

## **Jones Howard**

### **"Break Bread"**

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[Intro - Jammie Sommers] (RZA):

Yo, yeah yeah, yo what?

(Gotta spit on these bitches real quick)

Yea, Jammie Sommers bring the thunder, what?

(Word up, doo-doo stain bitches)

Yo, yo, uh-huh, yo..

[Jammie Sommers]

Yo save John Bennett, trauma John Bell

Lace stay in my equality, mic odyssey

Judy Plum, ghetto tag on the drum

Nestle in the glass, I was plunged, double-edged  
tongue

Pearly handle, scroll Brooklyn, we bouncin, commercial  
keep lookin

Pussy tight ginger, turn rough cats to cringers

Make him surrender is car and legal tender

Sunshine on time, manifest all time 'tween beams

because I study all true reality, sculpted by my  
Wallabees

Study righteous God Degree, yo..

[Both]

We Break Bread and deal with equality

[RZA]

Yo check it, my break and deal with this son

Explicit lyrical orgy, you bitches smell like dead foggy  
hoe

While Jammie splash you with the bottle of Giorgio  
or Chanel's No. 5, dog bitch you can't survive

You buy and shoot some straw ride, ya tried to glide on  
B.O.B.B.Y.

Jammie Sommers, treat her like my daughter, real  
niggaz wanna fuck her

Pass a quart of milk, crab, clam, possum, wild flower  
blossomin

Power-U, have you gaspin for your oxygen

Gold bra straps, fine pointed, purple star Gaps

Cowboy boots and taste, with the straw hat

You derelict hoes, we fuck y'all without pullin down our

clothes

While your nigga wish to lick Jammie Sommers' toes  
Imagine, you best to go home son and masturbate  
or put your ten dollars up and buy the fat tape

[Jammie Sommers]

Yo, a hundred thousand, two hundred and fifty cash  
Yo now, watch Miss Sommers, shake that ass  
Yo, you love the way my brother splash  
Chain reaction keep you puzzled  
Mouth muscle, card shuffle, belt buckle  
Jammie S'll never kiss ass after I close a deal  
You best to believe this rap shit I say is for real  
A lot of y'all bitches be good earners with two out  
Take too many chances, chillin with niggaz, lampin  
Profilin, wildin, Jammie hung with the realty smilin  
Takin shots at Louie the thirteenth, and tie you up  
bathed in Sheik, so you could watch your man beat his  
meat  
Cuz, uh, lodi dodi, I got the body  
And tutti fruiti, I got the booty  
I shake, my rump, all in ya face  
Make a bitch tie my sneaker lace  
Cuz A is for Apple and J is for Jack  
And most of y'all bitches ain't go no hair in the back  
And ya tracks is wack

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