

## Kanye West "The Food"

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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

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And my baby mamma late  
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And so I to did what I had to did  
Cuz I had the kid  
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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...

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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

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