

# Bread Winners

Philthy Rich

(Coked up in hella bands, turn me up)

If I bounce with fully yay', I'm putting shit straight to sleep  
These headshots open shit, so he'll be dead before he blink  
This a updated Benz, I drive this shit like a go-kart  
They aiming for the legs and not the hands, they shoot the wrong part  
I said I quit the Percocets, it's fucked up, I'm back on 'em  
I shot it up, I let it calm down, but now I'm back on 'em  
I slide through, hangin' out the roof like it's a tank  
They copy the way I walk, the way I talk, but not my rank

When sou see me, it's a shark bouncing out, like here's a Brucie  
Switchy on the back with thirty clip, let's shoot a movie  
A dirt bag of three inside the soda, this shit muddy  
Keep my gun when I'm in public 'cause I don't know who really love me  
Twenty bands on some nice clothes, rich nigga like Maestros  
In the field with mask on, with some ballers that find stores  
Took a risk on them high speeds, now it's ice on white tees  
If a nigga move it, yeah, I'm trigger happy, I'm gon' squeeze  
'Cause who you know that's still dangerous and ballin'?  
If you don't call that shit stuntin', then what you call it?  
The streets know me, I don't think they ever heard of you  
Niggas broke and perk shit up, I got 'em nervous, too  
When you see my waist pokin', that's a thirty  
I float the bands like we at Kentucky Derby  
Buyin' more ice 'cause I'm addicted to the jewelry  
I got diamonds, he got diamonds, but his shit blurry

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Ah, bosses never get they hands dirty  
Became a millionaire way before I touched thirty  
This a updated Benz, a Maybach truck  
That's my bitch friend, but she know I'm tryna fuck  
I'm really tryna break on that ho  
To fee a hundred thou', I got faith in her, though  
Every nigga 'round me got ice on his white tee  
White bitch named Coco, I don't know Ice-T  
Yeah, I'm from east Oakland, bitch, but I don't get hyphy  
Gucci Mane in '06, bitch, I'm so icy  
If I wasn't outside, then why the opps mad?  
Smoke him, kill him, pop him and his dad  
Seminary, nigga, shut down your whole block  
Got rid of my throwaway, but still got my old Glock  
Shit, I still be outside on my old block  
Shoutout to the bottom and the middle, but I'm from the top (It's Philthy)

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