

You Broke (feat. Nipsey Hussle)

YG

Bitch, you broke - shut up
Don't talk to me, get your bread up
And we used to fuck but I got fed up We eat...
All my niggas fed up
Bitch, you 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
You a hoe 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 paying for your weeks, bitch
I'm tired of you fuckin' me, tryin' to get pregnant
Knowin' if you had a baby your 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, the ceiling never jay jay
This ain't recess, bitch you know I don't play-play
Just bought an AK just took a vacay
Bitch you broke, you need to call Triple A, eh?
Bitch, you broke - shut up
Don't talk to me, get your bread up
And we used to fuck but I got fed up
We eat...
All my niggas fed up
Bitch, you 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
Aye, how you fuck for cash but you not a hoe? And how I'm gon' respect you if your pockets
broke?
On your rep sheet a whole lot of bros
It's a clinic on Western bitch you outta go
You're broke, your pussy stank, you borrow clothes Lost the little ass that you had playin' with
your nose I dedicate this to my last hoe
Swear I got cash and started actin' like a asshole

Catch up, keep up, Cutlass with the beat up
I be buyin' pounds, so now we can't piece 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 fainted when she seen us
I'm a Grade A nigga, you's a C+
I got a broom I got a broom, bitch, clean up
Hit the blade, and pay my fee up
You shopping at Louis when your baby need WIC
Using vibrators when you know you need dick
Bitch, you sick - hoe, you triflin'
I heard in the 'hood your pussy be cyclin'
Nobody wifin' your ass
Young nigga got dick, no yeah
Fast money, fast bitches takin' hot baths
And me and relations don't last
My nigga mustard, got the Benzo my crib's got extendos
I'm hangin' out the window, bangin' out the window
Throw it up chunky - wrists so chunky
I heard the homie fucked and your pussy smell funky
And I ain't used to what you're 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

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