

The Judds

"Hungry"

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[Common]

Yo, niggaz don't want none of this
Niggaz know they can't fuck with this
Turn this shit up just a little more

I walk the night in rhymin armor, bomb a nigga like a
winter coat
Have him on Death Row searchin for an Interscope
Yet I sparkle like Irene Cara
Symbolize dope, like sirens do terror
Mariel just had a baby someone else decapitated
Flashbacks of past raps make me so glad I made it
Players is gettin traded
I drop a gem off, them who's style is jaded
My juice is grated
Shit is so bangin niggaz say it's gang related
On philosopher's rink of thought, I've skated with
precision
Crews is gettin split like decisions
Com will let it ride in collision
Vision like Coleco or tele, I battle stars in stellar...
Regions, my thought scheme was my like my offspring
Now, it's teethin
My reason of rhyme applies to season and time
Season of mind, body and regions divine
In mom's cookouts, I'm leavin the swine
Verbal vegeterian, squashed beef with Ice Cube
Came in this rap life nude
Now I'm fully clothed with flows
You tricks can't hide behind expensive cars and clothes
Old niggaz I expose like Luke does hoes in videos
With classic material, imperial and rugged like
Got mag, but my slugs a mic
You fake like a smile, like a hug, I'm tight
Skip ladies, this is rip a muthafucka night
Oracle arouse, niggaz don't even run for cover right
Downtown interracial lovers hold hands
I breathe heavy like an old man, with a cold can of Old
Style
Hold a Stone Isle profile
Mix between Malcolm X and Sef when I go wild

Hold mics like a second nut until the second comin
Hummin comin towards you with power like forwards
do
Hip hop, you my bitch and like a Ford, I'm Explorin you
So, wack niggaz be cool, with them, I stay cordial
Flowin room temperature, cats is presumed miniature
Like golf. Soft like Tiger Woods
And real nigga angles I've stood with ways that's
geometric
Don't need to rob banks with dike broads to Set it
I levitate to the occasion, lounge like a lyricist
Rhyme wise, you a rest haven
You sat by the door spooked like I was Wes Craven
You need to do more deletin and less savin
A praise in hell, raisin heaven
Like the bill on my pager leavens
What you should have known from day one
You will on day seven

"Hungry hip hop junkie in the city" (*scratched 3X*)

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