

Qb's Finest

"We Break Bread - Lord Black/Littles Craig G./Chaos"

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Lord, Black, Littles, Craig G. & Chaos---We Break Bread

[Intro]

G.O.D. What's up man?
Word up son
I'm goin uptown. What you doin?
I'ma leave this motherfucking money
That's hot shit
Let's go son
QB shit
Fuck everybody

[Black]

Who make a better entrance than a QB squad
From guns, cracks to tracks we some QB stars
Ain't no question 'bout who we are
Straight poems from Shae, Nas to the bar we keepin'
the hood glowin
It's Mecca how the hood's glowin and lives changin'
Little dunns runnin' the streets with Macs blazin'
Young cats runnin' the streets with soap blazin'
Now y'all know why the biggest hood could be labeled
amazin'
We stand up running songs we step to the plate
Guaranteed to make ya hot like Kuwait
I went from toppin' on plates
to hittin' the Ave. and puttin up A
Now it's thoughts, pencils, and papers provin' I'm great
Same nigga in the hood or tourin the states
Violator have to raise the crime rate, check my mind
state
you could see it's on a whole different level
It's Ill Will I front Queensbridge rebel...

[Littles]

A '78 baby comin' up in the hood crazy
Watchin' crack bubblin' in mid-80s now I live it daily
Young ones with guns cockin the hammer
Speakin' hood grammar hustlin' cracks dodgin' the
slammer
All 31s get funds runnin' raps for they dunns

Quiet Storm so you won't hear it come heavy metal
excident
I got some seditives to make ya'll start relaxin'
Ill Will now waitin' for the chance to keep the dough
stackin'
QB niggas waitin' for they anthem
Look black play the cut like the phantom out front
niggas
Catch me on the 40 sideway to blunt have some liquor
in a cup
Crime Fam' livin' up this beat is excellent I feel it too
much
Fuck around somebody might get touched
I'm bravehearted you get tackled on the fifty line
yardage
If you come against my whole team of starters mic
murder slaughters

[Lord] (Chorus)

We grow grey in the same place
Walk the same block, squeeze the same glock
We gotta eat for niggas that don't sleep
We hustlin' in sleep catch you permanent creeps
We brake bread from fucking the same bitch
We reppin' the same clique for that QB shit
We mos' real my people is mos' ill
Nigga take it how you feel get shot for real

[Chaos]

I tripped and fell many times but rose to my feet
Fo-fo longs concealed in my no face sleeves
To my life slip away one step from a grave
And steady took away my youth for locked me in a bink
Man, I was too young to understand what life means
See y'all gon' understand a story of thug that like
things
Can't express the rush I get when busting Macs
How adrenaline flows when the hammer kicks back
I know it's more than life in the hood
But I still spit stories of my past ways
It's like a glass maze
Six blocks caged in I was razed in
The illest of fond, the realest in dunns
QB to the death of me, I suerve and ride
Till' my physical is stiff and my sould is on the other
side
Mo' money, mo' murder, mo' homicide
Fuck wit' QB man you better have that allibi

[Craig G.]

I'm from a planet called QB where drama runs deep

And gunshots wake you up out of your sleep like an
alarm clock
In '84 top ten that was a bomb spot
Practiced playin' ball in the wrist I have a strong shot
At 4 o'clock I'll rob you under the tressle
Came from out of town actin' special
That's why I see you fake leaders, and snake breaders
Shit me and the Bravehearts go back like saint weeders
Ball bustaz and brain beaters
You ain't worth the coins in the change meter
On every block and bridge we flame heaters
Hollow points for you laying cheaters
Waiting till' your main day needers
Shit, Craig G.
Naturally and tragically obligated to bust ass
In the clutch like Kurt Warner throwin' touch pass
Don't believe anything that you read inside them smut
rags
Half of these rappers sound like smoke twenty dust
bags
Probably did, you ain't holdin' the kid that'll bust back
When drama is on I know for a fact so trust that
I'm stuck in this life buck legged cap across the body
Fuckin' his wife sharpin' his place stuck in his knife
What's in the mic wires, mechanics and stuff
But without the fire you really can't apply it too much
I'ma let you find as such with my vocals I'll roast you
No matter where you live this ain't bi-coastal
Bring drama the most you heavy hitters down to the
hopefulls
Niggaz rullin' the charge and just broke through
I ain't gonna approach you, that shit that you spit I been
spittin'
Back in 1989 when hip hop had no limits
Twenty eight with no gimmicks, real is what this shit is
Got nothin' to lose cuz' I'm a double life bidder
In hip hop shoot the back of ya timbs turn 'em to flip
flops
Do a drive by with a horse so run when you hear the
click clocks
This shit rocks from Fresno to Fort Knocks
This verse should be enough to make all of the torque
stop
No niggaz that four cops no niggaz that court shots
Close fantasy your hypeman should be Mr. Raw Ock
(Chorus)

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