

Bread Up

Pimp C

Didn't know us country niggas had our bread up
Had our bread up, had our bread up
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Our bread up, had our bread up

Swangin and bangin, like that nigga SG
Hoes wanna fuck, but my dick ain't free
You can't charge me, cause I ain't to be charged
Just sellin' dope from Louisiana all the way to Florida
Got birds and the Yay, just left Big Bay
In the pen once again, still ridin with Jay
Jay, Pimp and Bun, the cream of the crop
Hit the corner in the Lac, you see them blades chop
I used to push rocks, on the corner of Jackson's
Went from new-used to Lacs, from Lacc to Lexus
Now it's Bentley 4 doors, get 50 for the shows
Bring your bitch around me, and I make her get exposed
Bend over, touch your toes
Just show me what you got
I'm really tryna see ya, but you went and shaved your cock
Why in the fuck would you do that, bitch?
Sweet Jones ain't fuckin with that bald-head shit, bitch

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I'm a big slab DO, I'm a country ass nigga
I'm from PA Texas, ain't another nigga triller
Black and yellow stones, got me lookin like a stealer
Hoppin out double Rs, I kill, kill kill 'm
Me and my niggas paint the town when we come down
24 in the game, stackin bread, fuck the fame
Everyday a nigga smellin like new money
I leave my tags on my clothes, and hoes pop 'em for me
Keep a foreign coupe with candy paint drippin down
Ready for whatever, if he ain't loaded when we flip and grind
I stay on my grind, when I count my cash
I take a hundred dollar bill, and wipe it cross my ass
Cause it's nothin, nigga
I stay stuntin, nigga
So if you see me with your bitch, yeah I'm fuckin, nigga
I'm an underdog, but I stay on top my bread
And keep my pocket full of presidents that's dead

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I'm comin straight out the city of the coupes with the roof missing
That paper in my vision, and getting it is my mission
Perforated leather seats, with handcrafted stitching
One love for all my partners caught up in the system
I'm from the great lone star state, that's known as Texas
I'm on the grind, while you drinkin coffee and eating breakfast

I got my mind on Maseratis, so I been restless
My money long, like the inauguration gets us
That chopper leave him breathless, catchin' boppers I'm the bestest
Lay my mack down, and get up in them walls like Asbestos
I bet they didn't think us country boys had cake
But down here we grinding hard, 25/8
Going back from Louisiana on the I-10 west
I'm on the highway, the flyway, all day, no rest
You overthinking this shit, it ain't Chess
The secret to success, is to grind more, and sleep less and
Get your bread up

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