

## Broke Bitches

E-40

I ain't like these broke bitches  
I ain't like these broke bitches  
I'm gettin' money  
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I'm gettin' money  
Biatch, broke broke biatch  
Biatch, broke broke biatch

Fuck an invitation, we pullin' up unannounced  
Japanese denims, shit that you can't pronounce  
Tryin' to mack a cutie, a beauty, tryin' to score  
Crafty with the toolie, the hammer, they call me Thor  
Shoot your best shot, ten to four, seven-eleven  
Hully gully, pee wee, no catchin  
Phantom Rolls rack, red and gold, two tone  
Shittin' on you saps, irritable bowel syndrome  
Wordplay workin' like an infomercial salesperson  
My favorite broccoli strains, Banana Kush and Durban  
Buscemi in my feet, Nieman Marcus, wanna creep  
Like The Wu we deep, stomp you out, put you to sleep  
Hella my niggas be sellin' Belushi and fee-fee  
Shout out to the trap kitchen and Auntie Fee  
All my real ones in the state and the federal penitentiary  
Drinkin pruno and makin' and talkin' to hoes on IG

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JM!

They say we too litty, no beans it's just silly  
Call it so bitty, play with us, we tote 50s  
Ditty Bop too, JM or young Su  
Here the fly crew, free Nut, my young Boo  
Out the ass ballin', Band Gang, we go get it  
Hear the cash callin', Fruits, we throw tools  
Bitch I Mac 11 and ARs, bitch in that order, yeah in that order  
Young Band Gang, by any means we about cream  
With a triple beam, serve fiends and sip lean  
Fuck a pill popper, for the cash we Wocka Flocka  
Heard the feds watchin', take a pose and pour lean  
Pull up twenty deep, do a show the whole gang  
What it look like? Fifty guns and fifty bitches, on my Pac shit  
biggs that nigga dame on my rock shit

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Get money, get new stuff  
Came with my old bitch, left with my new one  
All these flavors baby, you need to choose one  
nigga Friday, I'm the chosen one  
I'm so wavy like the sea (yadada)  
Make a hundred thousand when I touch a beat (yadada)  
Man my iPhone died on me (yadada)  
Damn I cracked my iPhone screen (fo' sho', fo' sho')  
BBS diamonds on 'em, big timin' on 'em  
Don't break what you can't buy, Pirelli tires on 'em  
Designer on 'em, Gucci one 'em, Fendi on 'em  
Chain lookin', chunky, I dookie on 'em  
Talkin' millions we can talk business  
Pimp C and Rick James be my mother fuckin' witness  
She graduated from the school of hard thots  
Jay 305 graduated from the block

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