

Broke Bitches

E-40

I ain't like these broke bitches
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I'm gettin' money
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Biatch, broke broke biatch
Biatch, broke broke biatch

Fuck an invitation, we pullin' up unannounced
Japanese denims, shit that you can't pronounce
Tryin' to mack a cutie, a beauty, tryin' to score
Crafty with the toolie, the hammer, they call me Thor
Shoot your best shot, ten to four, seven-eleven
Hully gully, pee wee, no catchin
Phantom Rolls rack, red and gold, two tone
Shittin' on you saps, irritable bowel syndrome
Wordplay workin' like an infomercial salesperson
My favorite broccoli strains, Banana Kush and Durban
Buscemi in my feet, Nieman Marcus, wanna creep
Like The Wu we deep, stomp you out, put you to sleep
Hella my niggas be sellin' Belushi and fee-fee
Shout out to the trap kitchen and Auntie Fee
All my real ones in the state and the federal penitentiary
Drinkin pruno and makin' and talkin' to hoes on IG

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JM!

They say we too litty, no beans it's just silly
Call it so bitty, play with us, we tote 50s
Ditty Bop too, JM or young Su
Here the fly crew, free Nut, my young Boo
Out the ass ballin', Band Gang, we go get it
Hear the cash callin', Fruits, we throw tools
Bitch I Mac 11 and ARs, bitch in that order, yeah in that order
Young Band Gang, by any means we about cream
With a triple beam, serve fiends and sip lean
Fuck a pill popper, for the cash we Wocka Flocka
Heard the feds watchin', take a pose and pour lean
Pull up twenty deep, do a show the whole gang
What it look like? Fifty guns and fifty bitches, on my Pac shit
biggs that nigga dame on my rock shit

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Get money, get new stuff
Came with my old bitch, left with my new one
All these flavors baby, you need to choose one
nigga Friday, I'm the chosen one
I'm so wavy like the sea (yadada)
Make a hundred thousand when I touch a beat (yadada)
Man my iPhone died on me (yadada)
Damn I cracked my iPhone screen (fo' sho', fo' sho')
BBS diamonds on 'em, big timin' on 'em
Don't break what you can't buy, Pirelli tires on 'em
Designer on 'em, Gucci one 'em, Fendi on 'em
Chain lookin', chunky, I dookie on 'em
Talkin' millions we can talk business
Pimp C and Rick James be my mother fuckin' witness
She graduated from the school of hard thots
Jay 305 graduated from the block

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