

Breakfast

PeeWee Longway

I smoke weed for breakfast
I drink lean for breakfast
I take mollies, I take xannies, I can't eat no breakfast
Half a pound for breakfast
2 grams of molly breakfast
A pint of lean for breakfast
And I'm cookin' dope for breakfast
I smoke weed for breakfast
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I got Collard Greens for breakfast

Fine all my live for breakfast
That serve that trick a lesson
We on two different levels, Flock say he just came from Belgium
My trap house right off Gresham
I'm so god damn successful
She ate my dick for dinner, then she ate mollies for breakfast
Got a big booty bitch with some nice size titties
Baby so fine gotta let her ride with me
She the type of bitch get a 550\$
You the type of bitch can't get one penny
Smoke seven fire blunts in one minute
I ain't finna eat no Denny's on Wendy's
I show lotta brow gotta show lotta
On flash o's and the show got
If the show slow up then I won't get scared
Pourin' lean so dark that it look like Henny
It's breakfast time and y'all niggas come get it
If you wanna go to war pussy nigga I'm with it
I peeped it, you piece of shit
Try to creep on a nigga I seen it
Put a beam on a nigga for treason
I kill a fuck nigga, no reason

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Pocket full of molly, sellin pounds out the window
Diamond Cuban gold link chain cost a kilo
Getting fronted by amigo, plus I got a hit single
Motherfuck these niggas what the hell they sayin

Crossed over still stay hood
Steel top on my Phantom hood
Can't cook dope but a nigga shoot good
Got your baby mama walking down my hardwood
I just had 5 backwoods for breakfast
80 thousand dollars on a young nigga necklace
We ain't hit the club if them hoes ain't naked
Waka flocka flame cut throat and reckless
Niggas throwin bands when they hear this record
Pocket full of hunneds, don't do no debits
Only smoke gas, you smoke unleaded
Brick squad here, lames found the exit
Smoking out the pound my nigga
Where the fuck you from, throw yo hood up nigga
Diamonds in my mouth, can't do golds my nigga
Shawty be bouncin back on a leather, keep it real chase cedar
She gonn fuck for some red bottoms and a Givenchy sweater
That ho ain't shit, type of bitch to set me up
PeeWee in the cut with the strap and the double cups
You ain't see him!

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In the morning, I'm still geekin'
Lickin Miley Cyrus for breakfast
3 bad bitches from the playboy mansion
I'm PeeWee Longway Hefner
Got pints double sealed in my refrigerator
I pour mud up for breakfast
Got a play, said he want a load of collard green
Meet me on Metropolitan at the Burger King
But not for breakfast nigga
Me and Waka and Gucci just finessed a duck
4000 gas bags in a Bentley truck, We eat racks that's how we get full
If you're a rat then we got the semi auto full boy tuck your ice in
That shit ain't burr
Can't you tell from the light
A couple make this year, 2013 I tip, trynna call my whip
Breakfast talking at the table counting up my chips
Sippin on mud, drinking out the mug
With a nigga Mrs boy I know he pissed
Lean got me drifting, so this a workin shit
One day ain't gon' hurt you bitch
Counting up racks is my breakfast bitch

The molly on me bitch, the lean on me bitch
Go ahead I'm with them eggs and grits!

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