

Ebtg**"Food on the Table Pt. 1"**

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(*talking*)

Food on the table, see when I became a man
I realized, it wasn't about what these niggas was
Saying about me, it wasn't about what these hoes
Was saying about me, it was about me staying focused
And making my dreams come true

[Lil' O]

They say don't work you don't eat, it's a fact of life
And niggas like me, got appetites
Sometimes you got a chance it, and snatch the dice
And say fuck friends, if they ain't acting right
Never look back, till you get your assets right
Make these niggas be like yeah, dog your ass was right
Cause the streets slay us up, like a sacrifice
All my niggas dead and gone, in they afterlife
But I recall when they said, I was acting shife
Cause I stay one deep, in my Lac tonight
From the grind nigga, trying to make my stash look
right
Lil nigga big dreams, all I had was Christ
To just, listen to my pain (heey)
I'm a hustla, I ain't in it for the fame
Can't you see, I'm trying to get a little change
Why you niggas, won't let me do my thang
But fuck y'all though

[Hook: Lil' O & Rachel - 2x]

Cause as long, as I'm able
To always put food, on the table
(I'll be alright)
See as long, as I'm able
To always put food, on the table
(I'll stay on my grind)

[Lil' O]

See it's two choices in life, win or lose
I said I make my own way, I will bend the rules
Keep my eyes on the prize, never tend to lose
Be careful bout the broads, and the friends I choose
Cause they extra baggage

But fuck these niggas dog, get your cabbage
They just gon hate, cause you extra lavish
But I'm a guerilla, so I'm extra savage
It's hard to hit me, when I'm lonely I know God is with
me
And if I gotta kill a few niggas, then Lord forgive me
Cause desperately, y'all gon tell me
To go get the glock and lick shots, till all is empty
Respect the game, I went from the Houpe to the Lexus
Range
If your broad chose me, then check your dame
Fat Rat with the Cheese, man respect the name
It get's no realer

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' O]
See I don't got no friends
Cause ain't nobody here, when I ain't got no ends
And won't nobody roll, if I ain't got no Benz
Sometimes I feel, like I ain't got no win
I ain't got no girl, I ain't got no hoes
Cause they ain't there, when I ain't got no dough
And they won't bop, if I ain't got no shows
Sometimes I feel like, I ain't got no soul
All I have, is the Lord Sweet Jesus
Help me wage war, with the non-believers
These niggas want me dead, for numerous reasons
But through faith in you, Lord I'm still here breathing
Strive and achieving, hoes not leaving
Boys throwing slugs at me, I'm bobbing and weaving
Much love to my niggas, that committed no treason
Fuck everybody else, this is what I believe in

[Hook - 2x]

(Rachel)
I'll be alright, I'll be alright
Stay on my grind, you'll be alright
Stay on your grind, cause it'll be alright
Alright, alright, alright
Oooh-oooh, stay on your grind, heey

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