

You Broke

YG

Bitch broke, shut up
Don't talk to me, get your bread up
And we used to fuck but I got fed up
We eatin', all my niggas fed up
Bitch you broke, shut up
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Yeah we used to fuck but I got fed up
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You a ho rat, that pussy throwback
I'm tryna fuck, you ain't gotta be a scientist to know that
Been to that money, nothin' before that
Bitch I'll do you dirty, dirty like a floor mat
Yeah I'm tired of hearin' about what you need, bitch
I'm tired of payin' for yo weaves, bitch
I'm tired of you fuckin' me, tryin' to get pregnant
Knowin' if you had a baby yo broke ass couldn't help it
I be ridin' through the city bangin' 2 Chainz
I ain't worried 'bout the police, I got two names
Keep the sharp 'cause sometimes you gotta do things
She give away that pussy like loose change
Tryna have a nigga baby, be sellin' that va-jay-jay
This ain't recess, bitch you know I don't play-play
Just bought a A-K, just took a vacay
Bitch you broke, you need to call Triple A, aye

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How you fuck for cash but you not a ho?
And how I'm gon' respect you if your pockets broke?
On your rap sheet a whole lot of bros
It's a clinic on Western but you outta go
You're broke, your pussy stink, you borrow clothes
Lost the little ass that you had playin' with your nose
I dedicate this to my last ho
Swear I got cash and started actin' like a asshole
Catch up, keep up, Cutlass with the beat up
I be buyin' pounds, so no we can't peace up
Rollie with the crown, bet you wanna fuck the king, huh?
It's money over bitches, pussy never fuck this thing up
She still fannin' when she seen us
I'm a Grade A nigga, you'se a C+
I got a room, I got a broom, bitch, clean up
Hit the blade, and play my fee up

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You shopping at Louis when your baby need WIC
Using vibrators when you know you need dick
Bitch you sick, ho you trifling
I heard in the 'hood your pussy be cyclin'
Nobody wifin' yo ass
Young nigga got dick, no yak
Fast money fast bitches takin' ho baths
And me and relations don't last
My nigga Mustard got the benzo my clips got extendos
I'm hangin' out the window, bangin' out the window
Throw it up chunky, wrists on chunky
I heard the homie fucked and your pussy smell funky
And I ain't used to what you used to
The only thing in your ear is a Bluetooth
You niggas ain't blinged-out, 20 racks I blow that
5-10-15 I let my niggas hold that

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