

# Mouths to Feed

## Ludacris

stop movin' so slow  
i got mouths to feed  
hurry up and let's go  
i got mouths to feed  
rain, hail, sleet, snow  
i got mouths to feed  
so you already know i'm 'bout to get to that paper! stop movin' so slow  
i got mouths to feed  
hurry up and let's go  
i got mouths to feed  
rain, hail, sleet, snow  
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so you already know i'm 'bout to get to that paper!  
listen, look i gotta feed my family by all means necessary  
'cause paychecks are comin' up shorter than february  
can't get a real job, i never finished school  
can't get no new clothes, i wore the same tennis shoes  
but now the game's changed, i'm all about the hustle  
man even hogan knows best, i'm all about the muscle  
i'm all about my team, i'm all about my green  
i'm 'bout supply and demand, i'm 'bout serve the fiend  
and i'm a workin' dream, i keep the circuit clean  
see i'm the f\*\*kin' future, i'm a workin' machine  
don't trust a soul, i'm the only one watching my green  
so i stay in heavy rotation like a washin' machine stop movin' so slow  
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so you already know i'm 'bout to get to that paper! motha' f\*\*ka' i'm a monster in this game, i  
turn 20 into 50  
50 to 100 and 100 to a bentley  
a bentley to a building and a building to a scraper  
can't keep up with the news but i get that daily paper

and use it daily hater 'cause my foot game is major  
after awhile crocodile, see ya later alligator  
my baby need new shoes, her momma needs giuseppes  
mercedes need new shoes, surround her with perellies  
my finger to the world, paid my dues and i'm ready  
to pack up all the tools and just cruise in the chevy  
millions dolla' deals, makin' moves on my cellie  
'cause i owe it to my girl to put food in 'er bellystop movin' so slow  
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so you already know i'm 'bout to get to that paper!wake up and smell the coffee, it's time to  
make the doughnuts  
a kid who had the key, my kid made me a grownup  
you ever threaten mines, i won't resist to put the chrome up  
my guns will be like gang signs, always gettin' thrown up!  
atlanta puts its own up, we true to these streets  
i got 12 hungry artists, whole crew gotta eat  
so hell no i don't sleep, i'm like an energizer battery  
got 19 employees, i gotta pay they salaries  
my momma quit her job and i retired my pops  
got killas on the payroll, i hired some cops  
i accept responsibility, they all pay rent  
so if it don't make dolla' then it don't make sense!stop movin' so slow  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>

