

# I'd Rather Get Bread

## Chamillionaire

[Intro]But I'd rather get some bread

But I'd rather get some bread

[Chorus]I said I love having sex but I'd rather get some bread

But I'd rather get some bread, but I'd rather get some bread

I said I love having sex but I'd rather get some bread

But I'd rather get some bread, but I'd rather get some bread

I said I love having sex but I'd rather get some bread

I said I'd rather get some bread, I said I'd rather get some bread

I said I love having sex but I'd rather get some bread

I said I'd rather get some bread, I said I'd rather get some bread

[Verse 1]Ay, it's two hundred women in the V.I.P.

And all of the rumours will be bout me

If they talking bout me and my D-I-C

Then tell 'em I'm the King like T.I.P.

When you worth as many millions as me

They gon' try to get close to you

Cause I put it down like I'm sposed to do

And your chick is on my promotion crew

Gossiping about what I did

Gossiping about where I live

Aight I'm joking bout where I live

Cause she will never know where that is

Girl that thing is awesome mayne

The grade that I give you is off the chain

I would love to take you to the Rikers' game

But I'd rather get some bread

Now you acting like you my dame

Magical when I do my thang

When I tell her she need to disappear

She gon' turn into a boomerang

Knock, knock, who's there?

"I'm back" Who cares?

Me not speaking no English

Girl you know I'm a true player!

[Chorus][Verse 2]

H-N-I-C of the Houston scene

I don't care how many partners that you can bring

Y'all know that I'ma run it, y'all know who the king

I'm so close on the trail that my shoes are green

Paper chasing if it's any left  
And I'm on the trail till I make the catch  
I be so close on that big face  
That eew, I can smell Ben Franklin's breath  
Y'all can try to test my success  
If I ain't the best then come place ya bets  
I can't see ya girl saying I ain't my sex  
Because I ain't a trick, I know it ain't my cheques  
The secret service bump into me  
I swear y'all gon' have to be mad at me  
Every dollar bill's a fatality  
And every President will be casualties  
An assassination it had to be  
My hustle game is like Master P's  
Every verse I spit is of masterpiece  
Like that painting that's on my mantle piece  
And my crib is worse than gigantic G's  
I got corporations and entities  
And my wrist is cooler than antifreeze  
Cause my money stretching like Hammer P  
A-N-T, what's the word?  
Tell the haters I'm tugging birds  
But not the drugs, that buzzing bird  
I keep an eagle, I'm never scared  
Word, gotta stay close to the money  
Look at all the money that we making for Johnny  
Don't make me a deal, that would make me a dummy  
Had a bright idea, now my bracelet is sunny  
I never ever tell a yellow stellar to get her groove back  
I'm pulling that ella-ella-unbrella, tell her groove that  
New Barack O-baller, vote for me and I'll improve rap  
So in another class, Uncle Sam should charge me school tax  
Used to purchase Jordans, found out Michael was a rude cat  
Paid this chick to burn 'em and she only charged me two stacks  
No response to those that turn on me like I don't do dat  
The rumours that I'm hearing just opinions but a few facts  
[Chorus]

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