

Break Bread (feat. Richie Rich)

Andre Nickatina

Live fast, drive slow
I'm lookin' like 'Pac in the Benz when he was hangin' out the window
Right now, I've got my Jesus piece on
And all my rings, you can see I'm about the game
Holler back, baby, like an echo
But you gotta know your colours
Get green, roll purple
My tires just did a full circle in your neighbourhood
And like gumbo, the flavour's good
I roam like an alley cat - Grade-A, Supercat
Bumpin' Shabba Ranks on a full tank
My religion, baby, is big bank
Holler when you see me spendin' money, go "amen"
Snow bunnies love them a suntan
That's why I wear my hat low and my shades, man
I don't waste time or liquor
You can see it on my face, I don't chase, it's a race
Break bread
I don't know what they say where you stay
But where I stay, everybody say "pay"
So you'd better (break bread)
Baby it's a (go-go) when it comes to (cocoa)
Get down and do what you said (break bread)
Just like a leprechaun, lookin' for a jackpot
Or a hot crack spot, baby (break bread)
Baby it's a (go-go) when it comes to (cocoa)
Get down and do what you said (break bread)
Man, this is money motivated, demonstrate it to the latest
I do it like an addict up in Vegas
And you can see me talkin' like a wizard through my cellular phone
Livin' life like a felony, weed and cologne, like...
Pacific heights, crushed ice
I do it like a haggler, baby, yeah, on a Sugar Ray Leonard night
Posted up just like a poster
If you're meltin' like butter, baby, I'mma have to toast ya
My stairway is straight Led Zeppelin
And my Air Force Ones so new and so fresh, and
Play you like a PS3
And that's Crown Royal, freak, don't try to BS me
But I never knew what she said
All up in her head with the phrase that pays, and it says: Twenty fifties, a hundred tens
Two white bitches in a Batman Benz

Straight mobbin', one named Robyn
Can't see her head 'cause the bitch probably bobbin'
Slurp somethin' - twerk somethin'
Bitch, you gettin' money? Maybe we could work somethin'
I been had a million
I don't need nothin' but a bitch that love Vogues
And these all-gold Dayton's
Ask Dre Dog - ask Nicky
You ain't gettin' money, you ain't fuckin' with Richie
Patron Silver, straight Goose
Twins with me, and they loose
Thirty rounds, town business
Don't make me break records like Guinness
Bitches wanna fuck all day and give head
But I don't fuck for free, hoe
Nah, so...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>