

# Get Breaded (feat. Sauce Money & Fat Joe)

## E-40

Ooooooh, E-40, get breaded, get breaded  
Sauce Money, get breaded  
Fat Joe, get breaded  
Ooooooh, E-40, get breaded, get breaded  
Sauce Money, get breaded  
Fat Joe, get breaded My penitentiary family'll  
reach 'fore you make a bet, when you gonna lay in a buck?  
When you gon' bust these suckers upside the head with another dump?  
I ain't no punk I'm like a basepipe cause I'm dope  
E'rytime I touch the microphone, I come with smoke  
Playa potnah whatchu talkin bout? What dey lookin like?  
I just come off a double-album, you know that shit was tight  
and you right I make my drops for the club and the trunk  
Like a pregnant lady come with a album every eight or nine months  
See y'all ain't ready  
At seventeen I had a hundred dollars -- eh-eh, thousands  
Chevy Impalas,?, Cougars, lower-development housin  
Who can split it, seen it, did it, been in it, done it  
When y'all was tryin to walk it, see I was tryin to run it  
Smoked a lot of trees drunk (trees drunk)  
Locked a lot of keys in the trunk (keys in the trunk)  
On my way back from the sushi bar, drinkin saki  
I'se diamonded down and clusters on my fingers, like Liberace  
To all my 223 spitters, hustlers paper go-getters  
Seven digit figures, tymers, ballers, hillside niggaz  
Get yer bread. bounce yer head!  
If youse obsessed withcha wealth and it  
More carats than a bunny rabbit  
Pop yo' collar one time if you got a weed habit Get yer bread. bounce yer head! The only way I  
get involved if it mean more dough  
(uh-huh) Sauce Money, E-4-Oh  
You know they want em, diamonds, flaunt em  
Treat all my hoes like Billy Blank son and Tae-Bo on em  
Whattup ma, too many G's to consume?  
I spit game so I can ease in your womb  
I know what you thinkin I'm just teasin the tomb  
While I kick it with 40, take the keys to my room  
Lobster, shrimpin, never simpin, gangsta limp  
Went from Sauce Money to big pimpin  
Like bell bottoms, too much flate for some  
Flow so hot got summer scared to come  
But everybody on the track holdin weight

Five hundred thou', that's the golden gate  
 From B-K to Oaktown, pass the smoke round  
 Let me find out who broke now, uh-huh There's love in the East and there's love in the West  
 Coast to coast G's do what you do best, just  
 Get yer bread. bounce yer head!  
 To all my gettin money chicks if you love the song Tell your man if he broke, he dead-ass  
 wrong, you better  
 Get yer bread. bounce yer head! Yeah, who wanna fuck with The Last Don?  
 I hate you niggaz with a pass-ion  
 Fuck around and get blast on  
 My niggaz mad strong and they kill you quick  
 Come out or get hit, we the shit  
 Think I would lie to you bitch?  
 You could die with the snitch, and buried alive in the ditch  
 Come five with the fifth, try to slide but you slid  
 We the livest of clicks, Terror Squad to the death of me  
 Remember me? The same kid that ran triz on Stephanie  
 Felony's the minimal, enemies I pity you  
 Step to me, c'est la vie, and I'm killin you  
 Drillin you with holes in your chest You opposin the best  
 T.S., supreme, crows on the nest? like what you say out here ain't nuttin nice  
 For brownie points or stripes niggaz take your life  
 with boxcutters, fuck a knife, just for braggin rights  
 LOST IN THE GAME! Drownin sinkin holdin my breath  
 LOST IN THE GAME! Broke miserable starvin to death  
 Boom boom boom, BOOM BOOM!  
 Crazy weebleations. BOSS BURN BROOM!  
 Bills, wheels, and about eleven-thousand dollars worth  
 of counterfeit bills, marked money and sour dope deals To all my 223 spitters, hustlers paper go-  
 getters  
 Seven digit figures, tymers, ballers, hillside niggaz  
 Get yer bread. bounce yer head!  
 If youse obsessed withcha wealth and it  
 More carats than a bunny rabbit  
 Pop yo' collar one time if you got a weed habit Get yer bread. bounce yer head! Get yer bread.  
 bounce yer head!  
 Get yer bread. bounce yer head! And there you have it  
 Three tycoons. weighin in at 300-plus ya undersmell that?  
 Fat Joe, Sauce Money and E-40, ya undersmell that?  
 East coast West Coast connection, y'know  
 SicK Wid It Records, the new millineum ballers  
 Ya undersmell me? Where you come from?  
 Beyotch?! You know we do this . hoahhhh  
 A-HOAHHHH! SHEEEIT! BEOTCH!