

Brotha Lynch Hung "Meat"

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[Verse 1]

I only got enough money for some hamburger meat
But I still aint trippin, That's the shit I like to eat
But my son, He like, "Daddy, This is all we got to eat?"
I'm like son, "I'm bout to sign big time"
I'm downloadin beats and I'm 'bout to star writin to 'em
And if the fans don't but 'em
Imma kill 'em in they sleep, Bring the extra cheese
We gon' eat somehow like Vietnamese
Chinese, Japanese, Gettin dirty knees (Fuck)
Make me say fuck it and smack a G
With the AR, Automatic Uzi machine
All you gotta do is wash it off
And then put it in the freezer, We good for a couple of
weeks
When you get older like me, You'll be tuckin the heat
And if not, You, You'll be stuck in the street
I wanna say your mom love but that's up to she
But we gon' do what we gotta do and that's get the
meat
Strange Music got my back fade, Hopefully
But if not, See, There really aint no hope for me
That means you goin through the same situation
That means we gon' keep goin through the same shit
you hatin

[Hook]

Meat! We gotta find something to eat
Even if we gotta go do it on the street
Even if we gotta go shootin with the heat
Even if we lie to do it, We gon' get the meat

[Verse 2]

I only got enough money for some Top Ramon noodles
My son lookin at me like he don't wanna come to close
He saw me in the bathroom cryin, It was too late
I couldn't even keep a straight face like a 2 face
All them muthafuckaz around me, They was too fake
I aint got a album out, Now they call me too late
A barbeque, Yesterday? Where the fuck was I at?
A football game? Where's my muthafuckin high at?
I remember Lismore Drive, Even after that

Starin at my Strange chain, Thinkin I aint goin back
I got a new life, Imma get a new wife
Imma get a new 9, I think it was due time
No matter who's wrong or who's right
Life is like shakin 'em up and rollin two dice, Thin sliced
And my old school homie like, "Where you been Ice?"
Just marinatin, Stomach achin, Shit aint been right

[Hook]

Meat! We gotta find something to eat
Even if we gotta go do it on the street
Even if we gotta go shootin with the heat
Even if we lie to do it, We gon' get the meat

(Meat) Hey Kev, Wake up
Fadin off (Meat)
Yo Kev, Wake up, Kevin get up

[Verse 3]

Little Kevin, Wake up, It's school time, Get your clothes
on
Don't nobody love you like me
We in the ozone, Twilight zone
All we got to eat today is bullshit
Time for you to pray but I don't pray, I carry full clips
You can't be like me cause I'm a fuck up
And if we both fuckin up, You gon' be just like me
It's gon' be a tight squeeze, We gon' get through this
You my little nigga so nigga, We gon' do this
Shit, I can count it on one hand
Old as I am, I can still count it on one hand
We both Kevin Mann
We both gotta stretch it out like a rubber band
I got another plan, I got a million of 'em
Imma still come with 'em
Imma still run with 'em
We gotta keep it goin and then I'm done with it
That's it, Imma wipe my hands
I'm hella broke but I don't dance, naw

[Hook]

Meat, We gotta find something to eat
Even if we gotta go do it on the street
Even if we gotta go shootin with the heat
Even if we lie to do it, We gon' get the meat, Meat!

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