

Diary Of A Broke Nigga

Jay Rock

Verse 1:

Look inside the eyes of a broke nigga
See the stress on his face
Look at his heart, ain't no love in the place
Warzone is mine--murder, money and mayhem
If he don't see a dollar somebody visiting Satan
He grabbed his gat from under the mattress, he cocked it back
Then grabbed his gloves and a mask, then threw on his hat
Looked in the mirror said, "times is hard"
So hard that he got gray hair on his balls---pause
In the ghetto, you destined to fall
That's why it's a must that we ball
That's why he on the corner lurkin', waitin' for a mothafucka to slip
Soon as he see the chance, he takin' the risk
The shit you do, when this nigga snatch you out of your whip
Empty out your pockets then snatch what's on your neck and your wrist---NOTHING!
Cuz when the gat in ya mouth, so speechless
Any false move and ya brains on the CE-ment
It gets gutter, when niggas starvin'
Niggas will run inside ya house, kill you on target--heartless
This is way beyond a cold thriller
This the diary of a broke nigga

Chorus:

WOP WOP

Everybody lay down on the ground
Give me whatever you got right now

WOP WOP

Everybody lay down on the floor
Give me whatever you got plus more
When times is hard and I'm prayin' for change
My funds is low when I need some change
WOP WOP Make sure you hide your goods when I come mista
Ya dealin' with the diary of a broke nigga

Verse 2:

It's been a whole month he still ain't see no paper
Nigga losin' weight every time that he wake up
Plus, he tired of askin' niggas for favors
Cuz when they got mad they throw it back in his face

That's foul, flagrant this nigga been slavin'
In the spot all week still ain't see no paper that's fucked up
They say don't bite the hand that feeds you but if that hand don't feed you where would that leave you?
Now that the stress come
Can't turn back the hands of time
Got him thinkin' back on what he should've done
First thing on his mind now get a gun
Shit you gotta eat, and you got a son
And a daughter, now that's 2 mouths to feed
And that money seems far like miles to reach
But it's right there
But it's bright and cloudy
Life on the wrong road can't reroute it
Caught the nigga, and showed him what that heat will do
If you don't feed your wolves your wolves eat you
This is way beyond a cold thriller
This the diary of a broke nigga

Chorus:

WOP WOP

Everybody lay down on the ground
Give me whatever you got right now

WOP WOP

Everybody lay down on the floor
Give me whatever you got plus more
When times is hard and I'm prayin' for change
My funds is low when I need some change
WOP WOP Make sure you hide your goods when I come mista
Ya dealin' with the diary of a broke nigga

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>