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Ludacris "Mouths To Feed"

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Stop movin' so slow I got mouths to feed Hurry up and let's go I got mouths to feed Rain, hail, sleet, snow I got mouths to feed So you already know i'm 'bout to get to that paper!

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Listen, look i gotta feed my family by all means necessary

'cause paychecks are comin' up shorter than february Can't get a real job, i never finished school Can't get no new clothes, i wore the same tennis shoes But now the game's changed, i'm all about the hustle Man even hogan knows best, i'm all about the muscle I'm all about my team, i'm all about my green I'm 'bout supply and demand, i'm 'bout serve the fiend And i'm a workin' dream, i keep the circuit clean See i'm the fuckin' future, i'm a workin' machine Don't trust a soul, i'm the only one watching my green So i stay in heavy rotation like a washin' machine

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Rain, hail, sleet, snow I got mouths to feed So you already know i'm 'bout to get to that paper!

Motha' fucka' i'm a monster in this game, i turn 20 inta 50

50 to 100 and 100 to a bentley

A bentley to a building and a building to a scraper Can't keep up with the news but i get that daily paper And use it daily hater 'cause my foot game is major After awhile crocodile, see ya later alligator My baby need new shoes, her momma needs giuseppes Mercedes need new shoes, surround her with perellies My finger to the world, paid my dues and i'm ready To pack up all the tools and just cruise in the chevy

Millions dolla' deals, makin' moves on my cellie 'cause i owe it to my girl to put food in 'er belly

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Wake up and smell the coffee, it's time to make the doughnuts

A kid who had the key, my kid made me a grownup You ever threaten mines, i won't resist to put the chrome up

My guns will be like gang signs, always gettin' thrown up!

Atlanta puts it's own up, we true to these streets I got 12 hungry artists, whole crew gotta eat So hell no i don't sleep, i'm like an energizer battery Got 19 employees, i gotta pay they salaries My momma quit her job and i retired my pops Got killas on the payroll, i hired some cops I accept responsibility, they all pay rent So if it don't make dolla' then it don't make sense! Stop movin' so slow I got mouths to feed Hurry up and let's go I got mouths to feed Rain, hail, sleet, snow I got mouths to feed So you already know i'm 'bout to get to that paper!

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