

Bread Right

Jim Jones

All that Chanel ain't free
Needed some space, yeah
Keep askin' me where I'm goin' so much
I just needed some space
I'm goin' for the money (Ayy)
You know
I just needed some space, yeah
Lil' bit of space
I just needed some space, ayy
I just needed some space, ayy

I just needed some time to get my head right
I just needed some time to get my bread right
Out of town and grinding on these late nights
All alone, I left you all these late nights
I'm comin' home to fuck you to the daytime
I leave you wrong and I just wanna make right
Girl, I'm lookin' for you flexin' in the daytime
You say I never make time
I just needed some time, but it's your time now
I just needed some time, but it's your time now
I just needed some time, but it's your time now
Girl, I needed some time, but it's your time now

Said you needed some time, well this your time now
You been sayin' for years I need to wind down
New Rollie for you so you can wind down
Sleep when you dead so I'ma grind now
You can't flex when you gone so we gon' shine now
We was just at Philippe's, we eatin' prime now
Had to get the paper up to put the crime down
'Cause you so called gangsters is droppin' a dime now
It's just like Phil Collins, you feel it in the air
Tryna eat off your body like you some silverware
I wanna take you on jets and kill it in the Lear
Red carpet events and we the realest there
And now we synchronize watches in different timezones
Baby girl got that brain that keep my mind blown
Little mama so bad, she gettin' flewed out
Had 'em bustin' back to back like in a shootout, shootout

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Nightmares is when dreams get shattered
Feds popped up, said the whole team scattered
You ever seen a brain get splattered?

When a homie die and his name get tatted?
Liquor get poured, niggas go to war
Some get snatched, become prisoners of the war
No squares in my circle 'less a nigga eatin' waffles
Every team got a Judas, keep an eye on your apostles
We so far apart that I hope we don't lose connection
Parts of the road when the phone start to lose reception
And we pack guns, me and the homies gotta use protection
Tours like war so of course you know we use discretion
Plus I needed time like that new Philippe
This pink slip, that ain't nothin' but a new receipt
Had to put some food on the table so me and you could eat
But when I get back, I'ma fuck you like a superfreak

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Since you've been away, I've been down and lonely
Since you've been away, I've been thinkin' of you