**By Any Sweets Necessary by Luke Tailor**

[TEACHER]

Mr. Tailor

Do I have to remind you

There’s no eating in class

This is my second time telling you this week

And my fourth or fifth time telling you this semester

This is a nutrition class

And you’re drinking Coca-Cola and eating chips

You’re disrupting the class

As you suck on your Cool Ranch-flavored fingers

Is, is, is that a taco?

What you eating tacos in class, huh?

You ain’t getting your fruits and vegetables

It’s ridiculous

[LUKE TAILOR]

No time for a salad

No sir, not me

I gotta have my snacks in a bag or I’ll be

Late to the class that I have for sat 3

Beside my money’s short

And these cookies are mad cheap

I’m stocking up on ramen

Rocking Takis in my pocket

This soda clogging my arteries

Honestly I could feel my heart stopping

Energy drinks streaming

Blocking my blood flow

I want more

Would cop an apple

But my funds low

I’m Detroit Red dye number 40

Homie know me

By any sweets necessary

Dr. Martin Luther King-Sized candy bars

I got a sweet dream

And now my sweet tooth is legendary

And it won’t make it to my appetite

Unless it’s wrapped tight

In a wrapper

So after my late class

Headed to the nearest Jack-in-the-Box so I break fast

I gotta stop it dog

I’m beginning to gain fast

Jumping my weight class

No gym bar

And it will benefit the water

So I’d rather sofa surf

Call of Duty my favorite hobby

I’m a pro-sport

I’m playing no sports

First pick rookie of that chocolate chip cookie

Vegetables?

Like a salad?

Nah bruh I’m good

Like skittles?

That’s enough fruit for me

Besides I ain’t got no time to be focusing on health

I got midterms bruh

I besides, you know what rhymes with those?

Tacos

You know what I mean, like you know what I mean?

Like

Get out my face with all that health food crap

You know who else ate those?

Dinosaurs

And look how that turned out

Tailor

Yo I’m the liquor store patriot

I Lil’ Debbie babysit

Krispy Kreme

Glazed donuts demon steady chasing me

It runs in the family

And I pray it gets away from me

It probably won’t

What I be on

Whatever’s close is what I chose

Fried, smothered, I love it

Less thought, more salt

Add sauce, and butter

Hold the veggie, playa

Unless it’s carrot cake

And don’t forget my extra bacon

Deep fried, don’t bake it

Deep fried, don’t bake it

I fake it til I make it

Addicted to additives

When I go home cook it

I don’t make it, I microwave it

So either way that produce

Is no use

My neighborhood ain’t got no Whole Foods market

I heat pockets

I wash em down with the colas

And diet sodas

Leave me alone

Is what I’m speaking

Diabetes

I gotta dia-beat these demons

That’s lingering within my sweet tea

Aw darn it, you made me drop my Reese’s

Rest in peace to my Pieces

Church