

Boac

"You Are What You Eat"

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f/ Mr. Pibb

Aaaahhhh

It's time for dinner

It's time for dinner

It's getting cold

I heard you are what you eat

It's true that i must be an emcee

If i didn't eat at all well then you'd call me empty

If i ingested only brocolli i would be a vegetable

And if i chomped computer chips, then i would be quite technical

So if i swallowed dinosaurs, i would be jurassic

Plus if i dined on criminal minds then i could be a classic

Consuming homeless people i'd assume i'd be broke

Now, digesting rocks of coke, i suppose i'd be dope

If i ate a scorching torch then my name would start with 'f'

If i devoured bullet rounds then my name would be death

If i tasted Rainman's brain, i'd be super-smart

And if i ate an on-point flow, well i'd be sharp like human darts

You are what you eat!

If i ate piano keys, then i could be real musical
And if i ate up Nikki Taylor's head then i'd be beautiful
If i gulped the big blue ocean i would be aquatic
And if i gnawed Madonna's body, i could be erotic
If i snacked on world map, i guess your boy would be
global
And if i munched a nuclear lunch, then i would be
Chernobyl
If i did ten prison inmates, i would be in trouble
And if i chugged down dairy products only i'd be
butter-fuck-o
If i clubbed on rubber plants, i might become a coper
If i drank nothing on Friday night then i would be sober
So please let it be, i ate the 60's, i'm John Lennon
And because i ate the last page of the novel i'm the
ending
You are what you eat!

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