

# Break Bread

## I-20

I-20 nigga, yeah  
Break bread nigga  
Don't get skull drug  
Break bread nigga  
What?  
Break bread nigga  
Tell 'em, tell 'em  
Break bread nigga  
Hey, I'm a maniac  
Go and tell the whole world Mr. Pain is back  
So get them thangs out, you betta lock up ya house  
And tell the cops they let the animals out  
Break bread nigga  
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I-20 meet the dealer 'cuz I'm out on bail  
I broke free and I ain't never goin' back to jail  
ATL's Eastside says I'm back from Hell  
Reintroduced to my connect and I got sacks to sell  
Since I was young I broke bones usin' sticks and stones  
Puttin' bruises on you losers, lames leave me alone  
I'll be servin' it for certain 'til the day that I die  
You got that reggie for the low I got that fire for the high  
Niggaz travelin' when they rappin' but I feel like they actin'  
And I ain't talkin' 'bout vacation if I say that I'm packin'  
Hear that hunger in my voice and all the pain in my eyes  
If this the only chance I get, then you can bet I'mma ride  
I got my back against the wall but my hand on my tool  
'Cuz niggaz gotta give me somethin' I got nothin' to lose  
A Town's new ruler throw ya side in the sky  
Y'all niggaz lovin' how y'all livin' but I'm ready to die  
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You niggaz settin' up to get me better come wit that four  
This 20 got magazines and I ain't talkin' The Source  
Mr. Pain'll change the game by the time I'mma reign  
I catch a charge like a flagrant foul deep in the lane  
Y'all niggaz know where y'all can find me see I'm deep in the South  
Where niggaz put away they Benz and pull they Chevrolet out  
Y'all niggaz cakin' on these broads spend a stack on that bitch  
I'll throw that ho right out the VIP and throw some yak on that bitch  
And as far as all this beefin' y'all ain't worryin' me  
Read the index so I'm body that's a story in me  
If I say it then I mean it you can take it at that  
Y'all been eatin' off these streets and now I'm takin' it back  
Y'all won't see me sideways you get it live and direct  
I-20 in the flesh I'm comin' live from the Dec  
DTP I represent it see I'm more than a star  
And if I'm fuckin' witcha club I'm buyin' more than the bar

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Break bread nigga  
Get back and putcha life on the line  
Get back and putcha life on the line

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Break bread nigga  
I-20 is the shorts that you still takin' aim  
I'm the blocks head coach bitch I'm teachin' the game

So I'm servin' like I'm Agassi, Venus or Serena  
I'm ridin' wit a felony you duckin' misdemeanors  
And man I'm still hurtin' and my mama's still workin'  
So I stay wit the glove and a mask like a servant  
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Tell 'em  
Break bread nigga  
Tell 'em, what?  
Break bread nigga  
Tell 'em  
Break bread nigga  
Say what?  
Get cha shit fucked up bitch nigga  
Break bread nigga

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