

## Rockell % Collage

### "This How We Eat"

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[Goldie Loc talking]

Definition - gangsta, hustla, you know

We make money, we eat, we feed

Pay attention - (Beitch!!) \*beat starts\*

Uhh, yeah, come on..

Uhh uhh, make some music..

Dogg House, you know..

\$hort Dog peep game, come on

I'm ridin down the street, beat, feets got on twenty-tweets

No beer-belly fool, we get it all for eats

Cocoa Puff the green leaf, cloud up

We some gangstas makin money, never been a scrub

Whattchu know about sellin dope...

But the only thing you good for now, is droppin the soap

Goldie Loc, Tray Deee, Too \$hort, no doubt

Tell 'em how we eat and what we all about, nigga

[Too \$hort]

These hoes know what's up, niggaz been havin game

O.G.'s tell me real good, bitch I'm the same

Motherfucker make 'em feel good, ya know my name

Bitch, if ya still could, you'd do the same

Made thirteen albums in a row

Be like Too \$hort baby and pimp a hoe

It's so easy, if ya know how to get it

You'll never be another broke-ass nigga

[Chorus: Kokane]

We got, top-notch hoes, y'all fools got crack-hoes

We eatin sirloin steak, y'all fools eat Cheerios

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[Tray Deee]

Fuck a business suit, I'm out to where we juice

Push the Bentley coupe and spend endless loot

Runnin game from the brain or the stainless steel

Pushin Holt's high-heels when we bang the field

With the heat out, jack the whole hood with G-clout  
Invisible perimeters for niggaz to keep out  
You ain't got to ask what the fuck what we bout  
Whatever, get the cheddar than an nigga can ease out

[Goldie Loc]

I used to be able to jump from the free-throw line and  
bang  
Now I bust and crush tracks, nothin really changed  
Except, twelve-inch scars on my body  
What I mean by that, I was hit by some hotties (nigga)  
Call somebody, I'm layin in this motherfucker bloody  
It wasn't because of my shoes, clothes, or money  
I was at the wrong place at the wrong time  
Paramedics don't know, I was a victim of the crime

[talking]

Just keep gettin that money mayne  
Fuck them niggaz, yeah... this how we eat

[Chorus: Kokane]

We got, top-notch hoes, y'all fools got crack-hoes  
We eatin sirloin steak, y'all fools eat Cheerios  
(Check it out)

[\$hort] Don't be trick, you know these hoes so slick  
[\$hort] Do yo' thang and get rich  
[TrayD] Get wise, enterprise with the game ya got  
[TrayD] You could slang some rocks, but better change  
ya spot  
[\$hort] Ask anybody; I stay paid  
[\$hort] Most niggaz want pussy, tryna get laid  
[TrayD] Stayin soft with a hoe getchu crossed by a hoe  
[TrayD] I break a bitch down then I'm off with the dough  
[\$hort] I'm so hungry, I can't wait to eat  
[\$hort] I ride brand new shit down the street  
[TrayD] Life is a game of chess, who plays the best  
[TrayD] is the last one that's laid to rest  
[\$hort] I know you wanna eat good - it ain't hard  
[\$hort] to be a real ghetto superstar  
[TrayD] Focus is the key - if ya want it, it could be  
[TrayD] If ya know where ya goin from the moment you  
could see  
[TrayD] that's game

[Chorus: Kokane]

We got, top-notch hoes, y'all fools got crack-hoes  
We eatin sirloin steak, y'all fools eat Cheerios  
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[Big Tigger]

Catch me headed out west, Impala drive  
And when they see balkin and be talkin bout (?)  
Too \$hort, Eastsidaz, and ya boy Big Tig  
It's on and poppin now, but we wattrn't always this big  
Wanted a Benz and a Lotus (what?)  
Whatever feels, sprayin Raid on the roaches  
I mean the whole damn scene was kinda hopless  
(whattchu mean?)  
Came home to it, then we flipped the notice  
Now we big crib livin, Rockland and non-stop  
with hot women, cop drops with rims that don't stop  
spinnin (whoo!)  
And it's just the beginnin (what?)  
Cuz as long as the game strong we gon' keep winnin  
Big Tigger, Too \$hort, drops it so mean  
That lets us go get us a team of flatscreens  
Three cars, three cribs and three bikes  
When I drop this hot shit, I'm gonna cop three plus  
three mics

[talking]

Y'all niggaz better stop playin and get yo' game tight  
Too \$hort, Eastsidaz, Big Tig... oh boy  
Album number 13 nigga, y'all better stop chasin the cat  
Chase that money, well unless you know  
The cat got money (please believe it) this how we eat  
nigga!  
Let's go, oh boy...

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