Get Breaded

E-40

Ooh, E-40, get breaded, get breaded
Sauce Money, get breaded, Fat Joe, get breaded
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Sauce Money, get breaded, Fat Joe, get breaded
My penitentiary family'll reach 'fore you make a bet
When you gonna lay in a buck?
When you gon' bust these suckers
Upside the head with another dump?
I ain't no punk I'm like a basepipe 'cause I'm dope
E'rytime I touch the microphone I come with smoke
Playa potnah whatchu talkin' 'bout? What dey lookin' like?
I just come off a double-album You know that shit was tight
You right, I make my drops for the club
And the trunk like a pregnant lady
Come with a album every eight or nine months
See y'all ain't ready
At seventeen, I had a hundred dollars, eh eh, thousands
Chevy Impalas, Granadas, Cougars, lower-development housin'
Who can split it, seen it, did it, been in it, done it?
When y'all was tryin' to walk it, see I was tryin' to run it
Smoked a lot of trees, drunk, trees drunk
Locked a lot of ki?s in the trunk, ki?s in the trunk
On my way back from the sushi bar, drinkin' saki
I'se diamonded down and clusters on my fingers like Liberace
To all my 223 spitters, hustlers, paper go getters
Seven digit figures, tymers, ballers, hillside niggaz
Get your bread, bounce your head
If you'se obsessed with your wealth, fanatic
More carats than a bunny rabbit
Pop yo' collar one time if you got a weed habit
Get your bread, bounce your head
The only way I get involved if it mean more dough
Uh huh, Sauce Money, E 4 O
You know they want 'em, diamonds, flaunt 'em
Treat all my hoes like Billy Blank, son and Tae-Bo on 'em
Whatup ma, too many G's to consume?
I spit game, so I can ease in your womb
I know what you thinkin', I'm just teasin' the tomb
While I kick it with 40, take the keys to my room

Lobster, shrimpin', never simpin', gangsta limpin'
Went from Sauce Money to big pimpin'
Like bell bottoms, too much flare for some
Flow so hot, got summer scared to come
But everybody on the track holdin' weight
Five hundred thou', that's the Golden Gate
From BK to Oaktown, pass the smoke 'round
Let me find out who broke now, uh huh
There's love in the East and there's love in the West
Coast to coast G's do what you do best
Just get your bread, bounce your head
To all my gettin' money chicks if you love the song
Tell your man if he broke, he dead-ass wrong
You better get your bread, bounce your head
Yeah, who wanna fuck with The Last Don?
I hate you niggaz with a passion, fuck around and get blast on
My niggaz mad, strong and they kill you quick
Come out or get hit, we the shit, think I would lie to you, bitch?
You could die with the snitch and buried alive in the ditch
Confide with the Fifth, try to slide but you slid
We the livest of clicks, Terror Squad to the death of me
Remember me? The same kid that ran triz on Stephanie
Felony's the minimal, enemies, I pity you
Step to me, c'est la vie and I'm killin' you
Drillin' you with holes in your chest, you opposin' the best
T S, supreme, crows on the nest
You ain't nothin' like what you say
Out here ain't nuttin' nice for brownie points or stripes
Niggaz take your life with box cutters
Fuck a knife, just for braggin' rights
Lost in the game
Drownin', sinkin', holdin' my breath
Lost in the game
Broke, miserable, starvin' to death
Boom boom boom, boom, boom
Crazy weebleations, boss burn boom
Bills, wheels, and about eleven-thousand dollars
Worth of counterfeit bills marked money and sour dope deals
223 spitters, hustlers paper go-getters
Seven digit figures, tymers, ballers, hillside niggaz
Get your bread, bounce your head
If you'se obsessed with your wealth
And got more carats than a bunny rabbit
Pop yo' collar one time if you got a weed habit
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Get your bread, bounce your head
Get your bread, bounce your head
And there you have it
Three tycoons weighin' in at 300 plus
Ya undersmell that?
Fat Joe, Sauce Money and E-40, ya undersmell that?
East Coast West Coast Connection, y'know?
Stick Wid It Records, new millennium ballers
Ya undersmell me? Where you come from?
Bitch, you know we do this, ahoa, shit

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