

# Broke (feat. Stevie Wonder & Keith Urban)

Jason Derulo

More money, more, more money  
More money, more problem, babe If I was flipping burgers on the night shift would you choose me?  
Would you let me take you home if I drove a hooptie? 'Cause every time I see you, I'll be screaming, "Hallelujah"  
But you're all about the Benjamins, I see right through ya I'm still gonna get stoned  
So you could go ahead and break your bones  
'Cause all I've ever been told  
More money, more problems, so I'd rather be broke And all my people say  
And all my people say  
More money, more problems, so I'd rather be broke  
You just want one thing  
My love ain't enough  
I was so busy tryna make this shit last  
That I didn't notice she was kissing my cash  
'Cause every time I see you, I'll be screaming, "Hallelujah"  
But you're all about the Benjamins, I see right through ya I'm still gonna get stoned  
So you could go ahead and break your bones  
'Cause all I've ever been told  
More money, more problems, so I'd rather be broke And all my people say  
And all my people say  
More money, more problems, so I'd rather be broke  
Whatcha gonna do when you're out of favors?  
Are you gonna chase this paper?  
Whatcha gonna do when the good Lord age ya?  
Are you gonna chase this paper? 'Cause all I've ever been told  
More money, more problems, so I'd rather be broke More money, more problems, so I'd rather be broke  
More money, more, more money  
More money, more problem, babe  
More money, more, more money  
More money, more problem  
More money, more problems, so I'd rather be broke

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>