

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