

Dinner For Two

Amir Obè

"So tell me about yourself"

Uh, used to stay in Harlem when Jim Jones was ballin'
Ed Hardy was cool, I'm
Hardly in school, but Jim Jones was ballin'
While the chain was hanging, niggas was all flaggin'
Half of them gang banging
Yellow red and blue, fuck you
Want me to do with my Detroit fitted
I'm just making it through
Finding my own way, one train
137 to Broadway, uh

Fifties in the pocket, hundred in the sock
Mixed young blood but the hoes think I'm Spanish
Prolly why these mamis always jumping on my cock right?
Thirty-three, thirty-three nigga
Could't see, look at me nigga
Put your hits on to MySpace
Finna get the deal nigga, for real nigga
A hundred thousand friends on the internet
No friends in the city tho
My neighbor she was pretty tho
Came through and watched videos
My sis left the word, free crib
Is we fucking or what
Posted in the hallway, shit out the lock
A flaw, her boyfriend on the knife
Right above my heart and fuck all night
Tha-that bitch knew one on the third
Fuck her on the wall, make sure you heard
Thought it make you jealous
Didn't got a reaction
Straight face-fucking, whatever happend to passion?
Spent the same summer in Brooklyn
I'm hooked in the culture

Compulsive disorders, gunshots
Neighborhood posted on the block

Heard about crooked cops, shit

I'll be back in the winter, Kennedy Fried for dinner
No cooked meals, my sister let me bread

Yankee defeated, thank me I'm living
To these songs I belong in these wrongful cities
Bad influence and innocence
Kinda criminal in a sense
I left Detroit with a dollar and a dream
I'm only seventeen, trynna infiltrate the scene
Walking in the labels with a demo and a green
Kick my ass out with the demo in my hand
But if my people call, I'll tell them the meeting went well
Too much pride so I lie, like the deal is really [?], huh
Deal is really [?], huh
Deal is really [?], huh