man
Now I'm signed some cats is not actin' right
They be thinkin' I'm stackin' 'cuz I be rappin', right?
When you dead the bread can't bring you back to life
But I got family to feed and they got appetites
So I ain't tryne be ridin' on the bus again
Workin' a 9 to 5 that's why I'm husslin'
Got rhymes line for line, man I'm crushin' 'em
This little 9 of mine, man I'm bustin' 'em
I gotta stay on my grind 'cuz I ain't eatin' right
Got bags under my eyes 'cuz I ain't sleepin' right
Even if I ain't beefin' I gotta keep the pipe
You got cake, I'mma eat a slice, nigga!
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[VERSE 3 (Swizz Beats)]
Man I'm just like a dude in the crib wit no food in the fridge
(Talk to 'em...I'm hungry!)
And I'm just like the guy that you saw that was robbin' the store
(Talk to 'em...I'm hunngry!)
And I'm just like the dude on the block that be movin' the rock
(Talk to 'em...I'm hungry!)
And I'm just like the hustlin' cat that be bustin' his gat
(Talk to 'm...I'm hungry!)
That's why I do what I do
You would too if you knew what I knew
I cop ostriches, got beef like sausages
And I'm hungry as a hostage is (Real talk)
So I'mma keep sellin' coke to ya
'Cuz niggaz gotta eat in the street, it's like a little Ethiopia
That's why I be out here in the street
'Cuz 'till the day I die, man I gotta eat
[CHORUS 2x]
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