

## Looking Like Meat

clipping.

Hands up if you hungry  
Hands up if you want some  
Hands up if you ready for more  
'Cause you ain't really got none

Say "come here  
Yeah, you  
You look like you think you hard  
Where you from?  
Get the fuck out  
Hey you, step off  
Before somebody pull your card  
Where you from?  
Where you from?  
Get the fuck out"

Lunch time, come and get it  
Too long standing in the lunch line  
Hungry with it  
Oh, you got a punch line?  
Just a minute, gotta get the mack in one time  
Thread too expensive for the G, see the drip?  
Crypt keeper cripp walking where the feet are lit  
Blood drinker blood talking when you see the blick  
Brazy on the brain, crack the skull  
Go on, eat the shit  
Stem on, step off, somebody smell like fear  
Somebody got no clue why he is here  
That might be you, you might want to be clear  
It's cool, it's cool, you're so endearing  
Looking like a snack, no cap, no flattery  
But you like to beat it up and come no battery  
So free range meat, guess it'll have to be  
Roast on a spit, pole through the oral cavity  
Got you open kid, don't front  
Once in a black moon, don't pack a gun  
But a fork for the flesh  
And a spoon for the fluid  
And the sharpest knife in the drawer to slice right through it  
Like meat fresh like dice in the mirror  
Like Tyson, just bite right through the ear  
Like Christ, you don't still get a mic  
No one cares about your bars  
Your screams are the thing they wanna hear

No way, better make one  
Nothing comes easy  
Can't be scared to say something  
When you speak, make them believe it  
Hands up if you hungry  
Hands up if you need something  
Hands up if your hand shakes  
It's time for you to eat something

Say "come here  
Yeah, you  
You look like you think you hard

Where you from?  
Get the fuck out  
Hey you, step off  
Before somebody cut your arm  
Where you from?  
Fix your face  
Get the fuck out"

Big one, you don't wanna smoke a pack of razor blades for fun  
Underneath your tongue I do magic tricks  
God save him, I'm a specialist, 'cause I'm a wizard with the shit  
Pearl harbor with the clips  
I'm a pit bull, hands off it with the gun powder  
I don't trust y'all playing in the background, shifty  
Low down, gritty and grimy  
Now stop at the pound for some gold teeth  
Never trust that shirt, I'm a known freak  
Something gets you, leave you looking like dead meat  
Man these pussy ass niggas  
I'm in the rain with this shotty up  
I'll strip you to your pussy meat and make you give my money up  
Don't tell me who's telling  
Don't give a fuck what you selling  
I'm butt naked, don't follow  
Easy captain, G's no talent  
Run niggas ragged, them niggas extra  
Nigga, I'll fuck your bitch with a headress  
Camera in your head rest  
She only listen to chevy west, I'm

No way, better make one  
Fiending for some bleeding  
Not waiting for no one  
Busy over here eating  
Hands down, they ain't hungry  
Hands down, they don't need shit  
Don't start shit, it won't be shit  
'Less you really 'bout that beef  
If that's the case

Come here  
Yeah, you  
You look good enough to eat  
Where that face?  
Wear that face out  
Hey you, step up  
'Cause you looking like meat  
Get your face  
Gonna take that face off  
Wear that face out