

# Lord Finesse, Food For Thought

(So you know there's a lotta darkness out here  
We watch it all time  
I'm busy looking at the darkness sayin  
"Damn, that's some darkness over there", you know?  
Whatever  
And we have responsibility to focus on it, sayin, you know  
"Y'all be cool")

(Mh-mh-mh)

Ah yeah  
Check it out, y'all  
A little food for thought  
For those in the ghetto  
Actin wild, livin foul  
Cause y'all think it's in style  
Know what I'm sayin?

Now every neighborhood has a nice child  
But because of the things around em they change up they whole lifestyle  
I knew a kid with a little cash  
He had a little gear, yo, his status was middle class  
But girls used to say he was so chopped  
And brothers around the way wasn't tryin to give him no props  
He was quiet, he used to lounge and play the smooth role  
Brothers tried to diss him, he ain't sweat it, it was cool though  
Confidence is what the child lacked  
He was tryin to scoop this girl he was sweatin since a while back  
He asked honey to go with him  
Since he didn't have a name, that bitch ain't give him no rhythm  
Matter of fact, she made him feel low  
She said she needed a man that was out there makin real dough  
So it was a lot that he had to prove  
So money said 'fuck it' and changed up his whole attitude

[CHORUS]

(Time to get it)  
Yo, y'all better chill  
(Time to clock bills)  
(Yo, y'all better chill  
(Hey yo, I wanna get ill)  
Yo, y'all better chill  
(So what's the muthafuckin deal?)  
Yo, y'all better chill

Now he had to make quick figures  
So he started sellin drugs, because honey wanted a rich nigga  
He was livin foul and then some  
He started killin niggas and buildin figures for his income  
He had the fat rides he drove around in  
He was clockin dough, knockin hoes, money was loungin  
And waitin for a nigga to test him  
You know, play him, try to slay him, or disrespect him  
Let some brother tried to riff with him  
He wouldn't hesitate to pull out and let off his whole clip in em  
He was wettin niggas like firemen  
Shit, he was packin more iron than vitamins  
Now the brothers seein mad money  
And guess who pops up on the scene, yo, it's the bad honey  
Now she's on the block hawkin  
Before no words, now he can't get that bitch to stop talkin  
He told her to cut the shit  
He laid her, played her, told the hoe to suck his dick  
He said he was only out to get money

So step the fuck off, because paybacks is a bitch, honey  
She only got what she deserved (word)  
He kicked that stupid bitch to the curb  
Cause man, he had his whole shit down  
Cause the nigags who used to diss him was all on his dick now

[CHORUS]

Everything was how he imagined it  
But word got out, and other dealers wasn't havin it  
The hoe he dissed, snitched and told on him  
So one day some fellas ran up and the rolled on him  
Shot em up with blow-me-down  
Cause if money wasn't catholic, he was holy now  
He had it goin on and played the perfect role  
But ask yourself a question: was it worth it though?

[CHORUS]