

# Bread Winners (feat. Young Butta)

## Young Thug

I know that I'm making a killing  
My coupe got them stars in the ceiling  
My niggas go brazy, no Ritalin  
AP bitch, I'm all bout them Benji's  
I come through fresh like John Lennon  
My wrist a haircut, I'm not kidding  
They dig all the shit that I'm kicking  
I just bought my bitch some new titties  
You take out these pictures, you bogus  
We gon' turn your ass until you tollin'  
We gon' ice your ass down 'til you folded  
Kick that bitch off the boat with no notice  
Nigga jewelry water, need to float it  
Make some bad bitches fuck my brody  
I eat crabs, fish, and that that Chipotle  
They got lots of bread, I'ma call Butta  
Three chopsticks, I paid a stack for it  
They run me through, I probably got warrants  
In the back of the back, uh  
Burning OG out of Backwoods  
I just dancing diamonds, racing Balmain  
Lots of fakes allergic to seafood and serve for decoration  
Lobster never tasted  
Missed Thanksgiving, I was in Miami  
I was on ocean, I was on vacation  
In the best speed, 120 racing  
AP on the right, shit was like the Matrix  
In and out of lanes, weaving in the spaceship  
I'm flexing, got muscle like Popeye  
But fighter [?] no bitch that is not I  
I'm [?] go tell the roof bye bye  
Then remove the lid at the stoplight  
With my side bitches at Benihana's  
Brung her sister, her bestie, her mama  
Told 'em tab is on me, yeah I got 'em  
And I pay the bill all in new hundreds  
Now that is real colorful money  
Spikes on me, they drip at the bottom  
She want Thug, and her friend is a toss up  
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I eat crabs, fish, and that that Chipotle  
They got lots of bread, I'ma call ButtaShe say she want a cat  
So I went bought a Jag  
And it match in the back  
Make these bitches look sad  
I just dyed my hair grey  
Like a motherfucking dad  
And you know that we feastin'  
I just couldn't get fat  
Mind fuck 'em when I speak  
Take the Farrakhan notes  
My rock wrist is on gold, like the new hundred spokes  
Niggas scared to they soul  
When I pull up with folks  
I'ma take all the [?]  
Put it right in her throat  
And you know I stay with them AKs and I should've caught 'em  
Mane fuck 'em he shouldn't have played 'bout the butta  
I only play inside the cover  
Like a kid I make them play with eachother  
And I'm ridin' round with a real bad bitch  
Oops I meant girl, coverI know that I'm making a killing  
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Songwriters

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