

Break Bread

Andre Nickatina

Live fast, drive slow
I'm looking' like 0Pac in the Benz when he was hanging' out the window
Right now, I've got my Jesus piece on
And all my rings, you can see I'm about the game
Holler back, baby, like an echo
But you gotta know your colors
Get green, roll purple
My tires just did a full circle in your neighborhood
And like gumbo, the flavor's good
I roam like an alley cat Grade-A, Supercat
Bumping' Shabba Ranks on a full tank
My religion, baby, is big bank
Holler when you see me spending' money, go amen
Snow bunnies love them a suntan
That's why I wear my hat low and my shades, man
I don't waste time or liquor
You can see it on my face, I don't chase, it's a race

Break bread
I don't know what they say where you stay
But where I stay, everybody say pay
So you'd better (break bread)
Baby it's a (go-go) when it comes to (cocoa)
Get down and do what you said (break bread)
Just like a leprechaun, looking for a jackpot
Or a hot crack spot, baby (break bread)
Baby it's a (go-go) when it comes to (cocoa)
Get down and do what you said (break bread)

Man, this is money motivated, demonstrate it to the latest
I do it like an addict up in Vegas
And you can see me talking' like a wizard through my cellular phone
Living' life like a felony, weed and cologne, like
Pacific heights, crushed ice
I do it like a haggler, baby, yeah, on a Sugar Ray Leonard night
Posted up just like a poster
If you're melting' like butter, baby, I'mma have to toast ya
My stairway is straight Led Zeppelin
And my Air Force Ones so new and so fresh, and
Play you like a PS3
And that's Crown Royal, freak, don't try to BS me
But I never knew what she said
All up in her head with the phrase that pays, and it says:

Twenty fifties, a hundred tens
Two white bitches in a Batman Benz
Straight mobbing', one named Robyn
Can't see her head 'cause the bitch probably bobbin'
Slurp something twerk something
Bitch, you getting' money? Maybe we could work something
I been had a million
I don't need nothing' but a bitch that love Vogues
And these all-gold Daytons
Ask Dre Dog ask Nicky
You ain't getting' money, you ain't fucking' with Richie
Patron Silver, straight Goose
Twins with me, and they loose

Thirty rounds, town business
Don't make me break records like Guinness
Bitches wanna fuck all day and give head
But I don't fuck for free, ho
Nah, so