

Feeder

"Hungry"

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Aha, 2000, Bubba Sparxxx, yeah, 2000 baby

Now tell me how y'all expect to eat if y'all boys ain't hungry
How you figure you gon straighten the beef if y'all boys ain't hungry

Shit, you couldn't relate to Bubba K if we shared the same blood
That's why I keep you guessin like manics change up
Flame up for my peers who done walk with me for years
Through this pissiness then rain, we gon be ballin when it clears
In the mall workin the seers tryin to get my ? to ?
I swore to tell the truth, though it may offend them itty-bitty weak-minded crabs
Who gon keep tryna stab
And Bubba with that side talk, that make me think that I ought to
? with ? glock, and run up in their spot
Fuck that money in your safe, I want them munchies off the top
Folk that's hungry off this block and they countin on me to feed em
Got a car load of chickens and we bout to go home and eat em
I'm cravin everything from cabbage chips to cheese
Cos it's that feeling in my stomach got me takin trips for keys
From Athens to Belize, whatever for my nutrition
I'll even turn cannibal if it takes that for you to live

Now tell me how y'all expect to eat if y'all boys ain't hungry
How you figure you gon straighten the beef if y'all boys ain't hungry
I been seekin for a deal for years and for real I'm still hungry
They say that country folk can't do it but we will cos we hungry

Man that first verse ain't fill me up, it's like I gotta take
worm
I'm eatin lettuce and ? nuggets and just ? that take turn
It's that flake that hate burn
Live by y'all who can't learn
Why it hurts to see them with them platinum plates they
ain't earn
I'm lickin this cool whip munchin on a few chips
Fittin a snack on this broad I thought I'd never fool with
Duddy the chef throw out that kick, heat up that snare
Season that tip, I rhymin with a reason to spit
We leavin the shit financially and physically slick
You'll never see me undernourished cos I'm lyrically fit
Like grillin this shit when it comes to verses of hunger
I'm rappin this for happiness and polo shirts for the
summer, yeah
It hurts me to wonder if you can me can leave with each
other
You might not like my cookin now but I'm gon teach you
to love it
I speak to you in public, the pride, the salory calories
I don't know when your turn gon come
But it have to be after me

Now tell me how y'all expect to eat if y'all boys ain't
hungry (get it up, what)
How you figure you gon straighten the beef if y'all boys
ain't hungry (ah, ah, ah)
I been seekin for a deal for years and for real I'm still
hungry (aha, what)
They say that country folk can't do it but we will cos we
hungry (yeah, yeah)

I got a tape full of songs, wylin with five ones
Waitin on the deal to come cos my plate full of crumbs
It's so hard through them bright nights sleep on dark
days
And these crackers livin good that ain't what my
stomach say
I got a tape full of songs, wylin with five ones
Waitin on the deal to come cos my plate full of crumbs
It's so hard through them bright nights sleep on dark
days
And these crackers livin good that ain't what my
stomach say

Man I came up in the grains with Jen and Steve
And every meal I ate consisted of some bread and
cheese
I'm bet to believe y'all ain't scared to eat after me

But if you don't want what's left of this, well then feed
after me
You want me to leave the charts toward this buffet then
just say
Bubba it's feedin time and I'll sharpen these teeth of
mine
And devour this filthy slop that they fed us from the
start
I thank the Lord for daily bread and plus for blessing
you with Sparxxx

Now tell me how y'all expect to eat if y'all boys ain't
hungry (uh, uh)
How you figure you gon straighten the beef if y'all boys
ain't hungry
I been seekin for a deal for years and for real I'm still
hungry (yeah, ah, what)
They say that country folk can't do it but we will cos we
hungry (c'mon, c'mon)

Now tell me how y'all expect to eat if y'all boys ain't
hungry (get it up, get it up what)
How you figure you gon straighten the beef if y'all boys
ain't hungry
I been seekin for a deal for years and for real I'm still
hungry (wh-what)
They say that country folk can't do it but we will cos we
hungry (ah, ah, ah, ah)

Yeah, Duddy Ken, Bubba Sparxxx, nonsense
Underground south collabo, yeah, 2000 baby

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