

Finish Ya Breakfast

Max B

Purge style
Wavy Joe Go
Street
And face
Yeah

Still be spendin' money just like I won the lotto
It's funny 'cause I'll still take a bitch to McDonald's
Shout out to my inner-city lady in Chicago
Shout out to mama sharin' space so we ain't gotta do
Finish your breakfast, finish your breakfast
Finish your breakfast, oh (That's all you gotta do), finish your breakfast,
oh (Just finish it, word)

Fuck you, fuck where you from
You better wear that gun, you better (You better)
Duck down when you hear that gun, you better
Chuck and roll, got a custom Rolls
Got crushless gold, I don't love no hoes
But they come to my shows hopin' they get chose
These bitches straight buggin' when they hear the boy flow
You looked all of that, ain't came here before
Same head, same time, this shit before
Who'd've thought the Don had this shit in store?
Eatin' pussy like a girl, ayy, big dick and all
Said she not a groupie, but your bitch was in awe
Twelve birds split up, six was in the car
My style is B-Swish, I mix it with DeBarge
I'm Pesci in Casino, I be mixin' up the cards
Them other six bricks is in my car in the garage
Rubbin' elbows, I mix and mingle with the stars
You wouldn't even notice, I'm grinnin' with the stars
They even give me bags, give me digits that's large
I'm livin' with the stars, you just listen to the bars

Still be spendin' money just like I won the lotto
It's funny 'cause I'll still take a bitch to McDonald's
Shout out to my inner-city lady in Chicago (Huh?)
Shout out to mama sharin' space so we ain't gotta do (Shakedown, finish your
breakfast)

I was in the Yams with the mamis last week
They was doin' more bumps than New York cracked streets
Them sugars love the money and motion, don't at me
The wave back in town with the sound, ask Max B
When I was on the blade, I was the master P
I only worry when my bitch ain't mad at me
I step out with more legs than Fashion Week
My backseat a baby-makin' factory, huh?
I'm colorblind, I'm lyin', I see green
I got a farm out Cali, it's free tree
Shakedown turn baddies to trap fiends
In five minutes, she let me do CAT scans, what else?

Still be spendin' money just like I won the lotto
It's funny 'cause I'll still take a bitch to McDonald's
Shout out to my inner-city lady in Chicago

Shout out to mama sharin' space so we ain't gotta do (Finish your breakfast)
See, my dick is the bomb and I only fuck models (Finish your breakfast)
It's P2 vintage Dom that it's in my bottle (Dom Péri', Dom Péri')
Spilled so much P2, I need goggles
Silver surfer, lil' mama sharin' to make sure we ain't gotta do
Finish your breakfast, finish your breakfast
Finish your breakfast, oh, finish your breakfast, oh