

# Breakfast

Gucci Mane

I smoke weed for breakfast, I drink lean for breakfast  
I take mollies, I take Xanax, I can't eat no breakfast  
Half a pound for breakfast, two grams of molly, breakfast  
A pint of lean for breakfast and I'm cookin' dope for breakfast  
I smoke weed for breakfast, I drink lean for breakfast  
I take mollies, I take Xanax, I can't eat no breakfast  
Half a pound for breakfast, two grams of molly, breakfast  
A pint of lean for breakfast, I got collard greens for breakfast

Bitin' on my lip for breakfast, can't serve that trick unless...  
We on two different levels, Flock said he just came from Belgium  
My trap house right off Gresham, I'm so goddamn successful  
She ate my dick for dinner then she ate my lips for breakfast  
Got a big booty bitch with some nice size titties  
Baby so fine, gotta let her ride with me  
She the type of bitch gets an F550  
You the type of bitch can't get one penny  
Smoke 75 blunts in one minute  
I ain't finna eat no Denny's or Wendy's  
I sure ain't broke and I sure ain't friendly  
I don't flash shows if the show got plenty  
If the show a smorgasbord then I won't get skinny  
Pour the lean so dark that it look like Henny  
It's breakfast time and y'all niggas come get it  
If you wanna go to war, pussy nigga I'm with it  
I peeped it, you piece of shit  
Try to creep on, nigga, I seen it  
Put a beam on a nigga for treason  
I'll kill a fuck nigga, no reason

Pocket full of mollies, blow them pounds out the window  
Diamond Cuban gold link chain cost a kilo  
Get it fronted by amigo, plus I got a hit single  
Motherfuck these niggas, what the Hell they sayin'?  
Crossed over, still stay 'hood  
Steel top on my Phantom hood  
Can't cook dope but a nigga shoot good  
Got your baby mama walkin' on my hardwood  
Orange juice and five Backwoods for breakfast  
80, 000 dollars on a young nigga necklace  
Can't hit the club if them hoes ain't naked  
Waka Flocka Flame is so damn reckless  
Niggas puttin' bands on they head, just wreck it  
Pocket full of hundreds, don't do no debit  
Only smoke gas, you smoke unleaded  
Brick Squad hittin' lanes, found the exit  
Smoke another pound, my nigga  
Where the fuck you from? Throw your 'hood up, nigga  
Diamonds in my mouth, can't do golds, my nigga  
Shorty be boozed, kicked back on the leather  
Keep it real, chase cheddar  
She'll fuck for some red-bottoms and a Givenchy sweater  
That hoe ain't shit - type of bitch that set me up  
PeeWee in the cut with a scrap and a double cup  
She ain't see him...

In the morning I'm still geekin', lickin' Miley Cyrus for breakfast

Three bad bitches from the Playboy Mansion,  
I'm PeeWee Longway Hefner  
Got pink double-sealed in my refrigerator, I pour mud up for breakfast  
Got a place, said he want a load of collard greens  
Meet me on Metropolitan at the Burger King  
Went out for breakfast, nigga, me and Waka and Gucci  
Just finessed it up, \$4, 000 gas, pass in a Bentley truck  
We eat rats, that's how we get full  
If you a rat, we got the semi-auto full, boy  
Took your ice in, that shit, I ain't Bird  
Catch a tail from the light I'll come and make this year  
2013 I tip, tryna calm my whip  
Rappers talkin' 'bout the table, countin' up my chips  
Sippin' on mud, drinkin' out the mug  
With a nigga misses, boy, I know he pissed  
Lean got me trippin', is it workin'? Shit...  
One day, I ain't gon' hurt you, bitch  
Y'all know the rest, it's my breakfast, bitch  
Trust me not, punk, fuck you, shit  
Molly on me, bitch, the lean on me, bitch  
Go ahead all with them hash and grits

[Hook]