

Common "Food"

Visit "[Food](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I walked in the crib, got 2 kids,
and my baby mamma late (uh oh, uh oh, uh oh).
So I had to did what I had to did,
'cause I had to give (do-ough, do-ough, do-ough).
I'm up all night gettin' my money right,
until the blue and whites (popo, popo, popo).
Now the money coming slow, but at least a ***** know
slow motion better than (no-oh, no-oh, no-oh)
You love to hear the story, again and again
about these young brothers from the city of wind.
Like juice and gin in the city we blend
amongst the hustle, titties and skin, fifties and rims.
Y'all know the spreewells
and trucks that's detailed,
heartless females that wanna ride in 'em
felt the southside in them with raw hides and denim,
bent minds collide with them.
A system that tries victims, we livin' in.
My man in the fast lane pivotin',
on the block ***** sellin' like m & m,
on the block get jump off like Kim 'n 'em,

on the block is how you can feel it in your skin-nin-nin.

Shorties get the game with no instructions of
asembling,

odds right it seems like the fight is dim in him.

Call my man cuzin like I'm kin to him,

he tryin' to stay straight, the streets is bendin' him.

(Yo) I walked in the crib, got 2 kids,

and my baby momma late (uh oh, uh oh, uh oh).

So I had to did what I had to did,

'cause I had to give (do-ough, do-ough, do-ough).

(Yo) I'm up all night gettin' my money right,

until the blue and whites (popo, popo, popo).

Now the money coming slow, but at least a ***** know

slow motion better than (no-oh, no-oh, no-oh)

It's all good in the hood like rats and gyms,

fullbacks and tims, blacks and rims.

Whether on ball courts,

attires are ball shorts,

we never fall short.

With us it's all force like air ones.

Some wave some air guns,

the day of the fair ones it's over fo'.

Cats is colder than four below, wha'sup?

I go toe to toe

wondering if it's for the art or for the dough.

Though I know to grow a ***** gotta learn to let go,

though I know the dough I gotta bring back to the ghetto.

Aeros or Tarot cards pointin' to the grind,
po' livin' and mo' prisons pointin' to my mind.

Shine the light up!

Clench my fists tight and holdin' it right up.

Freedom fight in dark gear for the years to get brighter.

Situations, the jaws get tighter,

my man trying to get his way to higher

(Yo..yo..yo) I walked in the crib, got 2 kids,

and my baby mamma late (uh oh, uh oh, uh oh).

So I had to did what I had to did,

'cause I had to give (do-ough, do-ough, do-ough).

I'm up all night gettin' my money right,

until the blue and whites (popo, popo, popo).

Now the money coming slow, but at least a ***** know

slow motion better than (no-oh, no-oh, no-oh)

Yo.. hey yo I, I know I could make it right

if I can just swallow my pride,

but I can't run away or put my gun away.

You can't front on me!

I, no I can't let it ride..

no no not tonight,

no I can't run away or put my gun away.

You can't front on me!

Visit [Common](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.