

Bread Winners (feat. Young Butta)

Young Thug

Know what I'm sayin'? It's a bread it, you know, you know, we the bread winners, know I'm sayin'? I need some butter, know I'm sayin'? Shout out to A motherfuckin' B, I got on the AP, shit go together, know I'm sayin'? Forever, ahh! I know that I'm making a killing

My coupe got them stars in the ceiling
My niggas go brazy, no Ritalin
AP bitch, I'm all bout them Benji's
I come through there fresh like John Lennon
My wrist a haircut, I'm not kidding
They dig all the shit that I'm kicking
I just bought my bitch some new titties
You take out these pictures, you bogus
We gon' turn your ass until you tollin'
We gon' ice your ass down 'til you folded
Kick that bitch off the boat with no notice
Nigga jewelry water, need to float it
Make some bad bitches fuck my brody
I eat crabs, fish, and that Chipotle
They got lots of bread, I'ma call Butta
Three chopsticks, I paid a stack for it
They run me through, I probably got warrants
In the back of the 'Bach, ugh
Burning OG out of Backwoods
Not just dancing, diamonds racing Balmain
Lots of fakes allergic to seafood and serve for decoration
Lobster never tasted
Missed Thanksgiving, I was in Miami
I was on ocean, I was on vacation
In the Benz speed, 120 racing
AB in a Rari, shit was like the Matrix
In and out of lanes, weaving in the spaceship
I'm flexing, got muscle like Popeye
But fight over a bitch, no that is not I
I'm him, I'm gon' tell the roof bye bye
Then remove the lid at the stoplight
With my side bitches at Benihana's
Brung her sister, her bestie, her mama
Told 'em tab is on me, yeah I got 'em
And I pay the bill all in new hundreds
Now that is real colorful money
Spikes on me, they drip at the bottom
She want Thug, and her friend is a toss up
I know that I'm making a killing

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They got lots of bread, I'ma call ButtaShe say she want a cat
So I went bought the Jag
And it match in the back
Make these bitches look sad
I just dyed my hair grey
Like a motherfucking dad
And you know that we feastin'
I just couldn't get fat
Mind fuck 'em when I speak
Take the Farrakhan notes
My rock wrist is on gold
Like the new Audi spokes
Niggas scared to they soul
When I pull up with folks
I'ma take out the trojans put it right in her throat
And you know I stay with them AKs and I should've caught 'em
Mind fuck 'em, he shouldn't have played 'bout the butta
I only play inside the cover
Like a kid, make them play with each other
And I'm ridin' round with a real bad bitch
Oops I meant girl, coverI know that I'm making a killing
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