

Buckshot, Food for Thought

[Verse 1]

Damn

Can I get a piece of bread?

Without somebody in the street tryin to eat what I said

I know I spread words like butter on toast

Cause when ya get it in the morning then ya love it the most

But see it's really the beef I hate

Even though there's a lot of y'all that wanna see my plate

I dedicate time to separate lines

And go bananas when I think about the food for ya mind

And stay away from them rotten apples

When ya fed some get fed and do a lot to get at you

So I match my caliber with my calories

Forty five shots a slice is like can it be

Nawh where you want it breast or thigh

I got a two piece and fries for niggaz like y'all

So why would I pass my plate

When I'm working for a salary to pass my weight

[Verse 2]

Every seeds that grows of food is a show a prove

How I move when I go with the youth

I mean at a show if I flow in the booth

I let it be know you better be grown or don't do it

Hunh many claim to have food for your brain

You can tell when they starving cause they arguments lame

What a shame you see me on the train and kick it

Thought it was sweet with a jook so you ran for your biscuit

But no matter what I can't be stag net

Cause I peep to survive now you need that cabbage

And after that shit everything is gravy

Until the next meal maybe

Shits crazy I pray we see a better day

Cause see all this hunger is making me wonder why you lazy

Why would I pass my plate?

When I'm working for a salary to pass my weight

[Verse 3]

I broke bread wit the real

Still I feel like I can't get a mill

So I gotta build

And I gotta chill from that cook up product

I ain't tryin to get fried in the streets nawh wook paw

Cause if I wasn't eattin I'd be right there

In ya grill to session telling you the reason

Hunh I ain't tryin to pass the plate

Cause I use the food for thought to add to my plate