

## TRU (Master P) "That's How We Break Bread"

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[master p]

Huh huh, yeah nigga

Y'all remember that shit me and bo did last year

Head for the jack, we done jacked the motherfuckers

And got rich this year you know what I'm sayin'

P and bo went half on some dope, half on some dope,  
half on some dope

P and bo went half on some dope, turn a half ounce  
into a key

[c-bo]

Mo' money, mo mother fuckin' mail

Post on the block, come back and drop knots in the  
garbage pail

Peepin' out the window with the ak

Paranoia, neighborhood destroyer

Half a key on the livin' room table, and from city to city  
I'm able

Cap a key for 10 and 12, my mexican friends got the  
gear

Breakin' down a quarter ki', procedin' to make that  
mail,

Master p got the mix on the yay

Whippin' 'em with the can't explain game , cause rain

So fuck what you heard and pay 16 for this bird

We slangin' ki's and stackin' g's in the suburbs

Mouth full of dope, bold's yeah you know

Them richmond niggas, quick to pull that asshole

Some dope dealers, that only fuck with killers

One of the first from the block to stack a mill because

Chorus 4x

Everyday, all day, hustling to get paid

Straight ballin', that's how we break bread

[master p]

Nigga what, nigga what, been down for 22 years

Finally done came up, og with a pimp ? ? ? ,

And slang this quarter like calone, by that nigga pervis  
? ? ?

Ain't no limits to these hits that I make  
The ice cream man, the king pin of the bay  
Just got a bid of 20 birdies, stuck to the ground  
S.k. 'bout to get my hands dirty, tru stand for hustla  
So jump in the 500 sel and buckle up  
On my way way to sac. with them crome gats, 40 g's,  
4 tires filled of that kill' crack  
Don't give a fuck if I die or go to the pen.  
I'm headed to the end, a dope fiends best friend  
So call me the richmond nino brown  
Cause dope and money makes the world go 'round  
45 k would by my work to, and blowin' dope to the  
ghetto  
Like b.b. king blow the blues,  
Bullets ? ? ? cause fools can't escape this  
Niggas lose they life for stickin' they nose in my cake  
mix  
And like a ? ? ? away from rain  
I mean harvest these chickens until it's a drought man  
I got more mack than craig, notorious like big  
Put a playa hater in the back  
And I give you a bitch before I give you a buck  
Hit the windows niggas chokin' on a fruit roll-up  
I got ? ? ? on tha set puttin' in work sellin' fuckin'  
lemonheads  
To the dope fiends, we call 'em street queens  
Hit the dope and they pussy when the feds hit the  
scene  
Now the spots hot ain't nobody got rocks  
Laugh at the cops, organization ticks like a clock

Chorus 4x

[king george]  
Just another episode of how us no limit tru niggas make  
our mail  
Organized trained soldiers droppin' bread crumbs to  
the underworld  
You know what I mean and like nigga p  
Said every day, all day, hustlin' to get paid  
That's how we break bread hahahaha

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