

## Food on the Table, Pt. 2

Lil' O

[talking]

Food on the table, see that's what it's all about  
If you ain't trying to get no real money  
What you doing it fo'

[Hook]

See all these bitch niggas, always say they wanna shine  
But never wanna work, and they never wanna grind  
They only thing they doing on the cool, is wasting time  
Instead of all that capping man, they need to put it down

[Lil' O]

Hey what you know about block bleeding, thugging for change  
Punching niggas in the eye, for running up to your stang  
Living life on the edge, playa fucking with caine  
Trying to go from a rock, to a couple of thangs  
See even when the sky cried, I hustled in rain  
Posted up on a hot block, smothered in flames  
Niggas say that we alike, we ain't nothing the same  
Y'all tennis shoe hustlers, bumping for fame  
Stuck in the game, plus me I'm always trying to get it  
Don't ask me if I'm real, nigga I done did it  
From slanging work out of Houpes, to the five is kitted  
From white T's and black dickies, to designer fitted  
And on the cool, I can't count all the blocks I bled  
And on the cool, I can't count all the glocks I fed  
Hollow point nigga eaters, filled with drops of led  
Then bust at the haters, trying to drop me dead  
Boy I'm a O.G. vet, you need to show me respect  
Day one block bleeder, from the Southwest set  
There wasn't no love, or handouts for me  
I put my game face on, and ran a route for G's

[Hook x2]

[Lil' O]

I played to win, once other niggas played and ran  
Not knowing, they would end up in the grave or Penn  
Some of my roll's became foes, when I made the ends  
Bitch niggas set me up, and tried to spray my Benz  
Slays to sin, wishing that my days would end  
I can't count the times, a playa got betrayed by friends  
From niggas snitching to the laws, to try and break my chin  
In a game with no rules, love's paper thin  
These trifling streets, man I paid the price to eat  
But still boys, wanna act like my life is sweet  
Sometimes I ask myself, I wonder what my life would be  
If I just stayed in school, and got a nice degree  
But life for me, wasn't no knowledge from books  
It was street game playa, and I got it from crooks  
So when you boys want work, I got it to cook  
And when you punks want war, I bring it to hooks

[Hook x2]

[talking]

Food on the table, nigga

Stop playing games with your life  
Get focused nigga, grow the fuck up  
Niggas acting like a million dollas, gon fall from the sky  
Or something, out here playing games  
Like shit ain't real out here nigga, get your cash