**MotoLyrics** 

MotoLyrics.com Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

## **Flo-Rida** "Gotta Eat"

Visit "Gotta Eat" on MotoLyrics.com

Dammit, I'm proud to buy my own bag of weed Found me a hood that'll help plant my seed I got bail money they fuck with me

'Cause in my hood err nigga gotta eat 'Cause in my hood err nigga gotta eat

I know where I come from, niggas gotta grow Penny bitchin' for paper till you poppin' big bucks Give it a blow they cock it ain't no tellin' with them thugs Dealers straight out the projects only felon that'll bust

Some shit you don't discuss, snitches they get them stubs

Dammit, I'm proud to buy my own bag to fill my dutch Planted my own seed now a month without bud Granted I got the fee and we don't pump the same blood

You need that new Mercedes, home of that color gravy How the hell you gonna pay me? I made a deal to 380 Tell me I'm actin' shady, I try to ignore the lazy Set my brains on the deli if mine arrest me, I'm ready

Dammit, I'm proud to buy my own bag of weed Found me a hood that'll help plant my seed I got bail money they fuck with me

'Cause in my hood err nigga gotta eat 'Cause in my hood err nigga gotta eat

Chow I had that dinner platter meals on deck Cash comin' that currency to earn that respect Money machines measurin', makin' sure you collect Rollin' that dice game you better be stompin' best

Keep it movin' like chess, look for ya new address Proof of ghetto for sex that make the culprits go wreck Hope the fay of the fruits of ya label mama impress Don't know whoever knew you could point at you through the stress

That drama on the block, all them run-ins with cops Couldn't afford shoes, was happy two pair of socks Steady payin' ya dues that landed you in the box Other niggas confused you asked them to borrow crop

Dammit, I'm proud to buy my own bag of weed Found me a hood that'll help plant my seed I got bail money they fuck with me

'Cause in my hood err nigga gotta eat 'Cause in my hood err nigga gotta eat

Cryin' everyday, big breaks on they grain Preparedly marinate a million strong keep the change Challenge that generate, we gotta tone it with a crain Hustlas for that bank, be aware that we untamed

Duckets we deranged, muscle the day I change Melica off in that hood come get you that's point blank Hit you, it's all good, hit this before a game Women tell us he's never survivin' that chedar lane

You see we want it all, yeah, we breakin' the law Buy it sell, it cook, if that's a merry thang if it's raw Anyway you put it, tell the folks we breakin' the law Sing it so I took it and if you tell a nigga that's all

Dammit, I'm proud to buy my own bag of weed Found me a hood that'll help plant my seed I got bail money they fuck with me

'Cause in my hood err nigga gotta eat 'Cause in my hood err nigga gotta eat

Visit <u>Flo-Rida</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.