

Andre Nickatina

"Break Bread"

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[Verse 1: Andre Nickatina]

Live fast, drive slow

Iâ€™m lookinâ€™ like â€™Pac in the Benz when he was
hanginâ€™ out the window

Right now, Iâ€™ve got my Jesus piece on

And all my rings, you can see Iâ€™m about the game

Holler back, baby, like an echo

But you gotta know your colours

Get green, roll purple

My tires just did a full circle in your neighbourhood

And like gumbo, the flavourâ€™s good

I roam like an alley cat â€“ Grade-A, Supercat

Bumpinâ€™ Shabba Ranks on a full tank

My religion, baby, is big bank

Holler when you see me spendinâ€™ money, go

â€œamenâ€

Snow bunnies love them a suntan

Thatâ€™s why I wear my hat low and my shades, man

I donâ€™t waste time or liquor

You can see it on my face, I donâ€™t chase, itâ€™s a race

[Hook: Andre Nickatina]

Break bread

I donâ€™t know what they say where you stay

But where I stay, everybody say â€œpayâ€

So youâ€™d better (break bread)

Baby itâ€™s a (go-go) when it comes to (cocoa)

Get down and do what you said (break bread)

Just like a leprechaun, lookinâ€™ for a jackpot

Or a hot crack spot, baby (break bread)

Baby itâ€™s a (go-go) when it comes to (cocoa)

Get down and do what you said (break bread)

[Verse 2: Andre Nickatina]

Man, this is money motivated, demonstrate it to the
latest

I do it like an addict up in Vegas

And you can see me talkinâ€™ like a wizard through my
cellular phone

Livinâ€™ life like a felony, weed and cologne, likeâ€¦

Pacific heights, crushed ice

I do it like a haggler, baby, yeah, on a Sugar Ray
Leonard night
Posted up just like a poster
If you're meltin' like butter, baby, I'mma have to
toast ya
My stairway is straight Led Zeppelin
And my Air Force Ones so new and so fresh, and
Play you like a PS3
And that's Crown Royal, freak, don't try to BS me
But I never knew what she said
All up in her head with the phrase that pays, and it
says:

[Hook: Andre Nickatina]

[Verse 3: Richie Rich]

Twenty fifties, a hundred tens
Two white bitches in a Batman Benz
Straight mobbin', one named Robyn
Can't see her head 'cause the bitch probably
bobbin'
Slurp somethin' - twerk somethin'
Bitch, you gettin' money? Maybe we could work
somethin'
I been had a million
I don't need nothin' but a bitch that love Vogues
And these all-gold Dayton's
Ask Dre Dog - ask Nicky
You ain't gettin' money, you ain't fuckin' with
Richie
Patron Silver, straight Goose
Twins with me, and they loose
Thirty rounds, town business
Don't make me break records like Guinness
Bitches wanna fuck all day and give head
But I don't fuck for free, hoe
Nah, so...

[Hook]

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