

## Feast (Prelude)

Jim Jones

This the way of life  
This heavy moon you need to be scarred  
(Scorsese)  
Well, we always make it cinematic for ya  
Let you see something you could hear nigga  
Oh, you gonna hear this  
And I ain't talkin' about no melody neither nigga  
You think about that  
I'm watchin' you niggas  
(Yea, I got my eye on you)  
I know what you did last summer  
Talkin' my style  
Quote me nigga  
Quote this  
Nigga I grew here, you niggas flew here  
For my real niggas  
Watchin' my style  
Countin' my money  
Where the fuck you thought I was goin'?  
Where was I supposed to go?  
Where the fuck you thought we was goin'? Matters fact  
Billy up  
When we started this gangsta shit nigga  
Deep Cell wussup  
Oh, you thought money made me fall back?  
Nah nah nah fuck that  
Who you think started this Lamborghini shit in the middle of Harlem nigga?  
Killa wuddup  
I didn't crash enough cars to make you niggas go broke  
Just can't pay that car note nigga  
Yea nigga, shake 'em  
What's in the bank too  
Ain't nothing changed nigga  
2-2 got hit  
You know when you see me is like a walking deposit nigga  
Cash on deck  
You know what come with that cash  
Nah, nah, nah, we ain't beefing  
Na, we ain't beefing, we're getting money, right?  
That's what everybody else said  
What spread the love, nigger!  
Cause I've been getting money, that's a fact!  
Ain't nothing changed on this side, nothing!  
But to hear the motherfuckin' ride nigga  
You know, we're waitin' or we countin'  
Oh, that's hard to find  
Find the 'mote patrol in your mother fucking house nigger, and put the tube  
on bitch!  
Stupid niggad  
Wussup  
But they're tellin' me to chill  
Chill for what?  
Chill won't pay the bills, and we're trying to eat  
So I figure we have a feast  
And sit down at the round table!  
My family eating and staying true  
True to this loyalty, bring something to the table

True to this hustle, don't you sit at the table  
True to this money  
And to the FEAST  
Is them against us, always  
And no one in between  
Don't get caught in the crossfire  
Billy up  
You niggers ain't vamping right  
What y'all call jewels we clal reality  
True story  
Reality is nigger we're back!  
You know my niggas locked up behind the G wall  
You already know what it is  
Inhale, exhale or subwoof nigga