

Eat II (feat. Tech N9ne, Joey Cool & JL)

Stevie Stone

[Intro]

Dinner will be served in

5... 4... 3... 2... 1...[Verse 1: Stevie Stone]

I come to prepare a dinner plate

Brought a few of my family members to demonstrate

Niggas here to (eat)

Send me to take lead seat deplete they fleet fuckin' where the elites compete my nigga (eat)

Send a couple rounds [?] nigga door unlock

Broken up [?] nigga the floor and drop

Whoever mention get a [?][?] they some bitchin' I made 'em two a visit, vision, I'm here to close shop

I gotta aim with them screws I ain't got it all

Contemplating one them xanies and adderall

I've been Ruthless check my motherfuckin' catalog

Now it's Strange game nigga, I'm an animal

These niggas emotional can't watch 'em shape shift

I send a [?] to your region get a face lift

Bitch I'm breakin' them barriers in the space shift

It's all bars, let's take it to the basics

The type of nigga that'll run to your pockets I'm sayin' my niggas superior

Hear you bumping your gums, you niggas is lame, and none of us scared of ya

Bringin' you down, pointin' 'em down, all your gimmicks embarrassing

And you be tellin' your business she givin' the vision that damage your character

You ain't from the block so clearly you ain't know no better

I brought some killers with me all you can eat is all you be tellin' 'em

We come to bombard the banquet

It's me, N9na, J.L, Joey Cool, take this nigga

[Verse 2: Joey Cool]

Clearly we are not the same person

Everybody's learnin' this is not the same sermon

I don't really understand the process of you vermin

There's a lack of unity amongst you that I'm not concerned with

You stick around here you get to learnin'

You get all the perks and permits

But first you gon' have to earn it

Your character gonna determine if you're determined

Slap my obstacles like pimps do they bitches and fuckin' turn it

I'm back drinkin' this jack drinkin' ass Joey and cigarette smoking in all black

Bad homie and some bad bitch with a fat ass dance for me I'm understanding you can't wait to get the pants off me

I'll walk up in this bitch struntin' like David Rougher

Walk on the stage while somebody rockin' nigga it's nothing

I really party my habits gettin' hella expensive
Sometimes I wonder what happens if I wasn't dismissive
He want a picture, she want a picture, I get it
But if you create the picture I promise it's more prolifent nigga
Joey and shit he just actin' like he be with it
I don't care if it was once
I promise he don't forget it (ever)
Truly elite you can see it by who he came with, it ain't complicated
It's just particular this arrangement I be at a body
Just ask J.L, Ubi or Godi
Liable to catch a body then get a drink in the lobby
I be

[Verse 3: J.L]

(Eat) Like I'm famished, they should've never not fed us
(Eat) Bottomless pit unsatisfied with this lettuce
(Eat) Huntin' rufflin' feathers tough to forget us
(Eat) Predators become culinary professors
In this cut throat kitchen where bitches be hidin' knives
(Eat) For a livin' like Diners, Drive-Ins and Dives
[?][?] see these diamonds and Donny Punani ties
And she dives for the recipe, press aggressively
Eyes wide firin' up the stoves pilin' they face bent
[?] take entrees on trays amazement
Inspiring iron chef higher food chain placement
Beast in the grease [?] test tasteness
Sweet straight eatin' they plant fakin' the [?]
Chase all [?] the way salt [?] with me
Heart shapes in the [?]
Hearts race when they see him

Big fish in the shark tank [?] in the deep end[Verse 4: Tech N9ne]

Peep Peep how I heat seek travel deep feet just to eat meat Beast teeth mangle with beef let the
peace leak then I Chief Keef

'Cause I ain't trippin' off no bitch assness, I rip past this
You pick hell then you get ashes, a big fail like skipped classes
People feelin' like they made N9na 'cause I did shows and they paid N9na
In the area of 8 mile but they actin' like they Kim Basinger
All I ever do is show love Juggalo does get a show plug from a flow thug
Now they grow grudge when I bareback a nigga no rub
Had to work for the love on the Wicked Wonka tour fans turned backs
Til I hit 'em with the Stamina and then they turned around N9na earned that
Told Joe I'd be tourin' when they do the March gotta go homie to pay for my divorce
Now he tryin' to make the people turn another back on me Nigga I don't need NOTHIN', but
this music, and these grands, and all the fans
And my children, an apology for you doggin' me and my big crew
On a beach somewhere in Miami with my lady's punani I can eat too[Outro]
(Eat)

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