

Bread Winners (Ft. Young Butta)

Young Thug

I know that I'm making a killing
My coupe got them stars in the ceiling
My niggas go brazy, no Ritalin
AP bitch, I'm all bout them Benji's
I come through fresh like John Lennon
My wrist a haircut, I'm not kidding
They dig all the shit that I'm kicking
I just bought my bitch some new titties
You take out these pictures, you bogus
We gon' turn your ass until you tollin'
We gon' ice your ass down 'til you folded
Kick that bitch off the boat with no notice
Nigga jewelry water, need to float it
Make some bad bitches fuck my brody
I eat crabs, fish, and that that Chipotle
They got lots of bread, I'ma call Butta
Three chopsticks, I paid a stack for it
They run me through, I probably got warrants
In the back of the back, uh
Burning OG out of Backwoods
I just dancing diamonds, racing Balmain
Lots of fakes allergic to seafood and serve for decoration
Lobster never tasted
Missed Thanksgiving, I was in Miami
I was on ocean, I was on vacation
In the best speed, 120 racing
AP on the right, shit was like the Matrix
In and out of lanes, weaving in the spaceship
I'm flexing, got muscle like Popeye
But fighter [?] no bitch that is not I
I'm [?] go tell the roof bye bye
Then remove the lid at the stoplight
With my side bitches at Benihana's
Brung her sister, her bestie, her mama
Told 'em tab is on me, yeah I got 'em
And I pay the bill all in new hundreds
Now that is real colorful money
Spikes on me, they drip at the bottom
She want Thug, and her friend is a toss up
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I eat crabs, fish, and that that Chipotle
They got lots of bread, I'ma call ButtaShe say she want a cat
So I went bought a Jag
And it match in the back
Make these bitches look sad
I just dyed my hair grey
Like a motherfucking dad
And you know that we feastin'
I just couldn't get fat
Mind fuck 'em when I speak
Take the Farrakhan notes
My rock wrist is on gold, like the new hundred spokes
Niggas scared to they soul
When I pull up with folks
I'ma take all the [?]
Put it right in her throat
And you know I stay with them AKs and I should've caught 'em
Mane fuck 'em he shouldn't have played 'bout the butta
I only play inside the cover
Like a kid I make them play with eachother
And I'm ridin' round with a real bad bitch
Oops I meant girl, coverI know that I'm making a killing
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Songwriters

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