

Break Bread

RZA

Yo, yeah yeah, yo what?
(Gotta spit on these bitches real quick)
Yea, Jammie Sommers bring the thunder, what?
(Word up, doo-doo stain bitches)
Yo, yo, uh-huh, yo..

Yo save John Bennett, trauma John Bell
Lace stay in my equality, mic oddessey
Judy Plum, ghetto tag on the drum
Nestle in the glass, I was plunged, double-edged tongue
Pearly handle, scroll Brooklyn, we bouncin, commercial keep lookin
Pussy tight ginger, turn rough cats to cringers
Make him surrender is car and legal tender
Sunshine on time, manifest all time 'tween beams
because I study all true reality, sculpted by my Wallabees
Study righteous God Degree, yo..

We Break Bread and deal with equality

Yo check it, my break and deal with this son
Explicit lyrical orgy, you bitches smell like dead foggy hoe
While Jammie splash you with the bottle of Giorgio
or Chanel's No. 5, dog bitch you can't survive
You buy and shoot some straw ride, ya tried to glide on B.O.B.B.Y.
Jammie Sommers, treat her like my daughter, real niggaz wanna fuck her
Pass a quart of milk, crab, clam, possum, wild flower blossomin
Power-U, have you gaspin for your oxygen
Gold bra straps, fine pointed, purple star Gaps
Cowboy boots and taste, with the straw hat
You derelict hoes, we fuck y'all without pullin down our clothes
While your nigga wish to lick Jammie Sommers' toes
Imaginate, you best to go home son and masturbate
or put your ten dollars up and buy the fat tape

Yo, a hundred thousand, two hundred and fifty cash
Yo now, watch Miss Sommers, shake that ass
Yo, you love the way my brother splash
Chain reaction keep you puzzled
Mouth muscle, card shuffle, belt buckle
Jammie S'll never kiss ass after I close a deal
You best to believe this rap shit I say is for real
A lot of y'all bitches be good earners with two out
Take too many chances, chillin with niggaz, lampin
Profilin, wildin, Jammie hung with the realty smilin
Takin shots at Louie the thirteenth, and tie you up
bathed in Sheik, so you could watch your man beat his meat
Cuz, uh, lodi dodi, I got the body
And tutti fruiti, I got the booty
I shake, my rump, all in ya face
Make a bitch tie my sneaker lace
Cuz A is for Apple and J is for Jack
And most of y'all bitches ain't go no hair in the back
And ya tracks is wack