

FEED

Tech N9ne

Feed, feed
Feed, watch 'em bleed
Feed, feed
Feed, all I need

I'm so hungry you don't want to hear this stomach growl
Grind so strongly true ya gonna fear this one is wild
Gonna pray that I stop
When the known threat show
All the ways that I lock
And I won't let go

To Hell you go
When I come at you I yell Cujo
'Cause I rip you the fuck apart like the mail you o-
Pen with a nail you grow
You try to bail too slow
I chop 'em up and package 'em then I sell mucho
They tried to get away and fell through so
If you smell zoo though I'm comin' to quell you bro
When I make a person my dinner like I'm El Cuco
I eat 'em like insalata, I lead 'em right into Allah
I bleed 'em once I meet 'em, run ta freedom or into lava
When the shotta hollar
Jada hotter than Guatemala
I'm T'Challa father
Not a maga, the Baba Yaga
Saliva dripping
Eyes are picking the idiots
That standing by the kitchen I try to quicken
Rigor motis, the nigga ordered to die, you gettin'
Knives are stickin', N9na kill 'em with my precision
I'ma feeder for anything moving, the N9na looking
I'ma eat, drink, and be merry
Eater for any king, a ruler I know he shook enough
And we thinking he scary
'Bout to stick 'em and rip up this style coat
A wild cobra, dead another without closure
The way you knowing your life and your route's over
The foul soldier shape shift into Malebolgia

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It's become my fear
My cross eyed been don't care the glare find
I scare you more than any goon ever dare try

Tell your baby, nobody catch the diverted plot
Stirred crazy apply the pressure to stir the pot
Never faze me, why would I let you, you're a bot?
You see the doubts, they don't need a stretcher, they need a mop
The slit is gushing, the killer crushing, get rid of fussing
Shit or flushing the blood spitter, the liquor was it
Grip to touch it, was giving nothing but been the glutton

I'ma hit the button and trigger something that lit the oven
Hit and figure break enough to reconsider rushing
But I get to bussing and you get word of a big eruption
Then to hushing, the jig is up and the lip is tucking
Give you the way that never fit, now quit adjusting
On a psycho-path
Get to screwing up everything like a carpenter
I be scared of myself didn't ask
Even ruining a minute lie like a card dealer
Pray to God that I never worship a golden Catholic
But the demons I battle be kinda getting to me
Shuddering at the shutter, this ain't a photograph
Pixelated the bigger picture was kinda looking to me
But I keep snapping
Spur of the moment cinematic I been erratic
What you seen happen
Into the life chaotic we meant to havoc
I'm like David Chappelle and I crash Brooklyn
Never sleeping like I'm resisting a rest, nigga
Thought I'm failing, compelling 'em on a thick again
Into the time and I'm turning onto who is next, nigga

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