

Chamillionaire

"I'd Rather Get Bread"

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"I'd Rather Get Bread"

[Intro]

But I'd rather get some bread
But I'd rather get some bread

[Chorus]

I said I love having sex but I'd rather get some bread
But I'd rather get some bread, but I'd rather get some bread
I said I love having sex but I'd rather get some bread
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I said I love having sex but I'd rather get some bread
I said I'd rather get some bread, I said I'd rather get some bread
I said I love having sex but I'd rather get some bread
I said I'd rather get some bread, I said I'd rather get some bread

[Verse 1]

Ay, it's two hundred women in the V.I.P.
And all of the rumours will be bout me
If they talking bout me and my D-I-C
Then tell 'em I'm the King like T.I.P.
When you worth as many millions as me
They gon' try to get close to you
Cause I put it down like I'm sposed to do
And your chick is on my promotion crew
Gossiping about what I did
Gossiping about where I live
Aight I'm joking bout where I live
Cause she will never know where that is
Girl that thing is awesome mayne
The grade that I give you is off the chain
I would love to take you to the Rikers' game
But I'd rather get some bread
Now you acting like you my dame
Magical when I do my thang
When I tell her she need to disappear
She gon' turn into a boomerang
Knock, knock, who's there?

"I'm back" Who cares?
Me not speaking no English
Girl you know I'm a true player!

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

H-N-I-C of the Houston scene
I don't care how many partners that you can bring
Y'all know that I'ma run it, y'all know who the king
I'm so close on the trail that my shoes are green
Paper chasing if it's any left
And I'm on the trail till I make the catch
I be so close on that big face
That eew, I can smell Ben Franklin's breath
Y'all can try to test my success
If I ain't the best then come place ya bets
I can't see ya girl saying I ain't my sex
Because I ain't a trick, I know it ain't my cheques
The secret service bump into me
I swear y'all gon' have to be mad at me
Every dollar bill's a fatality
And every President will be casualties
An assassination it had to be
My hustle game is like Master P's
Every verse I spit is of masterpiece
Like that painting that's on my mantle piece
And my crib is worse than gigantic G's
I got corporations and entities
And my wrist is cooler than antifreeze
Cause my money stretching like Hammer P
A-N-T, what's the word?
Tell the haters I'm tugging birds
But not the drugs, that buzzing bird
I keep an eagle, I'm never scared
Word, gotta stay close to the money
Look at all the money that we making for Johnny
Don't make me a deal, that would make me a dummy
Had a bright idea, now my bracelet is sunny

I never ever tell a yellow stellar to get her groove back
I'm pulling that ella-ella-umbrella, tell her groove that
New Barack O-baller, vote for me and I'll improve rap
So in another class, Uncle Sam should charge me
school tax
Used to purchase Jordans, found out Michael was a
rude cat
Paid this chick to burn 'em and she only charged me
two stacks
No response to those that turn on me like I don't do dat
The rumours that I'm hearing just opinions but a few

facts

[Chorus]

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