

Lil' O, Food On The Table, Part 2

(*talking*)

Food on the table, see that's what it's all about
If you ain't trying to get no real money
What you doing it fo'

(Hook)

See all these bitch niggas, always say they wanna shine
But never wanna work, and they never wanna grind
They only thing they doing on the cool, is wasting time
Instead of all that capping man, they need to put it down

(Lil' O)

Hey what you know about block bleeding, thugging for change
Punching niggas in the eye, for running up to your stang
Living life on the edge, playa fucking with caine
Trying to go from a rock, to a couple of thangs
See even when the sky cried, I hustled in rain
Posted up on a hot block, smothered in flames
Niggas say that we alike, we ain't nothing the same
Y'all tennis shoe hustlers, bumping for fame
Stuck in the game, plus me I'm always trying to get it
Don't ask me if I'm real, nigga I done did it
From slanging work out of Houpes, to the five is kitted
From white T's and black dickies, to designer fitted
And on the cool, I can't count all the blocks I bled
And on the cool, I can't count all the glocks I fed
Hollow point nigga eaters, filled with drops of led
Then bust at the haters, trying to drop me dead
Boy I'm a O.G. vet, you need to show me respect
Day one block bleeder, from the Southwest set
There wasn't no love, or handouts for me
I put my game face on, and ran a route for G's

(Hook - 2x)

(Lil' O)

I played to win, once other niggas played and ran
Not knowing, they would end up in the grave or Penn
Some of my roll's became foes, when I made the ends
Bitch niggas set me up, and tried to spray my Benz
Slays to sin, wishing that my days would end
I can't count the times, a playa got betrayed by friends
From niggas snitching to the laws, to try and break my chin
In a game with no rules, love's paper thin
These trifling streets, man I paid the price to eat
But still boys, wanna act like my life is sweet
Sometimes I ask myself, I wonder what my life would be
If I just stayed in school, and got a nice degree
But life for me, wasn't no knowledge from books
It was street game playa, and I got it from crooks
So when you boys want work, I got it to cook
And when you punks want war, I bring it to hooks

(Hook - 2x)

(*talking*)

Food on the table, nigga
Stop playing games with your life
Get focused nigga, grow the fuck up
Niggas acting like a million dollas, gon fall from the sky
Or something, out here playing games
Like shit ain't real out here nigga, get your cash