

Big Country

"Gotta Eat"

Visit "[Gotta Eat](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Masada
2000

[VERSE 1]

My .44 calicol will silence y'all souls, Masada
The ghost of the most prolific writer
Upon my death bed in roast in fire
See my most desires
Smell the smoke from my flesh as my ghost rise up
Hear the voices of 100 choirs
And angels looking down at my body attached to wires
Priest kissed by the widow spider that spit saliva
I write for lifers and boxers at Rikers
I write pain
Blue ink replaced the blood in my veins
Thug in this game, flooded up rings
Cluttered up change, quick to pop a slug in your brain
If you a killer, then slugs we exchange
We like the mobsters, bullet shells and choppers
Cop cars and road blockers, they tryin to knock us
Catch us duck behind the bitches, d's tryin to pop us
On CBS News while the world watch us

[CHORUS]

I do this shit for my thugs
I do this shit for the chicks at the club
I do this shit for the niggas that I love
I do this shit for the streets, cause a nigga gotta eat,
luv (2x)

[VERSE 2]

I write theories that's motion pictures, y'all hear me?
I spit it clearly to roast y'all niggas, feel me?
Gangster, life of a don my icon
Sling on my right arm, rubber grip tight in my left arm
Body suited with teflon, it's Brooknam
Raise a eyebrow at the child, respectfully bow
Pay hommage, gold studs in my garment
Hot slugs miss me cause I'm God-sent
If it hit me, it's God's wish
No man taketh a life, I'm late in the night

Catch me in the hood shakin the dice
Contemplatin a heist
Some say my team is Satan's alike
Cartel, pop shells till our heart fails
Brooknam, a.k.a. Roswell
Clappin at the spaceship
Bitches with fake tits
At nightclubs
We live the life of a true thug

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

I feel a holy spirit comin on me
My lifestyle: based on a true story
Read the credits: name appears alphabetic
On clear film with no edits
Masada bleedin in the hands of medics
Priest, I live it epic
Spoke on records, majestic
Physique: I stand six feet
Observe my posture, my click's deep
Director's edition, just listen
The words breathe on my sheet, I write a novel
Speak on behalf of every slain apostle
My slang's hostile, say my name as gospel
Masada, pop 2 through the confession booth
Don't say nothin, pull my weapon and shoot
Bullets wettin their suits
Herut's lady put death in my shoes
Cats die violent in war, silence the .4
The fall slow motion, seen the silent applause

[CHORUS]

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