

Get Yo Bread Up

Snoop Dogg

Niggas don't want you to keep your head up
Fuck what they talking 'bout, nigga, get yo' bread up
La-da-da-da-da-da-da

Shined up my shoes and jumped in my ride
Feeling like a pimp doing 55
In a 5-7, clean as a reverend LS3 so, G, keep my engine revving
Hella Heaven, you can't tell a legend
See what you don't know you won't know enjoy your beverage
Separate with severance, I'm Rich Paul and Maverick
Libra gang, so you know that I'm leveraged
I keep that black book and the black heat and seldom seen
Like I own a hundred thousand Krispy Kreme's
I'm doing doughnuts, the homies go nuts
See when Dogg in the town, nigga, we turn up
Off that muthafuckin E-4-O mango-scotto
Nigga, we sip it out the bottle
I'm in the bay for a day, let me bubble this play
And show you niggas how I parlay

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Double R from the O, I mean a long time ago
We took me from the 9-8 block to the indo store
So I can make a quick purchase and run it back
I'm on my silicone shit, spend 10 made back a hundred stacks
It's amazing how I hustle in so many ways
Count revenue streams in so many ways
We never watch the clock, so we don't know how many days
I'm the quarterback 'cause I got so many plays
Digitally bit, physically fit
Snoop Dogg and the Mekanix, nigga, this that shit
Bang that, bang that, bang that, slap
Make a nigga say bring that back
Now, do I like her or do I love her?
I put my shit in gear and burn rubber
Spice one and short Dogg on the zap mayne
You wouldn't know about it, nigga, its a bay thang
Dope era, beast mode
Candy paint, zenus and vogue's (yes sir)
More deals to close, more bills to fold
Get you bread, homie, and stack that shit by the loads

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G Bands and chops, orange juice and yachts
Prescription bottles, filled to the top
Filled with the rocks, the dope game
VIP's for sale, we was blowing shade
Now I'm on top bigger thangs, I like real estate

I like platinum on my wrist, I did that today
I'm a smooth ass nigga with a pocket full of cake
"Larry, where you from?" Bitch, I'm from the bay
Dippin' and drippin' I keep it on me I'm trippin'
Whole lot of women, they all say that I'm different
Fitted to my toes, I like bank rolls
Bitch you need speed it up, you know the bank finna close
A kick in the freezer, a 40 in the stove
I cried in the truck when I lost homie
You don't wanna see me win, I keep my head up
I'm going hard everyday and never letting up
What's happening

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