

Damn

Young Scooter

Just lost my whole life savings in a dice game
yesterday
Damn!
Just got out of jail and the first day they said we got
rent to pay
Damn!
My nigga fucked up, got a bond, now we can't even make
the bail
Damn!
Everything was going good, till the jury sent the
subpoena in the mail
Damn!
My money ain't right, ain't where it's supposed to be
Took a loss last week, then we lost the whole three,
It gotta get better, it can't get worst,
They say a broke man is a burden and I ain't tryin to
be a burden

I need to get reach quick, scheme someone I can trick
Could be your best man at your wedding, to me just a
fuckin lick
You better bring your pistol you when you shopping in
the city
You better check them bricks before you leave, your ass
won't have a split
Yo baby mama suck a man dick, I swear the bitch a tick
And I was on my date today, I met the bitch wide in the
Ritz
I remember I didn't even had a car in '96
Fool niggas buying a phone man, we going in on the
split
Yea you drop the money, check the dope and watch out
for the switch
And I'm ballin like an athlete 'cause Gucci like to
pitch
I got mob ties, you Muliani, you a fuckin prick
Kiss your chick and say capisci, and then I mail em on
yo dick

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Everything was all good just a week ago
7 days later nigga flat broke,
Walk a jug in the house and do the Julio
Hit him with the dummy door and let him out the door
Every heart is Gucci got known for kicking dough,
Every time I switch a pass, I hit a mojo
Bring the pallets and a fork to your front door
Everything I ever bought I whipped it out the boat
I gotta sell these bricks so I can have re up and make
some more
And I could go broke today I'm a real street nigga, I
never fall

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I can't go broke, I can't go broke
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