

# Break Bread

Paul Wall

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(Where them ballers at)

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Break bread, break bread, break bread, break bread You breaking bread, what's up with it, what's up with it

You breaking bread, what's up with it, what's up with it

I'm turning heads, when I enter the club

I'm Gucci this Fendi that, I'm all of the above, okay You breaking bread, what's up with it, what's up with it

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I'm turning heads, when I enter the club

I'm Gucci this Fendi that, I'm all of the above When it comes to jewelry, I'm like T.J. Ford

'Cause my diamonds, average 'bout 15 points

All my TV, VS, nothing less than the best

So I guess that means I got expensive breath But I'm more than just jewelry, I'm more than just ice

But me looking like a scrub just wouldn't suffice

I got rolls gold glowing, lap tops showing

Bremie Louis the Thirteenth to keep it flowing I can keep going and going but what's the use

You know I'm balling in the mix 'cause I got the juice

I run with wise guys, so it's no surprise

Everywhere I go, women undress me with they eyes Boys can't knock it, I'm on the rise like a rocket

Big bank take lil' bank, I let you pick which pocket

My wrist glowing like I stuck my hand in a socket

It's Paul Wall can't nobody stop it, break bread You breaking bread, what's up with it, what's up with it

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I'm Gucci this Fendi that, I'm all of the above I'm a star stunning nigga, when I step in the club

Channel sets cross my wrist, just like a light bulb

Got Gucci cross my feet, while I shock and rock

Popping Crystal bottles, will make these hoes bop We some top notch playas, ain't no time for acting

We need ATM machines for the loot we stacking

Better think shoot a fee, I bet it won't break me

Plus I spend a few G's up in VIPIt's the currency that make these hoochies hunch  
All they want is a hour fifty, take em out to lunch  
But they must be drunk, I never trick off ends  
Just flip a blue Benz with the blue eyes lensOn 16 headed North with my chrome girlfriend  
She could make your life end and not get sent to the Penn  
This for my niggaz in the Penn that won't see sunshine  
Got princess cuts in my mouth, you could see sunshine, break breadYou breaking bread, what's up with it,  
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I'm Gucci this Fendi that, I'm all of the aboveJumping in the slab, I'm bound to turn heads  
In somethings blue red, running lights like the FED's  
Man I feel like Pac, it's all eyes on me  
Sitting on 23's in the black SUVA life of luxury that's the life for me  
You can catch me at the mall, spending 15 thee  
On the piece and chain, got rocks and rings  
Hoes attitudes changed since I'm having thangsIt's hard to explain but that's the way it goes  
Over night I went from showing rocks, to rocking shows  
Hoes that wouldn't speak, now they watching me  
But I'm trying to figure out is it the watch or meOr the foreign car with the blue eyed lens  
It's a bird it's a plane, that's my made back Benz  
Is we cutting or what, is what I'm asking her  
In Texas she saw my chain, it's a massacre, break breadYou breaking bread, what's up with it, what's up with it  
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Songwriters

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