

Eddiebingo, Hand To Mouth

Chorus:

I'm tired of living hand-to-mouth and check-to-check,
Don't know what's next, get no respect, the dough is what you hoes expect,
This flow and poetry don't pay none of my bills yet,
I steal to get, I know authority is real upset
(x2)

I'm high as fuck and writin' rhymes and mindin' my own,
My mind's blown, don't mind throwin', and leave your spine showin',
Genius reachin' past my penis grabbing my nuts, I wanna,
Get this cash - no matter what,

You get squeamish, it's heinous, when I bring the scalpel stainless,
It's painless when you're brainless, no need to explain this,
House full of payments, and I don't need a co-co-caine offense,
I wander aimless, ponder doing countless main events,

I train for this, so now I claim that I came to reign,
My clothes are plain, but hold the mic, and yo, I go insane,
My flow's my name, cuz I'm so profane with gibberish,
I'm livin' it - my car remains without its insurance,

The insurgent, the insolent, and still I pay my rent,
But can't do little shit, like takin' trips with Asian chicks,
I slit my wrist once, money isn't why I was depressed,
Now it is, fuck it, cut it open, what's the difference?

Chorus x2

I spit nothin' but sick, I'm flipping these lyrics,
To get up in the mix, and rip out your larynx,
If murder paid then I'd be rich, for once,
Ya dunces, I'll get you on the first of the month!

I leave pundits pungent, I keep guns in cupboards,
For pregnant mothers' wallets, I'm even robbin' your daughters,
Sorry y'all, it's just that I've been here trying,
And starving so long, it's like I'd like to get in,

And get mine and do fine, and stop drinking Mad Dog, it's,
Time to get riches and make a trip to the dentist,
Not to mention dissention at all the bitches that's dissin' me,
You're missing the point, I'm sizzlin' so don't front, now,

I'm being real blunt, I'm human, stuck in a rut,
What am I doing drinking brew when I'm down on my luck,
Making it worse, I'm cursed and I just can't reverse it,
I'm serving it up hot just to make it all worth it!

Chorus x2

What is my purpose, I know I can't be that worthless,
To just be customer service, like I really deserve this,
While I'm thirstin' for something I feel is actually worth shit,
I show 'em no mercy, I blow you all into bits,

You already heard, in stores, the clerks they get nervous,
I don't do it on purpose, it's like they turned us to burglars,
And I hate eating dollar burgers, and flirting with dirty girls,
Don't bother me, I'm out here working, spurtin' my words,

I am a grown-ass man, got a Colt in my hand,
And boltin' when I smash it on the face of a man, demand,
Cash in advance, I snatched it and ran,

I'm eatin' diazepam, that's why I'm as high as I am,

God damn, I'm tryin'a silence the lamb,
Just provide for my fam, cuz it's supply and demand,
Got a knife in my hand, and a gun in my waist, give you a taste,
Or point it at my own face - KABLAM!

Chorus x4