

Ron Browz

"Bout That Bread"

Visit "[Bout That Bread](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Pre-Hook)

So you made it into the club
So walk a thousand times bro
Point out them haters they gonna get the caliber

Every day it's a new bitch on the calendar
Bring out some rack so walk the fucking stylin

(Hook)

Ye that bread bout that fucking bread
Bout that fucking bread
Getting head getting fucking head
Getting fucking head
Bout that bread bout that fucking bread
Bout that fucking bread
Getting head getting fucking head
Getting fucking head

(Verse)

Don't sleep , leather in the bed leather in the bed
Unless you sleep with your baby mom getting fucking
head
In the trap counting fucking bread, counting fucking
bread
Try and creep feel that fucking lay , feel that fucking
lay
I be gone on these bitches, counting all my riches
That ass big I mean so big might bend it up when I'm
slipping
Broke talk don't fit us your girl all of my bitches
We in the club we spend a mil before the feds come
get us
Celebrate myself ye I'm proud of me
Mommy put your lips on me that's the policy
Ye your boys spit crack now let's try and keep
She don't understand english just swallow me
Might've met her in can, might've met her on the east
side
Links marvin bitch I'ma show you how we ride
Ghost parked outside just me and my chica
I don't know about y'all but me and my niggas beef on

(Pre-Hook)

So you made it into the club
So walk a thousand times bro
Point out them haters they gonna get the caliber
Every day it's a new bitch on the calendar
Bring out some rack so walk the fucking stylin

(Hook)

Ye that bread bout that fucking bread
Bout that fucking bread
Getting head getting fucking head
Getting fucking head
Bout that bread bout that fucking bread
Bout that fucking bread
Getting head getting fucking head
Getting fucking head

(Verse)

I'm bout that bread, that fucking bread
I'm bout that bread
I said bitch please don't bite the head
Don't bite the head
Now bring your friend just bring your friend
Come bless me please
Now both go in
Ye both go in, oh lucky me
I'm on that certified boo boo shit
RIP to my old bitch
Fuck you and your whole team
Can't defend against my offence
Step aside of my office
You wanna roll with that black mom
Wanna ride with them real niggas
Wanna live better ask God
Fast cars like Nascar, blast off like NASA
Be a part of that Mafia
Machine gun and a black op
We about bread nigga fuck fame
Ron Browz with the champagne
30 bitches, 30 swivels
You live that it's not a game

(Pre-Hook)

So you made it into the club
So walk a thousand times bro
Point out them haters they gonna get the caliber
Every day it's a new bitch on the calendar
Bring out some rack so walk the fucking stylin

(Hook)

Ye that bread bout that fucking bread
Bout that fucking bread
Getting head getting fucking head
Getting fucking head
Bout that bread bout that fucking bread
Bout that fucking bread
Getting head getting fucking head
Getting fucking head

Visit [Ron Browz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.