

# 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