

# Food On The Table, Pt. 1

Lil' O

[talking]

Food on the table, see when I became a man  
I realized, it wasn't about what these niggas was  
Saying about me, it wasn't about what these hoes  
Was saying about me, it was about me staying focused  
And making my dreams come true

[Lil' O]

They say don't work you don't eat, it's a fact of life  
And niggas like me, got appetites  
Sometimes you got a chance it, and snatch the dice  
And say fuck friends, if they ain't acting right  
Never look back, till you get your assets right  
Make these niggas be like yeah, dog your ass was right  
Cause the streets slay us up, like a sacrifice  
All my niggas dead and gone, in they afterlife  
But I recall when they said, I was acting shife  
Cause I stay one deep, in my Lac tonight  
From the grind nigga, trying to make my stash look right  
Lil nigga big dreams, all I had was Christ  
To just, listen to my pain (heey)  
I'm a hustla, I ain't in it for the fame  
Can't you see, I'm trying to get a little change  
Why you niggas, won't let me do my thang  
But fuck y'all though

[Hook x2: Lil' O & Rachel]

Cause as long, as I'm able  
To always put food, on the table  
(I'll be alright)  
See as long, as I'm able  
To always put food, on the table  
(I'll stay on my grind)

[Lil' O]

See it's two choices in life, win or lose  
I said I make my own way, I will bend the rules  
Keep my eyes on the prize, never tend to lose  
Be careful bout the broads, and the friends I choose  
Cause they extra baggage  
But fuck these niggas dog, get your cabbage  
They just gon hate, cause you extra lavish  
But I'm a guerilla, so I'm extra savage  
It's hard to hit me, when I'm lonely I know God is with me  
And if I gotta kill a few niggas, then Lord forgive me  
Cause desperately, y'all gon tell me  
To go get the glock and lick shots, till all is empty  
Respect the game, I went from the Houpe to the Lexus Range  
If your broad chose me, then check your dame  
Fat Rat with the Cheese, man respect the name  
It get's no realer

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O]

See I don't got no friends  
Cause ain't nobody here, when I ain't got no ends

And won't nobody roll, if I ain't got no Benz  
Sometimes I feel, like I ain't got no win  
I ain't got no girl, I ain't got no hoes  
Cause they ain't there, when I ain't got no dough  
And they won't bop, if I ain't got no shows  
Sometimes I feel like, I ain't got no soul  
All I have, is the Lord Sweet Jesus  
Help me wage war, with the non-believers  
These niggas want me dead, for numerous reasons  
But through faith in you, Lord I'm still here breathing  
Strive and achieving, hoes not leaving  
Boys throwing slugs at me, I'm bobbing and weaving  
Much love to my niggas, that committed no treason  
Fuck everybody else, this is what I believe in

[Hook x2]

[Rachel]

I'll be alright, I'll be alright  
Stay on my grind, you'll be alright  
Stay on your grind, cause it'll be alright  
Alright, alright, alright  
Oooh-oooh, stay on your grind, heey