

T.I. "Bread Up"

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Verse:(scarface)

I got it mapped

Im gone make sumthim shake

Run up on somebody wit dis chrome 38

put it in his face

For broke muthafuckas

broke niggas cant wait

To catch you when you was sleep

And get cha fa ya safe aye

The game ...

I was raised around the life

Where the houshold is broke up and and mamas on tha
pipe

and the fuck'd up thing is ya brother sold her dope

and ya mamas was at the doe everytime she had to
scoe mo'

You aint know tha lil homie poitty did cha?

Dat nigga pitty died he was fuckin ded sista (naw you
lein')

yeah fa real I tired to tell em' dat he was next the whole
neighborhood was knowin dat shella was have da
alphabet(damn)

Nigga this real different hoods same song one thang
about tha get-toe you know it when you back home

H town to A town to bay now

Mississippi

new orleans, dallas LA now

Milwaukee chicago VA's down

d.c cleveland we layed down real shit real shit to the
grave aint nothing fake about this dis here cause dis
how a nigga raised

chorus:(keri Hilson)

well the stacks wasnt always that high and the ride

wasnt always that fly use the muscle to the hustle get

cha bread up keep ya head up dawg

Even though you was always that girl

Its sooo hard to get out of that world

use the muscle to the hustle get cha bread up keep ya
head up dawg

(big phil dis one fa you pimpin)

Verse 2: (T.I)

I had a partna name phil who lived by where I lived
My mama knew his mama we all from certain hill
Said one would help the otha if we ever got a mill
always been ah big nigga neva missed a meal
Our uncles use to chill they slung blow together they
use to let us hang that how we growed together we
always had a sceem...somehow we got separated whe
we started gettin cheedda then my partna went to
prison then i got out of the ghetto and we got out the
pin then we got right back together then we wnet
around the world did a lot of shows made a lot of
money met a lot of hoes you know the promise that we
made Im gone keep it forever I got cha daughter and
ya mother fa real its whateva thats the lease I can do
since I let my nigga down how I let my nigga down man
i miss my nigga now

Chorus:

well the stacks wasnt always that high and the ride
wasnt always that fly use the muscle to the hustle get
cha bread up keep ya head up dawg
Even though you was always that girl
Its sooo hard to get out of that world
use the muscle to the hustle get cha bread up keep ya
head up dawg

Verse 3: (T.I)

I remember when alond time ago we was in the trap
movin all kinds of blow my nigga ...asked shawty
watcha rhymin fo? the trap jumpin 700 dimes or moe
and dats just runnion back and forth behind the stoe
we can wait and sail away til its time to blow go get a
couple of birds and sit on the curve and we aint even
gotta serve just give them niggas the word smoke a
pound a day and errbody grippin a burb them otha
rappin suckas in the way they dont get what they
derserve the music industry is observe they as tight as
they nerves imitatin thugs bout shit that never
occured.....I get diamonds and furs what i perferred
got my nigga doin life now im seein the truth.....

Chorus:

well the stacks wasnt always that high and the ride
wasnt always that fly use the muscle to the hustle get
cha bread up keep ya head up dawg
Even though you was always that girl
Its sooo hard to get out of that world
use the muscle to the hustle get cha bread up keep ya
head up dawg

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