

# Anything But Broke

Waka Flocka Flame

Trippin' off molly with your fuck niggas  
Tony got rules in New York, California and robbin'  
Too turnt bad bitches all in the party  
Playin' with they nose, yeah they high off that Bobby  
Sorry you broke and I got money  
Flex hard on 'em with the blunt-wrapped Rari  
Young boss, shit, can't run a Masarati  
Everyday, call, fly spirit in an Audi  
Free throw, and one, two hands, nigga, lots of times, nigga  
Run that shit the fuck back

Hit that block like twelve bundles  
Now a nigga G-5 tell number  
Reduce a fade, shades twelve hundred  
You know a nigga hot bitch twelve summer  
Ghost boy, thirty-four motherfuckin' show boy  
Yeah, on the motherfuckin' road boy  
Chef on the motherfuckin' stove boy  
Coke Boy  
Started from the lockout now by the block out  
Started from a drop out  
Now I bring that drop out  
Hundred clip small car bad bitch porn star  
Get money like an athlete, fuck you thought?

Man them fuck boys know  
Ain't no wins over here  
We gon' fight and fuckin' shoot 'til our souls disappear  
Fuck is you 'bout now, nigga?  
Disrespect, I'm a knock you down, nigga  
He bleed like me, scared of no nigga  
Call me anything but a broke nigga  
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I'm from where the boys get rowdy  
Disrespect me get your head on a bounty  
No pussy niggas, just real niggas around me  
Keep your head above water before a nigga drown me  
Doubt me, that's a no-no nigga  
Love my boys, no homo nigga

Pulled up, no mask, throw no nigga  
Bank account with me, never solo nigga  
Let off a couple shots now he holdin' his nigga  
Waka Flocka Flame show rappin' more realer  
Run down Grove feelin' like Gongzilla  
808 blunts inhalin' that killer  
You trippin'  
Can't stand up on Xan's  
Cookin' up dope with no fryin' pans  
Yeah, it taste good, no Auntie Anne's  
You see that flag hangin' out my pants?

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Flocka, that blunt nigga you need to pass it  
BSM forever mackin'  
Throw it up nigga, what's crackin'?  
What's happenin'?  
I'm walkin' inside of that club and I'm gettin' that strappin'  
Speed action  
So if I said that I'm gon' pull it, no need for you askin'  
BSM all about the trap  
You might hate us but you gon' show us some respect  
Nigga wanna act like hoes  
I'm a show you how that pussy get wet  
You ain't 'bout that life  
But you stay talkin' like you think you is  
I got all this ice  
It's a frozen day when I throw my wrists  
Niggas is fuckin' your chick  
It's more foul than it gets  
Fight me over some money  
Nigga don't shoot me over no bitch  
Frenchie all over his shit  
You ice'd up, you a lick  
Bands a make her dance  
But this forty will make you strip  
Yeah...

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