

# Break Bread

Andre Nickatina

Live fast, drive slow  
I'm looking' like Pac in the Benz when he was hanging' 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 colors  
Get green, roll purple  
My tires just did a full circle in your neighborhood  
And like gumbo, the flavor's good  
I roam like an alley cat Grade-A, Supercat  
Bumping' Shabba Ranks on a full tank  
My religion, baby, is big bank  
Holler when you see me spending' 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, looking 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 talking' like a wizard through my cellular phone  
Living' 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 melting' 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 mobbing', one named Robyn  
Can't see her head 'cause the bitch probably bobbin'  
Slurp something twerk something  
Bitch, you getting' money? Maybe we could work something  
I been had a million  
I don't need nothing' but a bitch that love Vogues  
And these all-gold Daytons  
Ask Dre Dog ask Nicky  
You ain't getting' money, you ain't fucking' 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, ho  
Nah, so