

# Panera Bread

## 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

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