

Diary Of A Broke Nigga

Jay Rock

Look inside the eyes of a broke nigga, see the stress on his face
Look at his heart, ain't no love in the place
What's on his mind? Murder, money and mayhem
If he don't see a dollar, somebody visiting Satan
He grabbed his gat from under the mattress, he cocked it back
Then grabbed his gloves and a mask, then threw on his hat
Looked in the mirror and said, times is hard
So hard that he got gray hair on his balls, pause
In the ghetto, you destined to fall
That's why it's a must that we ball
That's why he on the corner lurking, waiting for a motherfucker to slip
Soon as he see the chance, he taking a risk
What should you do when this nigga snatch you out of your whip
empty out your pockets, then snatch what's on your neck and your wrist?
Nothing, cause when the gat in your mouth, so speechless
Any false move, then your brain's on the cement
It gets gutter when niggas starving
Niggas will run inside your house, kill you on target, heartless
This is way beyond a cold thriller
This the diary of a broke nigga

"Pump, pump" Everybody lay down on the ground
Give me whatever you got right now
"Pump, pump" Everybody lay down on the floor
Give me whatever you got, plus more
(When times is hard, and I'm praying for change
My funds is low, when I need some change, I'ma...)
"Pump, pump" Make sure you hide your goods when I come mister
You're dealing with the diary of a broke nigga

It's been a whole month, he still ain't seen no paper
Nigga losing weight every time that he wake up
Plus, he tired of asking niggas for favors
cause when they get mad, they throw it back in his face
That's foul, flagrant, this nigga been slaving
in the spot all week, still ain't seen no paper
That's fucked up, they say don't bite the hand that feeds you
But if that hand don't feed you, where would that leave you?
Now that the stress come, can't turn back the hands of time
Got him thinking back on what he should have done
First thing on his mind now, get a gun
Shit, you gotta eat, and you got a son
and a daughter, now that's two mouths to feed
And that money seem far, like miles to reach
But it's right there, but his brain cloudy
Life on the wrong road, can't reroute it
Caught that nigga, then showed him what that heater do
If you don't feed your wolves, your wolves eat you
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