

Feed The Dogs

Prof

Bong, bong dong. Bong, bong dong
Pew, pew, pew. Pew, pew, pew. Pew, pew, pew
Come on and do the hustle, get up early in the morning
Hit the clock, brush your teeth, its the morning
The world's yours, player, time to get to ballin'
Let's put some work in, hear the callin'

I had to do it to 'em
I had to do it to 'em
Yeah, what's the key to life?
Oh gotta feed the vibe!
Got to feed the dogs in the morning
Got to do the work, trust the process
Got to feed the dogs in the morning
Got the drug dealers, got the ball players

Gotta feed the vibe, gotta see the guys
Read between the lines, child, got to read the tides
They took the piece of pie, got us demonized
Playing with my money, Ima push your teeth aside
Aww, he gon' do it to em!
I just did it to em
Villainize your hustle, get some music to em
You loquacious, huh?
He gon' do it to ya
I can't floss my teeth while I'm chewing through ya
They tried to cancel me, bitch how'd that work out?
They tried to dance with me, bitch how'd that work out?
Their life of fantasy, bitch how that work out?
I could never gossip, Ima boss I put some work out
Got the keys to the city, I'm a monster
Martyr stay winning over yonder
Walking over motherfucking crabs and lobsters
Bitch, I'm just getting to the money like...

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I told my mama last night Ima shoot you
No more nice Mr. Goody Two-Shoes
Yeah I gotta take your life, gotta shoot you
Skip and hop and take a flight Honolulu
Where we're going there ain't no destination
Got a problem how you feel? Gon' say something
The truth don't need motivation
The troops don't need motivation
I sell out all my shows, how that make you feel?
Top of the album charts, how that make you feel?
Look at me build my kingdom, how that make you feel?
God damn that boy be winning, how that make you feel?
Took me over a decade for paychecks

Yes, head to head blind I won all the taste tests
Never allow myself to get gate kept
Awww bitch, I'm just getting to the money like...

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