

# Eat To Live

Talib Kweli

[Talib Kweli]

Yeah, this is a ghetto prayer  
Prayin for all of those who ain't got it  
We gotta get it there, we gotta get it yeah  
Yeah the people starvin for somethin new, we starvin for it  
(My tummy hurts, I couldn't eat)  
Mmmm, mmm, mmm  
(Did you have fun at school today Trey?)  
My little man go to bed so hungry  
Get up, go to school with his nose runny, come home with his nose bloody  
His sister laughin, he like "What's so funny~?"  
'Til she drowned out by the sounds of hunger pains in his tummy  
Nuttin in the freezer, nuttin in the fridge  
Couple of 40 ounces but nuttin for the kids  
Little man know to eat to live but he don't wanna leave the crib  
The kid who punched him in his face house right down the street from his  
He went anyway, more scared to face his moms  
She'll beat him soon as she flip out, seein his face scarred  
Walkin past the dopefiends with they smoke to the place of God  
Hopes and dreams pourin out the holes in they face and arms  
Little man in the face of harm if he don't eat  
He need energy so when he go to school he can compete  
And keep up, all he got is bodegas  
But hey he only got enough a for quarter water and a Now or Later  
Anyway, grandma say Jesus'll be here any day  
Good - cause with nuttin to eat it's gettin hard to pray... pray...  
[Chorus: repeat 4X]  
In order to receive, then we need to give  
We gotta feed the kids, they gotta eat to live[Talib Kweli]  
Listen...My rhymes got nutritional value  
I get it how I live, it's critical when the conditions allow you  
Do you don't trust the critics who doubt you  
Try to write shit about you, but they can't make a living without you  
Go hungry, you gotta watch what the media feed ya  
And don't be a poisoned animal eater either  
It's harder than it sound, cause nowadays, put that swine in everything  
The white sugar so addictive it's pure 'caine  
They got, pork in the toothpaste, soda in the Sunny D  
Jello brand gelatin is laced with the lecatin  
In Africa they starvin, over here the food hurt you  
Cows goin mad and the chickens crunk with bird flu  
It's too ill how the food kill it's like blue steel

Lies never set you free, but the truth will  
The truth still matter the proof is in the batter or the pudding  
You can tell we eatin good, we gettin fatter[Chorus]Listen...

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