

# Fuck Food

Tech N9ne

Yeah  
Ah-ah-ah  
Ah-ah-ah  
Ah-ah-ah-ah

Yeah  
Yeah-uh  
(Can you see?)  
Yeah-uh  
(See 'em live)  
Uh-ah-oh-oh  
(See 'em live)

Mmm  
Yum, a stick of 5 gum is the taste on my tongue  
But for the right one, I'll spit it out and place her right on  
The night's young, meaning we minus the bright sun  
And I'm numb like I'm inside 'em like white on a ripe bun  
Like that one, baby stacked wit' a fat on  
Action-pack wit' a rack and a little bit of that 'yac she's passed on  
Got a 36-pack of Magnums, I'm Vlad and I'm back  
I'll put a bitch in a sack and bring her back  
And then I gotta go and leave a lash from the passion

(I'm crazy) Sick as hell for the ladies  
They don't give a damn that I'm manic  
Even though I'm so shady  
Baby girl, but don't play me  
I ain't tryna have no babies, but baby  
You braised in some slavery

Wanna excite ya, ignite the fight, so honey, taunt me  
I just wanna bite you and watch you drop out, Romani Kandi  
That's 11 Gs, angel from heaven, she's  
Seven threes, hot egg and cheese for Pain, Tech, & Weez

I know what you sayin'  
But you know I ain't playin'  
Tryna get my dick sucked through my jeans  
And oh-oh

(Girls only look like fuck food to me)  
(Girl-girls only look like fuck food to me)

Spin that booty 'round, drop it to the ground, let it make a sound, do-do  
It, baby  
Do it like that, lemme see the kitty-kat, then I hit it from the back for  
The baby

(Girls sure look like fuck food to me)  
(Girl-girls sure look like fuck food to me)

Oh-oh-oh-oh  
Oh-oh-oh-oh  
Oh-oh-oh-oh

Uh, now put that pussy on my lip and dip

Yeah, let's make a movie, I'ma flip the script  
Yeah, I wax that ass like Q-Tip  
Yeah, float in that pussy like a cruise ship  
Uh, 'cause I'm a nasty motherf-cker  
Yeah, I eat that p-ssy like the last supper  
Yeah, I beat that p-ssy like brass knuckles  
Heh, she call me daddy and she scream "Uncle"  
Open up and spread, I'm pullin' her hair, she pullin' my dreads  
I'm breakin' her off, we breakin' the bed  
F-ck her like a dog, she shakin' her leg  
I'm killin' it soft, I'm makin' it red  
I'm makin' her talk, I'm makin' her beg  
I'm makin' her crawl, I'm makin' her run  
I'm makin' it numb, I'm makin' it cum, I am  
Young Weezy F. Baby  
She wish she could make a copy of my dick and save it  
(Ha-ha) Now close your mouth, don't waste it  
I got that fuck food, baby, come taste it  
Tunechi!

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Oh-oh-oh-oh

When I get my mittens on this kitten  
She'll be bitten, then she missin'  
'Cause she fucked up and let the Tech in  
Canceled all of her ex men  
If you think you got it, nigga, say it witcha chest, then  
I'm gon' be your sex friend, rippin' off her dress, then  
Nibblin' on her neck and I'm makin' her wet wit' no question  
Yeah, animal magnetism, the sadomasochism  
Got way mo' cash to give 'em, but they don't ask, just twist 'em  
I don't have to give 'em stacks for me to mash within 'em  
I'm they master, hit 'em with a lash and a nigga fast to stick 'em  
And I like 'em all colors, multi-mack can make 'em all love us  
And make 'em do all of us, and we don't be trippin' on it 'cause we all  
Brothers  
Y'all slippers, as I be trippin' over broads, fuck it  
The currency, see he keep his cards shuffled  
The bitch'll wanna let her jaws touch us, jaw-crushers  
Anybody outside don't get much news from me  
'Cause I get it in but I keep it on the hush (Who's the G?)  
This rush, you agree, this is stuff dude for fee  
But the girls sho' look like fuck food to me, ay

I don't know what you feel  
I don't know what you think  
I don't know what you see, my nigga

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Now you see what I see  
The lady's mine, mine, mine, mine  
Mine  
Now you see what I see (Can you see?)  
The lady's mine, mine, mine, mine  
Mine