

The RZA, Break Bread

(Intro - Jammie Sommers) (RZA):

Yo, yeah yeah, yo what?

(Gotta spit on these bitches real quick)

Yea, Jammie Sommers bring the thunder, what?

(Word up, doo-doo stain bitches)

Yo, yo, uh-huh, yo..

(Jammie Sommers)

Yo save John Bennett, trauma John Bell

Lace stay in my equality, mic odyssey

Judy Plum, ghetto tag on the drum

Nestle in the glass, I was plunged, double-edged tongue

Pearly handle, scroll Brooklyn, we bouncin, commercial keep lookin

Pussy tight ginger, turn rough cats to cringers

Make him surrender is car and legal tender

Sunshine on time, manifest all time 'tween beams

because I study all true reality, sculpted by my Wallabees

Study righteous God Degree, yo..

(Both)

We Break Bread and deal with equality

(RZA)

Yo check it, my break and deal with this son

Explicit lyrical orgy, you bitches smell like dead foggy hoe

While Jammie splash you with the bottle of Giorgio

or Chanel's No. 5, dog bitch you can't survive

You buy and shoot some straw ride, ya tried to glide on B.O.B.B.Y.

Jammie Sommers, treat her like my daughter, real niggaz wanna fuck her

Pass a quart of milk, crab, clam, possum, wild flower blossomin

Power-U, have you gaspin for your oxygen

Gold bra straps, fine pointed, purple star Gaps

Cowboy boots and taste, with the straw hat

You derelict hoes, we fuck y'all without pullin down our clothes

While your nigga wish to lick Jammie Sommers' toes

Imaginate, you best to go home son and masturbate

or put your ten dollars up and buy the fat tape

(Jammie Sommers)

Yo, a hundred thousand, two hundred and fifty cash

Yo now, watch Miss Sommers, shake that ass

Yo, you love the way my brother splash

Chain reaction keep you puzzled

Mouth muscle, card shuffle, belt buckle

Jammie S'll never kiss ass after I close a deal

You best to believe this rap shit I say is for real

A lot of y'all bitches be good earners with two out

Take too many chances, chillin with niggaz, lampin

Profilin, wildin, Jammie hung with the realty smilin

Takin shots at Louie the thirteenth, and tie you up

bathed in Sheik, so you could watch your man beat his meat

Cuz, uh, lodi dodi, I got the body

And tutti fruiti, I got the booty

I shake, my rump, all in ya face

Make a bitch tie my sneaker lace

Cuz A is for Apple and J is for Jack

And most of y'all bitches ain't go no hair in the back

And ya tracks is wack