

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]