

[Intro: Humpty Hump (Del)]

This is a federal food fight
(You better know it!)
That means we're callin out all you kooks and crooks
(What?! We're about to rip this shit)
Oh, me? My name is Humpty Hump
(There's a party in here, baby)
I'm the original big-nosed rapper, baby
(You better get down with this, baby)
We're about to sling hot food all over this piece
(Just nothing but a food fight!)
Here we go, back in the house for the 9-whatever
(Food fiiiiggghht)
With the bacon and egg sandwich

[Humpty Hump]

You ain't bringing groceries, g
Your groove is getting rude over records
But can you sling the food like this?!
You better bite this
If you wanna make the people move like this
Chez wa, Allah, cheese burger
Flame broil base, my pickle make ya wiggle
You're busted, my mustard will wax your whole plate
By itself, not including all my funky condiments
Nod your head to this and DUCK DOWN
As I commence to lock and load a fresh cantaloupe
Yo, I'm illin! I'm slingin melons
Like the felons are slangin dope sacks
So max but I wouldn't stand so close up in the light
Either bring it or hide
Cause it's about to be a food fight!

[Chorus]

(You need something for the food fight!)
We hit you in the neck with a cheeseburger
(Gotta bring food to the food fight!)
Yeah, bruh, we hit you in the neck with a cheeseburger!

[Del]

It's classic
Slapping brothers with some lettuce from jurasctic
I counteract it with the Shock with ham hocks
&From brothers who might Tupac
Fifty-seven black [????] and lots of flows
Fat like hippopotamoes, still caught em though
In the face with excrements, peep my testaments
I bring the seasoning paprika
Eureka for the weaker, and smoke the reefer
Dribble up the funk in the beaker
And, yes, about to say