

Branduardi Angelo**"Food Fight"**

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[Intro: Humpty Hump (Del)]
This is a federal food fight
(You better know it!)
That means we're callin out all you kooks and crooks
(What?! We're about to rip this shit)
Oh, me? My name is Humpty Hump
(There's a party in here, baby)
I'm the original big-nosed rapper, baby
(You better get down with this, baby)
We're about to sling hot food all over this piece
(Just nothing but a food fight!)
Here we go, back in the house for the 9-whatever
(Food fiiiiiggghht)
With the bacon and egg sandwich

[Humpty Hump]
You ain't bringing groceries, g
Your groove is getting rude over records
But can you sling the food like this?!
You better bite this
If you wanna make the people move like this
Chez wa, Allah, cheese burger
Flame broil base, my pickle make ya wiggle
You're busted, my mustard will wax your whole plate
By itself, not including all my funky condiments
Nod your head to this and DUCK DOWN
As I commence to lock and load a fresh cantaloupe
Yo, I'm illin! I'm slingin melons
Like the felons are slangin dope sacks
So max but I wouldn't stand so close up in the light
Either bring it or hide
Cause it's about to be a food fight!

[Chorus]
(You need something for the food fight!)
We hit you in the neck with a cheeseburger
(Gotta bring food to the food fight!)
Yeah, bruh, we hit you in the neck with a cheeseburger!

[Del]
It's classic

Slapping brothers with some lettuce from jurasstic
I counteract it with the Shock with ham hocks
>From brothers who might Tupac
Fifty-seven black [????] and lots of flows
Fat like hippopotamoes, still caught em though
In the face with excrements, peep my testaments
I bring the seasoning paprika
Eureka for the weaker, and smoke the reefer
Dribble up the funk in the beaker
And, yes, about to say 'speaker'
It leaks in your ears and years ahead
I went to Japan and they was throwing pork balls
But I'm calling protocol, stooop!

[Chorus]

(You need something for the food fight)
We banked you in the neck with the cheeseburger
(Gotta bring something for the food fight)
Yes, we're slugging the chicken nugget to your grill
(You need something for the food fight)
Get ready, we're coming fetti with the groceries
(Gotta bring food to the food fight!)
Someone shoulda told ya, it ain't over till it's over

[Humpty]

Now if I am what I eat I hope I ain't a big couchie
Gotta substitute the 'ouch' for the 'ooch'!
If so, I hate to see my man Donnie O, he'd be a butthell
Substitute the 'ell' for the 'ole'
Actually, factually hella fools I know would be toe up
If you was what you ate, no fakin
My man Nate would be a plate of bacon
My brother Shock popcorn, and my cat would be a rat
My girlfriend would be some super sperm and things
My rich nigga Pac would be a lobster with hot wings
It's quite simple, if true that my temple is wrecked
I'd be some mushrooms and cognac
I'd be a pinto bean gravy smothered neck bone
Scrilla taker, vanilla wafer, baker, filler
So come on with your food slingin cause I'm ready
Bring it Â SHUT UP! Nigga, sing it

[Chorus]

Bring the groceries

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