

# Cereal

## BP.

(Hook)

Cereal for breakfast, cereal for dinner

When you comin' up from nothing, that's the meal of real winners

Cereal for breakfast, cereal for dinner

When you comin' up from nothing, that's the meal of real winners

We gon' drink, we gon' eat

We gon' drink, we gon' eat

If you don't recognize me, then I'm the man I plan to be

We gon' drink, we gon' eat

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If you don't recognize me, then I'm the man I plan to be

(Verse 1)

I Anna Nicole my stanzas, treat the beat with no manners

I plan to blow from grammar, then vamanos to the land of

Palm trees and cabanas,

Lord knows I need it more than most

So won'tcha please put your hands up?

What I spit is on my shit, your shit come from Kinkos

The chick I hit is thick, your chick got some cankles

My past kicking my ass, got me on the brink though

All the hate did was motivate, I gotta thank you

Went from the basement to "call my agent",

dressed for occasion

No Debating, she up late masturbating in the a.m. to my Pandora station

I've been grinding on her hymen, bring heat to chicks make 'em Rick Ross grunt

Fairly common that we dine-in, she eat my dick call it Chris Bosh lunch

Pause, but we ain't got no problems

I got condoms if you wanna cut then call me Chad Johnson

Make her squirt up like a Dolphin

She think my rhymin' so awesome

When she get naked, I start doin' the Carlton

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(Verse 2)

You think I'm cool yo? Even though I'm new yo?

Watch what I'm about to do though, oh I get it, you always knew though

Die slow or give me kudos I'm with two hoes

Eating prosciutto while they both sipping on Nuvo

Once the bottle done they both gon' give me noodle

They calling me Papi Chulo, can't re-call their names but neither one is Juno

I like the waist Pluto, and them tits sumo

What's more important, women or chips? well shit, I mean, you know

You'll remember the name, the one I came upon

You dicks get blurred out the frame just like Asian porn

I churned cream from my dreams, the ones I prayed upon

You got no response let's face it man, you no LeBron

You made me conduct an orchestra for my supper

They crowned him when she was crowning, this was way before the come up

You mighty comfy in your slumber, it's gon' be a nightmare

When we do numbers, yeah you stupid motherfucker, yeah!

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