

Bread

DJ Luke Nasty

There it go, yuh

Okay, I love having sex but I rather get some head
I love having sex but I rather get some bread
We don't talk to strangers
You could be the feds
You could be that nigga who bitch laying in my bed
I'm just playin', I'm just playin'
I ain't really playin'
That pussy was direct so I got it on demand
She just want a nigga that can put it in her tummy
Have her coming, hit it from the back
Then get back to the money
I got hunneds, I got fifties
I got twenties, I got fives, hoe
I be got that Draco, we got clips like a slideshow
We came through the side door
You need to let your pride go
I'm married to the money but I got a couple side hoes

I love having sex but I rather get some bread
I said, I love having sex but I rather get some bread
I said, I love having sex but I rather get some bread
I love having sex but I rather get some bread

Suzy is a money maker, finally told the truth
Got a couple pounds, told her, she know what to do
Break it down, bust it down
Word to Uncle Luke
I got a big ass house and it got a bunch of rooms
Why my shit go crazy? Why my shit go dumb?
I'm from outta town, she like "Where you from?"
I said "The Carolinas", smelling like marijuana
You know you fucking good when you mess up their bonnet
I got a bad lil bitch, man, she know how to suck
Like to lick it on the tip then go for the nuts
She be playing with the dick like she nice with the clutch
But it's back to the money 'cause it's never enough

I said, I love having sex but I rather get some bread
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I love having sex but I rather get some bread