

# 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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