

Kany García

"The Food"

Visit "[The Food](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I walked in the crib
Got two kids
And my baby mamma late
Uh oh uh oh uh oh
And so I to did what I had to did
Cuz I had the kid
Duh oh duh oh duh oh
Up all night, gettin' my money right
until the blue and white's
Po po po po po po
Now the money comin' slow
But at least a nigga know slow motion better then
No No No

You love to hear the story again and again
About these young brothers from the City of Wind
Like juice and gin in the city we blend
Amongst the hustle Titties and skin 50's and rims
Y'all know the Sprewell's and trucks with detail
Heartless females that wanna ride in 'em
Felt the southside venom with rawhides and denim
Bent minds collide with 'em in a system that tries
victims
We livin' it my man in the fast lane pivotin'
On the block yo they sellin' like Eminem
On the block get jumped off like him and them
On the block is hot you can feel it in your skinenen
Shorties get the game with no instructions
supersymbolin'
Eyes right it seems like the fight is dimmin' 'em
Come my man kuzzle like I'm kin' to him
He tryin' to stay straight, the streets is bendin' him

I walked in the crib
Got two kids
And my baby mamma late
Uh oh uh oh uh oh
And so I to did what I had to did
Cuz I had the kid
Duh oh duh oh duh oh
I'm up all night, gettin' my money right

until the blue and white's
Po po po po po po
Now the money comin' slow
But at least a nigga know slow motion better then
No No No

It's all good in the hood like
Rags and Timbs
Throwbacks and Timbs
Blacks and Rims
Whether on ball courts and tires of all sorts
We never fall short
With us, it's all force
Like And 1's someway some hand guns
The days the fam one is all over for
Cash is colder than fobolobo
But self I go toe to toe
Wonderin' if it's for the art of for the dough
Though I know to grow a nigga gotta learn to let go
Though I know the dough I gotta bring back to the
ghetto
Arrows on tarot cards pointing to the grind
More livin in more prisons
Pointing to my mind
Shine the light up
Clench my fist tight holdin' the right up
Freedom fightin dark year for the years to get brighter
Situations that jaws get tighter
My man tried to get his way...

I walked in the crib
Got two kids
And my baby mamma late
Uh oh uh oh uh oh
And so I had to did what I had to did
Cuz I had the kid
Duh oh duh oh duh oh
Up all night, gettin' my money right
until the blue and white's
Po po po po po po
Now the money comin' slow
But at least a nigga know slow motion better then
No No No

Hey yo I, I know I could make it right
If I could just swallow my pride
But I can't run away
You put my gun away
You can't front on me
I, no I can't let it ride
No no not tonight

No I can't run away
You put my gun away
You can't front on me

Visit [Kany García](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.