Hunger Pangs

Prodigy

I give thanks to the creator 'cause my life is blessed
And wish all the haters nothing but the best
This is Infamous 'till the name wear out
Clock run out, sun burn out and all hell freezes over
When Babylon fall, I'll be by the shoulder
Of the Most High, laughing my balls off like good riddance
Until then I'll be in the soup kitchen
Cookin' up shit like this for poverty stricken
Under privileged, brothers and sisters
We're soldiers of the global resistance, forgive me
For being late, I was goin' through some things
I had to come of age and go through growing pains
You don't realize what you got 'till it's gone
I had to lose it all to see what I was doing wrong
I was stripped bare down to my soul and burnt out
Then rose like a Phoenix through the fire
These people get fat while we starve and go through hell
Nobody looking for no hand out, we offer our skills
In return for a little scraps
And on the glass, I seen you laugh when I turned my back
They say revenge is a sweet dish best served cold
But fuck that I need mine fresh off the stove
Yeah it's best served cold, but fuck that I need mine fresh

My, my stomach touching my spine
My, my belly aches, my, my headaches
Make me start showing my fangs
Hunger pangs, hunger pangs

Waiting for the sun to awake
And bring me a better day

Make me start showing my fangs
Hunger Pangs, hunger pangs

In a world full of hatred, insanity and vanity
We all forget the basics, destroying what is sacred
Often lose patience for instant gratifications
Whether tail that you're chasing or the numbers like the Matrix
Well this is cash bills unplugged
The flow's medicated, those with their brain on drugs
Heavily sedated, sleep walking through it all
With plans to run the city, I'm just out here for a jog
And I'm about to walk it off, cause I ain't racing y'all lames
Ringing bells, long as I jingle like small change
And keep the small thing right in the boot
Was in the club, some niggas wanted my loot
I'm outside
I feel incredible, Miss Angelou poetical
Giving all my caged birds a better view
A better me, a better you
My nigga Mills be home in a few
They gave him 10, he got two more to do
I'm still (waitin' for)
Brothers dyin', mother's cryin'
Police wyldin', they actin' like tyrants
We hear the sirens, get in the crib

Man they still tryna change where I live
I'm waitin' for it

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