

Make This Bread

Sir Michael Rocks

[Hook]

Hey Mr. Fred, we almost there
Make this bread or make your bed
Take this ride or take this wheel
Take your time or take this pill

Hey Mr. Fred, we almost there
Make this bread or make your bed
Take this ride or take this wheel
Take your time or take this pill

My nigga Mr. Fred, we almost there (money, money)
Make this bread or make your bed (ballin' nonstop)
Take this ride or take this wheel (money, money)
Take your time or take this pill (ballin' nonstop)

[Verse 1]

I'm hoppin' out the casket
Cocaine on my glasses
Some all white wuppies that I picked up on my last trip
Them niggas is yaggin'
Too much into fashion
My body guard a beast, and if you reach
Then he spazzin'
That rat-tat-tat action
Them lights, camera
I'm like the Dodge dealership
I got a lot of challengers
Damn this shit remind me of my dogs
We was on a paper mission, get it all
Millioni to the drawers
What's up?
I went to school but never went to school
'Cause I was busy on tour
'Cause where we live a nigga only as good as his credit card score
A-1, I shipped a box of them new iPhones straight to my home
Two to my dome, can't feel my eyes
Can't feel my bones, you not alone

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

When I seen it, I want it, I need it
Unlimited reasons, my heart in the freezer
I'm on it, you niggas is lacking
Napping, you loafing, you lacking the focus
My Spanish bitch that I'm with
I'm smashing, I'm stoking, with passion, devotion
That money come, and that money stay
If you f**k her good, she won't run away
I'm golded up like Gabby Douglas
My necklace, changing the center weight
My old niggas still Caddy truckin'
I'mma wait for that Aston truck

My boonie niggas is savage, bruh
Jammed out in that traffic, cuz
I'm cashin' out and I'm stackin' up
Your girl's pussy is trash as f**k
I never talk shit about a teammate
We goin' Bobby for a pocket full of green face
When I die I'll be reborn with a clean slate
And RIP to the weed that we cremate

[Hook]