Bread Crumbs (feat. Young Thug & VI Deck)

Young Scooter

Tell me what you want

You want the money or the crumbs?

You want the beans or the crumbs?

You want (yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah)

Do you want a milly or the crumbs? (yeah)

Do you want the bread or the brumbs? (yeah)

Do you want to be wealthy or bum? (yeah yeah, yeah), ohWe come and take over your ward, like a STD (yeah yeah)

I got lights on me bling in the dark, like a LED (yeah yeah)

Lil shawty photogenic, she collagin' (yeah yeah)

We gon' spin the block with the carbon if you're dodgin' me

(Yeah yeah yeah)

All us hard body, shiny diamond watches

(Diamonds hard body)

Chinese kitty cat, yeah, make it hard to not (oh oh oh)

Turn it up a notch, fuck about a block (oh oh oh)

Fuck curly head, fold him like a wallet (a skrrt), yeah

Whoa whoa whoa

Diamonds hittin' way from here to the Texaco

Grab the egg beater and a lil Coca-Cola

Bet my dawg I want what he want if it's ebola

I just be crunchin' the xans

This a green with Hermés

Saint Laurent with the kicks

Green dot, big business

Fallin' out 'bout a bitch

Kid rocks 'bout a bitch

Kid rocks, we takin' real chances

Got that paperwork written up

Some just like foreign sight shit, take it to four notches

Got a white bitch, no boycott, go at some boy notches

I made a forty-five, pussy I sort that

Maybach like a fat cat, yeah

Rap game like the street game

Niggas do anything for rap fame

I'll bet a nigga never take my chain

These niggas be shootin' with no aim

You miss 'em, bring me my chain

YSL, BMG, that's my gang

Count music, yeah that's my lane

I don't get wet when it rain

Yeah they prayed on my downfall

But I flex on all y'all
Got more money then all y'all
Just spent fifty in Lenox Mall
Lost a million and didn't stress
VVS in my diamond necklace
Diamonds hitting like led lights

You niggas got on more [?]

I'm a trap star, real boss nigga

I don't chase hoes, yeah I buy bitches

Bought a Bentley truck, like you rap niggas

Not off rap money, I'm a trap niggaWe come and take over your ward, like a STD (yeah yeah)

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(Yeah yeah yeah)

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(Diamonds hard body)

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Turn it up a notch, fuck about a block (oh oh oh)

Fuck curly head, fold him like a wallet, yeahTom Ford trenchcoat, no Colombine (woo)

Exclusive Gang, ST, I spent a trap dime (all trap)

See the shit around my wrist, I'm dyin' 'bout it (VVS)

Forty-one busted up, this is not a Breitling

Trap rap, can't relate then don't recite it

Plus I'm livin' proof of winning, bitch I'm out the projects

And I lead and they listen, I'm a street prophet

Went from stalking bank tellers, now I make depositsWe come and take over your ward, like a STD (yeah yeah)

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Do you want to be wealthy or bum?

(Yeah yeah yeah, yeah), oh

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