

Break Bread

Paul Wall

Break bread (where them ballers at)
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You breaking bread, what's up with it
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I'm turning heads, when I enter the club
I'm Gucci this Fendi that, I'm all of the above

When it comes to jewelry, I'm like T.J. Ford
Cause my diamonds, average bout 15 points
All my T.V. VS, nothing less than the best
So I guess, that means I got expensive breath
But I'm more than just jewelry, I'm more than just ice
But me looking like a scrub, just wouldn't suffice
I got rolls gold glowing, lap tops showing
Bremie Louis the Thirteenth, to keep it flowing
I can keep going and going, but what's the use
You know I'm balling in the mix, cause I got the juice
I run with wise guys, so it's no surprise
Everywhere I go, women undress me with they eyes
Boys can't knock it, I'm on the rise like a rocket
Big bank take lil' bank, I let you pick which pocket
My wrist glowing, like I stuck my hand in a socket
It's Paul Wall can't nobody stop it, break bread

I'm a star stunning nigga, when I step in the club
Channel sets cross my wrist, just like a light bulb
Got Gucci cross my feet, while I shock and rock
Popping Crystal bottles, will make these hoes bop
We some top notch playas, ain't no time for acting
We need ATM machines, for the loot we stacking
Better think shoot a fee, I bet it won't break me
Plus I spend a few G's, up in VIP
It's the currency, that make these hoochies hunch
All they want is a hour fifty, take em out to lunch
But they must be drunk, I never trick off ends
Just flip a blue Benz, with the blue eyes lens
On 16 headed North, with my chrome girlfriend
She could make your life end, and not get sent to the Penn
This for my niggaz in the Penn, that won't see sunshine
Got princess cuts in my mouth, you could see sunshine, break bread

Jumping in the slab, I'm bound to turn heads
In something's blue red, running lights like the FED's
Man I feel like Pac, it's all eyes on me
Sitting on 23's, in the black SUV
A life of luxury, that's the life for me
You can catch me at the mall, spending 15 thee
On the piece and chain, got rocks and rings
Hoes attitudes changed, since I'm having thangs
It's hard to explain, but that's the way it goes
Over night I went from showing rocks, to rocking shows
Hoes that wouldn't speak, now they watching me
But I'm trying to figure out, is it the watch or me

Or the foreign car, with the blue eyed lens
It's a bird it's a plane, that's my made back Benz
Is we cutting or what, is what I'm asking her
In Texas she saw my chain, it's a massacre, break bread