

Bread On The Menu

Paul Wall

Got the bread bread, bread on the menu
It's all about my brick 45 bitch
You got the bread bread, got the bread on the menu
Money call clothes the type of...
Got the bread bread, bread on the menu
Got the bread bread, bread on the menu
Got the bread bread, bread on the menu
Get your, get your own bread I don't gotta call the...
You already know I walk up in the corner store smelling like so
me dro'
Polo on my body got them Jordans on my toe (retro)
I'm covered up in ice my chest is twelve below (below)
Rolex on my wrist and I wear it like a pro (fo sho)
I'm at the Rockets game somewhere sittin' on the floor
I'm right behind the bench, I don't even know the score
I'm leaning up the foe and I'm bout to post some more
I'm bout to hear the dreams holla at the homie though
I'm ridin with G look and be done in my bros
My mind on the paper so my pocket full of dough
Till they put me in the grave I'm a get it til I go
I got the dopest clothes that mean I keep protection
So much bread on me my pockets got a yeast infection
I got that Wonder Bread, Mrs. Baird's, Nature's Own

And I ain't sharin shit bitch go make your own
Damn that's a lot of dough yeah that Ciabatta ho
I'm offering drinks with so much ones liek guess a dollar store
You got that funny money you boys comedians. my money talk so G
od damn bad
It's disobedient. The root of all evil, bread the sweetest sin.
Send me to hell, hand me my plate bitch I'm gonna eat again
Wallet full of grands, I ain't cooking biscuits
Got all my grub found out the size of my bank account terrific
My mind on my paper, my hand on my heater
A trill talk speaker and I speak it through ya speakers
Swisher full of reefer and a bottle full of sleepers
I'll talk ya out ya money, I could've been a preacher
The truth can't get deep but lies run deeper
So my pistol on my waste by my belt like a beeper
Posted on a block somethin' like a parking meter
My frontin money old, like them wild margaritas
I got a lot yards you come by the meter
I got a lot of drink and I pour by the liter
I gotta lot of hustles and some of them illegal
I'm a grind all day 'til I meet the Grim Reaper