

# Break Bread

Andre Nickatina

[Verse 1: Andre Nickatina]

Live fast, drive slow

I'm looking' like 'Pac in the Benz when he was hanging' out the window

Right now, I've got my Jesus piece on

And all my rings, you can see I'm about the game

Holler back, baby, like an echo

But you gotta know your colors

Get green, roll purple

My tires just did a full circle in your neighborhood

And like gumbo, the flavor's good

I roam like an alley cat - Grade-A, Supercat

Bumping' Shabba Ranks on a full tank

My religion, baby, is big bank

Holler when you see me spending' money, go "amen"

Snow bunnies love them a suntan

That's why I wear my hat low and my shades, man

I don't waste time or liquor

You can see it on my face, I don't chase, it's a race[Hook: Andre Nickatina]

Break bread

I don't know what they say where you stay

But where I stay, everybody say "pay"

So you'd better (break bread)

Baby it's a (go-go) when it comes to (cocoa)

Get down and do what you said (break bread)

Just like a leprechaun, lookin' for a jackpot

Or a hot crack spot, baby (break bread)

Baby it's a (go-go) when it comes to (cocoa)

Get down and do what you said (break bread)[Verse 2: Andre Nickatina]

Man, this is money motivated, demonstrate it to the latest

I do it like an addict up in Vegas

And you can see me talking' like a wizard through my cellular phone

Living' life like a felony, weed and cologne, like...

Pacific heights, crushed ice

I do it like a haggler, baby, yeah, on a Sugar Ray Leonard night

Posted up just like a poster

If you're melting' like butter, baby, I'mma have to toast ya

My stairway is straight Led Zeppelin

And my Air Force Ones so new and so fresh, and

Play you like a PS3

And that's Crown Royal, freak, don't try to BS me  
But I never knew what she said  
All up in her head with the phrase that pays, and it says:[Hook: Andre Nickatina][Verse 3: Richie Rich]  
Twenty fifties, a hundred tens  
Two white bitches in a Batman Benz  
Straight mobbing', one named Robyn  
Can't see her head 'cause the bitch probably bobbin'  
Slurp somethin'g - twerk somethin'g  
Bitch, you getting' money? Maybe we could work somethin'g  
I been had a million  
I don't need nothing' but a bitch that love Vogues  
And these all-gold Daytons  
Ask Dre Dog - ask Nicky  
You ain't getting' money, you ain't fucking' with Richie  
Patron Silver, straight Goose  
Twins with me, and they loose  
Thirty rounds, town business  
Don't make me break records like Guinness  
Bitches wanna fuck all day and give head  
But I don't fuck for free, ho  
Nah, so...[Hook]

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