

Kippi Brannon

"Food For Thoughts"

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

The question is why the answer what makes
If u wants my opinion I tell you don't take x 2

Why...

(Smoothe Da Hustler)

Why is it hard for my words to get heard
The uncut give it to niggas raw gets absorb
Why is it that every black brother talks the slang
Why is it that slang determines if a brother hangs
Why is it that people judge niggas by how they look
Why is it that hoodies on my head makes me a crook
Why is it that people got to struggle to survive
Why is it that nine to five is harder to get in ninety-five
I wonder why that those that heard of me started
making records all of a
sudden want to murder me
Why is it that niggas talk the talk but never walk the
walk so I talk the
talk if niggas scared to walk New York
Why is it that those who chose to live the street life
greet life with a
slug to his mug and scared to greet life
I wonder why it is harder for my family why it is the man
in me that keeps
me thinking that no bodys understanding me

Chorus x 4

(Smoothe Da Hustler)

What makes a man a strong man
What makes a woman a strong woman
Don't confuse wrongg one
Cause intellectual keeps it exceptional for both
It is just my professional side that keeps me wondering
without a loaf
What makes it possible for me to kick to you
Predict to you for future reference
For you to take heed but that's your preference
What makes two hundred and fifty seven degrees from
one hundred eighty seven

five o's tapes Lp's and Cd's
What makes one hundred percent one hundred and
ten percent to be quit foul
I am built like five percent is on my lifestlye
What makes my click my click
What makes my chick my chick
What makes my vic my vic
What makes my dick taste an slick
I wonder..
What makes a hustler crew is it what I slang to u
Or what I bring to you
Behind closed doors
Or what I bring to you from of the mind record
What makes me slow is this
What makes me grow is this
What makes me know and blow is this

Chorus x 4

(Smoothe Da Hustler)

Now that everything is of the chest
There is a couple of matters I must attend to before I
rest
Don't take my family
Don't take my people
Don't take next level cause to me there's no equal
Don't take my click
Don't take the hoodies or the hats
Don't take the burners and th gats
Don't take the BMW's and the MPV's
Don't take the keys
Don't take the g's
Don't take the gooses
Don't take the grim's
Don't take the kaki jeans or the tims
Don't take the studio
Don't take the tracks
Don't take the spots
Don't take the cracks
Don't take the weed that I smoke
Don't take the name smoothe wrong or this jam for a
joke
Don't take the players and the hustlers getting cash
Don't take the projects
Don't take the ave
Don't take the females that I talk to
Don't take the glock that I cock on the blocks that I walk
through
Don't take my daughter
Don't take my son
Don't take my pride
Ever died by the gun hold this

(gunshot)

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

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