

# I Gotta Eat

Jae Millz

Fred, know how we all cake - brick of raw weight  
Picture me gettin' rich, not using poor traits  
I orchestrate to pay bills  
I can shoot a jump shot with a bag of money, Jae Millz  
What up, sir? Got the bright tan fur  
On the phone with the left hand while the right hand stir  
Think about all the money we run through  
Won't stop 'til my niggas get 150 a bundle  
I'm on the block, holler - top dollar  
I'm talkin' G money, like Nino with the Rottweiler  
Blackjack at the casino with some guap fallin'  
Sit back just like in the back of that Impala  
TV and block work, I'm on it, what?  
Fred hot out here, now I'm warming up  
Millz hit my phone and said he got a beat  
Well bring a fork and a plate, nigga, I gotta eat

Crusin' in my jeep  
Thinkin' of a master plan, why these niggas sleep?  
And while these niggas sleep, I'm out here in these streets  
Chasin' dead presidents 'cause a nigga gotta eat...  
Yeah nigga, I gotta eat  
No food on the table, then the fam' can't sleep  
I pray to God I don't kill a nigga  
But if I do, God'll be with it, nigga

Only time can tell how the clock tick  
Cold-ass Coupe, R&B hot chick  
Three personalities, call me tri-polar  
Heard my enemy got cancer - good, he'll die slower  
I'm thinkin' death - 'cause life seems scary  
Just pass the gravy, on his whole 'hood, Hail Mary  
I ain't chillin'...  
'Til the mansion four floors, all the walls got awards  
And my team ain't gotta work  
Niggas say my time is comin', it'd better hurry  
'Cause millions I'm tryna bury before I'm buried  
My chick early twenties but she think like she 30  
Yeah, she roll with me, so I gotta make her closet ferry  
That 850, I got a nigga savin' his chips  
'Cause right along with that I need the four-door 6  
Grand Coupin', translucent roofin'  
That's why my grind's stupid, stupid...

Yes - I ain't ask to be boss, but I appear to  
Tek under the seat, keep checkin' the rearview  
Never duck when it's beef, bread, I give a clear view  
Feel who in the streets? Come try me, I dare you  
Damn kids don't understand, live  
Just know to die or ride for who their fam' is  
After the dark, Allah, scram in my man's crib  
Word is, niggas ain't rob him, but his man did (damn shame)  
We keep that in the circle  
Three stacks for the purple, you need that if it's work, dude  
See? Always pullin' on these two straps like Urkel  
Move back, I'll hurt you - shoot back and merk you  
I call it extortin', y'all call it payin' dues

Like I'm dolo at a table with a plate of food  
Up North is dead 'til it's read in the Daily News  
Player's Ball, I play the wall in my gator shoes