

Ooooooh, E-40, get breaded, get breaded
Sauce Money, get breaded
Fat Joe, get breaded
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My penitentiary family'll
reach 'fore you make a bet, when you gonna lay in a buck?
When you gon' bust these suckers upside the head with another dump?
I ain't no punk I'm like a basepipe cause I'm dope
E'rytime I touch the microphone, I come with smoke
Playa potnah whatchu talkin bout? What dey lookin like?
I just come off a double-album, you know that shit was tight
and you right I make my drops for the club and the trunk
Like a pregnant lady come with a album every eight or nine months
See y'all ain't ready
At seventeen I had a hundred dollars -- eh-eh, thousands
Chevy Impalas, ??, Cougars, lower-development housin
Who can split it, seen it, did it, been in it, done it
When y'all was tryin to walk it, see I was tryin to run it
Smoked a lot of trees drunk (trees drunk)
Locked a lot of keys in the trunk (keys in the trunk)
On my way back from the sushi bar, drinkin saki
I'se diamonded down and clusters on my fingers, like Liberace

To all my 223 spitters, hustlers paper go-getters
Seven digit figures, tymers, ballers, hillside niggaz
Get yer bread.. bounce yer head!
If youse obsessed withcha wealth and it
More carats than a bunny rabbit
Pop yo' collar one time if you got a weed habit
Get yer bread.. bounce yer head!

The only way I get involved if it mean more dough
(uh-huh) Sauce Money, E-4-Oh
You know they want em, diamonds, flaunt em
Treat all my hoes like Billy Blank son and Tae-Bo on em
Whattup ma, too many G's to consume?
I spit game so I can ease in your womb
I know what you thinkin I'm just teasin the tomb
While I kick it with 40, take the keys to my room
Lobster, shrimp, never simpin, gangsta limp
Went from Sauce Money to big pimpin
Like bell bottoms, too much flate for some
Flow so hot got summer scared to come
But everybody on the track holdin weight
Five hundred thou', that's the golden gate
From B-K to Oaktown, pass the smoke round
Let me find out who broke now, uh-huh

There's love in the East and there's love in the West
Coast to coast G's do what you do best, just
Get yer bread.. bounce yer head!
To all my gettin money chicks if you love the song
Tell your man if he broke, he dead-ass wrong, you better
Get yer bread.. bounce yer head!

Yeah, who wanna fuck with The Last Don?
I hate you niggaz with a pass-ion
Fuck around and get blast on
My niggaz mad strong and they kill you quick
Come out or get hit, we the shit
Think I would lie to you bitch?
You could die with the snitch, and buried alive in the ditch
Come five with the fifth, try to slide but you slid
We the livest of clicks, Terror Squad to the death of me
Remember me? The same kid that ran triz on Stephanie
Felony's the minimal, enemies I pity you
Step to me, c'est la vie, and I'm killin you
Drillin you with holes in your chest
You opposin the best
T.S., supreme, crows on the nest

?? like what you say out here ain't nuttin nice
For brownie points or stripes niggaz take your life
with boxcutters, fuck a knife, just for braggin rights
LOST IN THE GAME!! Drownin sinkin holdin my breath
LOST IN THE GAME!! Broke miserable starvin to death
Boom boom boom, BOOM BOOM!
Crazy weebleations.. BOSS BURN BROOM!
Bills, wheels, and about eleven-thousand dollars worth
of counterfeit bills, marked money and sour dope deals

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And there you have it
Three tycoons.. weighin in at 300-plus ya undersmell that?
Fat Joe, Sauce Money and E-40, ya undersmell that?
East coast West Coast connection, y'know
SicK Wid It Records, the new millineum ballers
Ya undersmell me? Where you come from?
Beyotch?! You know we do this .. hoahhhh
A-HOAHHHH! SHEEEIT! BEOTCH!