

The High Kings

"Eat Your Vegetables"

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[Verse 1]

D-Money ho
All we do is tell them so
Why we look professional
And you look like a talent show
All we do is bank, royalty forever
Find a bad bitch, bring her home like a veteran
Make her waffles, with pecans
I'm eating, one free hand
Been saying that we roll with the illest
Like roaches in the kitchen, go and watch a nigga kill it
I'm a P-I-M-P, why we spelling
Cause there's K-I-Ds around
DeKalb County, where you at
If you with me, holla back
ATL done got them here
Bankhead Row turned Hollowell
Percocet's for my kinfolk
My girl look like Miss Info
Y'all been slow, I been told
Y'all Kinkos, copy ho
No I ain't drunk, I just text badly
Running through paper like a pep rally
When I'm in your city better get rowdy
I spit Downy, no shit 'bout me
Stone Mountain Georgia, got something for ya
Killing bars, I'm a lawyer
Baby drinking Goya, girl put your shades on
Man I die for my hood, Trayvon!

[Hook]

D-Money, get em, get em, get em
D-Money, get em, get em, get em
D-Money, get em, get em, get em
D-Money, get em, get em, get em

[Verse 2]

He talk shit, he better not
Rap game, my wet spot
I fucked y'all, you fucked up
Like white girls with dreadlocks

So dread not, I rowboat
These hoes know, no photos
My girl ball like Lobo
Then she blow my Casey
And Jojos, where the fuck my money at
In the hood like I'm fixing a Pontiac
On deck with a gang of black Kennedies
Eight goons and they all got felonies
Still getting money like white folks
Still got quotes like Geico
I don't know French, that's my fruit
Never not funny like fat jokes
(Like when someone is like, "what happened to Chris?"
And you turn around and there's a fat guy that kind of
looks like Chris
And you like, "oh shit" and laughing and shit)
And I'm back in this bitch
And I'm black and I'm rich
And I'm cashing it in for some fashion and sin
For some matching with them, yeah
Got a stank ho with me
Driving around and I run the whole city
Everybody know she got ten gold biddies
But nobody cares like it's J-Cole/Diggy
Jordon Diddy on my stereo
High on shrooms like Mario
Salvia, shamanic drugs
Fuck my life, they on to us
I'm fly as fuck

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Fuck y'all, I come hard
Like Spongebob, my friends stars
Like Friendster, nobody gonna remember you
Whack dudes, they like you
But only for a day or two
They hated you
From now on, like D-Money
Like faze on, I hate on that
Lame song they play on, that play on
I can't take, royalty
On my shit, on my dick
I can't wait
Toe to toe, I bang shit
Homophobes on gay shit
You don't know the hoes I hang with
My bungalow's like Vegas
Had a couple million but I put them in her stomach
She like, "oh my god, I'm coming"

I kiss her neck and she love it
Yeah we got a safe word, so we never use it
And I'm hiding all these bruises in a shirt I got from
Houston
Got her using the acoustics
In my cruiser's new Isuzu
And who knew I'd be on Hulu with two dudes I used to
Google
I'm frugal with time, every girl's a dime
When your bank account's mine

[Hook]

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