

Niggas know my side got motion, nigga
Niggas don't want no head-on collision with this shit, nigga
Niggas know we dangerous, nigga
Nigga, I almost died about this shit a few times, nigga
You ain't on my side
(Drop that shit, T-Head)

These niggas don't wanna run into us
Rose gold, got my pendant it's bust
Clarity diamonds, my teeth flushed
Treat her like Rosa, get to the back of the bus
I've been havin' motion since I can cuss
Pussy nigga, you can't pop it like us
Thirty mag' in my jeans, it's tucked
Hundred thousand cash, what the fuck?
Turnin' all these L.A. bitches to sluts
Stickin' this Bread Gang dick in her guts
Break on a bitch, I got that from my unc'
Stealin'-ass bitch, I call her a conk

Niggas better loaf they life, man
Loaf your life, man, 'fore we loaf your wife
Yeah
Yeah

In my city, we put niggas in blunts
Turn all tough-ass niggas to skunks
Forty thousand, spent that this month
You ain't break on that bitch, all you did was hunch
Every hit I sunt, the nigga got touched
I'm a real Fox, ask the city 'bout us
I ain't gotta make up none of this stuff
My young nigga shot the bus 'til it bust
Yeah, nigga, with them packs, you've been fuckin' up
Nigga, this chopper be comin' in clutch
Glass in my mouth, this shit here cut
Slap the bitch if I hear one fuss
Twelve hundred for some Céline shorts
You ain't a renegade, ho, you a nut
Count a fifty in a Maybach truck
TRX lift kid on a truffle
Bread Gang chain canary cut
She wanna come around this motion stuff
Still givin' these bows uppercuts
Why it sound like that? It's a Hellcat truck
Two hundred thousand in jewelery, that's tough
That bitch been eatin' these nuts
Nigga, don't put on them cuffs
I'm with the shit, Pampers, stuffed
I'm with a cobra, Jo, he cut
None of these niggas poppin' shit like us
Tour bus full of Gumbo blunts
Nigga, the shit they sayin', it ain't nothin'
Tryna touch another hundred this month
I know you shot somethin', but you're still a bitch 'cause you caught some b
ubbles in your guts
Nigga

Woah (Big G the biggest)
Big G the biggest, Y- Fatt, what's poppin'? Nigga already know it's us
If it ain't us, it ain't nobody (Fuck everybody)
Fuck everybody, nigga (Type of time I'm on)
That's how I'm feeling (Let's go, G)

Woah, I come from the bottom, I came up, nigga
Look at me now, I ain't change up, nigga
Don't know what the cut, my shit lookin' like glitter
You know if I fucked her if you seen me with her (Ah)
"G, he the biggest," I'm readin' on Twitter
I'm full of drank, I ain't takin' no pictures
Ain't goin' back and forth, I ain't playin' with niggas
If you got a problem, then come get your issue (Come get your issue)
All that talkin' don't even matter, my nigga (Nigga)
Touch me, you gon' get shattered, my nigga
Hm, you gon' get put in the dirt
With your name and your face on a shirt
I ain't gotta call nobody 'round me, if it go down, I'll put in that work
You ain't ever wake nothin' before
Shoot that bitch 'til he fall on the floor
Man, we smokin' that boy Gumbo
Rest in peace to my nigga E-Lo
Put it down for this chain 'round my throat
When I think about noose, got choked
Better know I'ma give you some get back
You ain't with what I'm with, I ain't with that
Y'all don't know that we uppinn' the score (For sure)
Had just threw me a M on the floor (Nah, for real, yeah)

Nah, for real, nigga, had just threw me a M on the floor, I'm a million doll
ars up, pussy
Get your guns up and your funds up, nigga, I swear to God
I swear to fuckin' God, nigga
Bread gang, we the Loaf Boyz, and this BGE
Yeah
Get your bitch- ayy, Fatt
Tell them niggas get they bitch
Or come get they bitch back, you know what I mean?
Yeah