

That's How We Break Bread

TRU

[master p]

Huh huh, yeah nigga

Y'all remember that shit me and bo did last year

Head for the jack, we done jacked the motherfuckers

And got rich this year you know what I'm sayin'

P and bo went half on some dope, half on some dope, half on some dope

P and bo went half on some dope, turn a half ounce into a key

[c-bo]

Mo' money, mo mother fuckin' mail

Post on the block, come back and drop knots in the garbage pail

Peepin' out the window with the ak

Paranoia, neighborhood destroyer

Half a key on the livin' room table, and from city to city I'm able

Cap a key for 10 and 12, my mexican friends got the gear

Breakin' down a quarter ki', procedin' to make that mail,

Master p got the mix on the yay

Whippin 'em with the can't explain game , cause rain

So fuck what you heard and pay 16 for this bird

We slangin' ki's and stackin' g's in the suburbs

Mouth full of dope, bold's yeah you know

Them richmond niggas, quick to pull that asshole

Some dope dealers, that only fuck with killers

One of the first from the block to stack a mill because

Chorus 4x

Everyday, all day, hustling to get paid

Straight ballin', that's how we break bread

[master p]

Nigga what, nigga what, been down for 22 years

Finally done came up, og with a pimp ? ? ? ,

And slang this quarter like calone, by that nigga pervis ? ? ?

Ain't no limits to these hits that I make

The ice cream man, the king pin of the bay

Just got a bid of 20 birdies, stuck to the ground

S.k. 'bout to get my hands dirty, tru stand for hustla

So jump in the 500 sel and buckle up

On my way way to sac. with them crome gats, 40 g's,

4 tires filled of that kill' crack

Don't give a fuck if I die or go to the pen.

I'm headed to the end, a dope fiends best friend

So call me the richmond nino brown

Cause dope and money makes the world go 'round

45 k would by my work to, and blowin' dope to the ghetto

Like b.b. king blow the blues,

Bullets ? ? ? cause fools can't escape this

Niggas lose they life for stickin' they nose in my cake mix

And like a ? ? ? away from rain

I mean harvest these chickens until it's a drought man

I got more mack than craig, notorious like big

Put a playa hater in the back

And I give you a bitch before I give you a buck

Hit the windows niggas chokin' on a fruit roll-up

I got ? ? ? on tha set puttin' in work sellin' fuckin' lemonheads

To the dope fiends, we call 'em street queens

Hit the dope and they pussy when the feds hit the scene

Now the spots hot ain't nobody got rocks

Laugh at the cops, organization ticks like a clock

Chorus 4x

[king george]

Just another episode of how us no limit tru niggas make our mail
Organized trained soldiers droppin' bread crumbs to the underworld
You know what I mean and like nigga p
Said every day, all day, hustlin' to get paid
That's how we break bread hahahaha