

Panera Bread (Feat. Rick Ross & Lunice)

Rockie Fresh

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

My name reign, my chain swing
I bend corners, my paint change
These informants, pockets enormous
Rockie keep tourin', his stocks just keep growin'
Rocky Balboa, how I beat boys
Niggas bow down, it's an elite course
We shootin' free throws, there before you reach for it
All I know is kilo, All she want is me so
Sushi feed her ego, dope boy and I do it by the standard
Flippin' falcons got my house bigger than Atlanta
Panamera cherry red, Panera bread

I'm everywhere, your bitches see me everywhere [Verse 2: Rockie Fresh]

Man these niggas hatin', they can't make it out they mama house
The least that they can do is wash the dishes, take the garbage out
See the way I'm rollin', now they questionin' the different route
See the young'n flexin', I ain't have to pull a muscle out
Fuck what they be talkin' 'bout, all that bar for bar shit
Bought a new car cause I'm one hell of an artist
I'm in another market, tracks with Good Charlotte
These rappers are lethargic, I always hit my target
Got a new chick, and she too thick and she too hot to handle
She love to hit the beach and she love to watch Scandal
I'm smokin' in her crib and she prefer I light candles
She worried 'bout the scent, while I'm focused on the rent
But that's little money spent, to the best and shit
She said I should have been number one on that freshman list
I told her it was nothin' to me, girl don't stress that shit
Plus some of my niggas on it, I respect that shit
Although they did forget Casey, and he say life changes
So in a couple years from now I swear they all gon' thank us
I'm never too anxious, never thirsty, only found patient
I'm only found workin', I'm never found hatin', these tracks when I'm bakin'
Always been more than a player, I am Thibodeau
I know the flow, I'm such a coach, to get the win is my approach
Salute Kanye, that's my city, Jordan
Some niggas say they D-Rose, but who really scorin'?
Who signin' endorsements, Satan or them corporates?
Ball so hard they tore shit

Shit I ball so hard I make 'em wanna forfeit
It's all natural, I ain't even gotta force shit
Force shit, since a young'n, I would always be good
When I had that first down with that fur on the hood
Every day I'm goin' hard and I'm stayin' prepared
Got that broccoli cheddar soup with that Panera bread

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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