

# Broke Willies

Onyx

To all you rappers out there  
With money and fame  
Rock you in a farm-car  
Anything brand name  
Broke Willies with no money  
Keep runnin' ya game  
Can't forget all our thugs that's locked in chains  
We ain't have shit growin' up, now we blowin' up  
Hundred G's is show, price low enough  
Ghetto struck, layin' in da cut, with the metal mack 11  
WHAT?! No cup, sippin' on my reddle 7-up  
The wet life, shit is liquid, my wife trippin'  
My whole clique, I shit da wippin' last switchin'  
Benz to Benz skippin', supastar hittin'  
Your whole world is ice rippin', you like sniffin'  
Ya like shittin', tricks trickin', rollie with da inscription  
Watch a rich nigga clickin'  
(From New York to L.A.) same shit, different day, mad cash to play  
(When I walk my chains swing) I drew swing heavenly ill (From Beverly Hills)  
I pay 20 G's (Damn son, it betta be real) We holy your deals, it's 70 mills  
(Eaten mills of Beverly pills) Now watch how to bubble these mills  
[Chorus] (2x)  
I grew up in the PJ's and wore the same gear for 3 days  
Sit to get a blunk out I wanna blew a mill in the month  
>From a low life, the one I go shopping,  
I'm not worried about no price, I wear the same clothes TWICE!  
Fuck da POLICE!  
(It's hydro stuff L's, six plus sells  
Stones heavy on the scales themselves, EXCEL!  
Straight G's, moneys and propories  
Black F-G 15's, weighin' trees and O.C.'s)  
We O.G.'s always O.T.-ing on a low-key  
Spit more game than Goldie, ya bitch choose me  
(Suppose WE most-LY, do 'em slow-LY  
We play 'em close-LY, stayed on city cakes, they get erase them!)  
A sucker for a pretty face, with a twenty ways  
Who's Benz I hit two twins in a blue Vince  
(And we're in destroy deals, a house flow for reals)  
Cause like colour crimes, nigga dolla' dolla' sign!  
[Chorus]  
Yo, we've went from rags to riches and get pitches  
With mad bitches, Yo, you can get a autograph  
Or one shot, from the semi-auto pass  
Rap niggaz flippin' more then halves  
Livin' it up, takin' all the cash, GIVIN' IT UP!  
We set it up, on a low til it up  
In the black quest, pass sex to the extress  
>From out the blackness, straight on the boulevard  
Lookin' for somethin' to get my hands in  
A stripper's dancin' in the mansion  
Word up, that's how we operate (UNCUT RAW)  
Da players copping, fake cokies stepped on TWICE!  
Put your money on the street niggaz under the light  
And hold your money tight  
Kids to die (RAZE 'EM UP) And roll 'em twice  
Egal rich niggaz ass better so trife  
Well gamble mo' of yo' life, too I couldn't see well

Flip my P-12, Rover key to da e-mail  
Wish a hundred tell, G-bell, I walk the hog, I beat jail  
Yo, gotta each 12, kick back, relax, word up  
Nigga laid up, bills paid up  
Shit is all sunny when he pulled up in a 4-20  
We throw these cats on the sideline, lookin' all funny  
Gettin' no money, cause they every day clownin'  
We play around with thousands, a hundred G's where we countin'  
A hundred G's is show, here we're out kid (Word, word up)  
[Chorus] (2x)