

Tha Eastsidaz

"This How We Eat"

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Definition, gangsta, hustla, you know
We make money, we eat, we feed
Pay attention, bitch
Uhh, yeah, come on
Uhh, uhh, make some room
Dogg House, you know
Short Dog peep game, come on

I'm ridin' down the street, beat, feets got on twenty-
tweets
No beer-belly fool, we get it all for eats
Cocoa Puff the green leaf, cloud up
We some gangsta's makin' money, never been a scrub

Whattchu know about sellin' dope?
But the only thing you good for now is droppin' the
soap
Goldie Loc, Tray Deee, Too Short, no doubt
Tell 'em how we eat and what we all about, nigga

These hoes know, what's up, niggaz been havin' game
O.G.'s tell me real good, bitch, I'm the same
Motherfucker make 'em feel good, ya know my name
Bitch, if ya still could, you'd do the same

Made thirteen albums in a row
Be like Too Short, baby, and pimp a hoe
It's so easy, if ya know how to get it
You'll never be another broke-ass nigga

We got top-notch hoes, y'all fools got crack-hoes
We eatin' sirloin steak, y'all fools eat Cheerios
We got top-notch hoes, y'all fools got crack-hoes
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Fuck a business suit, I'm out to where we juice
Push the Bentley coupe and spend endless loot
Runnin' game from the brain or the stainless steel
Pushin' Holt's high-heels when we bang the field

With the heat out, jack the whole hood with G-clout

Invisible perimeters for niggaz to keep out
You ain't got to ask what the fuck are what we 'bout
Whatever, get the cheddar than an nigga can ease out

I used to be able to jump from the free-throw line and
bang
Now, I bust and crush tracks, nothin' really changed
Except, twelve-inch scars on my body
What I mean by that, I was hit by some hotties

Call somebody, I'm layin' in this motherfucker bloody
It wasn't because of my shoes, clothes or money
I was at the wrong place at the wrong time
Paramedics don't know, I was a victim of the crime

Just keep gettin' that money, mayne
Fuck them niggaz, yeah, this is how we eat

We got, top-notch hoes, y'all fools got crack-hoes
We eatin' sirloin steak, y'all fools eat Cheerios

Don't be trick, you know these hoes so slick
Do yo' thang and get rich
And get wise, enterprise with the game ya got
You could slang some rocks, but better change ya spot

Ask anybody, I stay paid
Most niggaz want pussy, tryna get laid
Stayin' soft with a hoe getchu crossed by a hoe
I break a bitch down then I'm off with the dough

I'm so hungry, I can't wait to eat
I ride brand new shit down the street
Life is a game of chess who plays the best
Is the last one that's laid to rest

I know, you wanna eat good, it ain't hard
To be a real ghetto superstar
Focus is the key, if ya want it, it could be
If ya know where ya goin' from the moment you could
see
That's game

We got top-notch hoes, y'all fools got crack-hoes
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Catch me headed out West Impala Drive
And when they see balkin' and be talkin' 'bout
[Incomprehensible]

Too Short, Eastsidaz, and ya boy Big Tig
It's on and poppin' now, but we want always this big

Wanted a Benz and a Lotus
Whatever feels, sprayin' Raid on the roaches
I mean the whole damn scene was kinda hopeless
Came home to it, then we flipped the notice

Now, we big crib livin', Rockland and non-stop
With hot women, cop drops with rims that don't stop
spinnin'
And it's just the beginnin'
'Cuz as long as the game strong we gon' keep winnin'

Big Tigger, Too Short, drops it so mean
That lets us go get us a team of flat screens
Three cars, three cribs and three bikes
When I drop this hot shit, I'm gonna cop three plus
three mics

Y'all niggaz better stop playin' and get yo' game tight
Too Short, Eastsidaz, Big Tig, oh boy
Album number 13 nigga, y'all better stop chasin' the
cat
And chase that money, well, unless you know
The cat got money this how we eat nigga
Let's go, oh boy

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