

Broke Niggaz

Luniz

Broke niggas make the best crooks
ya best look
over your shoulder
if you's a Highroller
(broke mutha fuckas they make the best crooks)
(broke mutha fuckas they make the best crooks)

Let's see how your vest look
see if it fits ya
picture four hideous hustlas
quick to lick the silliest bustas
I played the roll
and ready to fold
fix bitches in gold
is a no-no
livin low like De La Soul
it's the "O"
and the folks don't understand
yes you can
rush, shake the van
and catch the Ice Cream Man
they know me
as the loyal citizen
the boy who visited
hot
but on the spot
I'm more chillier than Dennis-in
finishin up my zip
quick to make my grip
you fuck around and get licked
by the Luni click
so that means bitches can't fade me
fuck lobster
I'm fuckin up yo monkey like the monsta on Aliens
I got work
someone told Knumskullin
rollin
four man deep
in a stolen jeep
wit heat
keep the space between niggas and me ever
What? Ballin outta control??!!
Nah, petty theivin
leavin no evidence or clues
bitch you gets a date wit yo moms
but you gets robbed by the Luniz fool
if I was a bum
I'd be straight to ride out
fuck a piece of the pie
I take the whole cake and sky out.

Knuckle Head
fool wit that master plan
yeah
got my glock caulked
wit my yay in my hand
understand

I'm bigger than
fourth indo man
that rappin nigga also known as Mr. Window Man
cuz when I roll
nigga I rolls deep
I be killin mutha fuckas in they sleep
So punk P!
The situation is I skipped it
no set trip
got the glock caulked
keepin the tech on the hip
like a pro
deep up on the slope
pick up the pace
wit no time to waste
put my gun to his fuckin face
action-packed wit my shit
it's the poetry
kickin this psycho shit
wit my click
so you knows of me
it's goin down
I'm all about my mail
wit my g's
flipped from keys
equals dope I'm a sale
client-tell
got me on top wit raps a crook
but all you ever get
is cum in yo little lungs
so mutha fuckas took they last look
(I'm broke, I'm sellin check books)
cuz broke niggas make the best crooks.

Eh bail, look who that? Who the fuck is that?

You're cocaine, give it to me. Now!

What the fuck you? You must be snortin some shit or something.
(What the fuck is that?!)

Let's go turn off all the lights
and make it seem like no ones home
niggas comin from the Eastside
bout to hoo ride and get stole.

See the whole thang was a plot
cuz that bitch you got, she gave me the scoop
12 o'clock
Lexus coupe
fill it up wit hella loot
since your neighbors are all in my business
you niggas don't need to know who the fuck this is
juss throw on a ski mask
and then I dash
this my last visit
and then I'm outtie
350 prob'ley
you niggas scared
don't stop me
I'm a pro
when it comes to gangsta robberies
the Paraphanalia

the niggas
the killas
the Mobb
the riggas
the skrilla
the dealas is doin they job
Eclipse
keeps clips
(So don't you make 'em wanna blast nigga)
I'd rather jack yo ass nigga
than be a broke ass nigga.

Dope fiends in the kitchen
smokin on a pipe
hustlas on the corner
shootin dice
all of my folks in jail
raisin hell
got bitches on the whole stroll
sellin fruit cocktales
to clock mail
fuck pimps
ballas
shot callas
all of us gots to get our money on
Oakland be's no joke
it ain't no mutha fuckin funny bone
sky out to your Honey Comb Hideout
Money gone!
pullin capers on fakes
erase your papers like white out
ain't no tryouts
or basketball sports
juss a crazy horse
my four-fifth strapped when shootin craps on the porch
back and fourth
like Cameo
I'm always Death Row
even though I try
I can't let go
like Mariah
Carry the four-fiver
to blow shit up like Maguyver
me be steadily Mobbin an robbin a cab driver
either be a broke ass
no cash
havin your doe on
I float on
break more niggas than Ozone
what
really goes on
hops
the props I must
clock
hearin no glock
will have that ass holdin like buckshots
fuck cops
I post on the block slangin crack-noid
avoid being broke
I'm tradin places wit Dan Akroyd