

Broke Willies

Onyx

[Chorus]

To all you rappers out there
With money and fame
Rockin a foreign car
Everything brand name
Broke Willies with no money
Keep runnin yo game

Can't forget all our thugs that's locked in chains[Fredro Starr]
we ain't have shit growin' up, now we blowin' up
hundred G's a show, price low enough
ghetto struck, layin in the cut
with the metal mack 11, what
no cup, sippin amaretto 7-up
the wet life, shit is liquid
my wife trippin' my whole clique got shit to whip it
last switchin

Benz to Benz skippin, superstar hittin
your whole world is ice rippin, you like sniffin
you like shittin, tricks trickin, roly with the inscription
watch a rich nigga clickin'
FROM NEW YORK TO L.A.

same shit, different day, mad cash to play
When I walk my chains swing
I drew swing hevily ill from Beverly Hills
I paid 20 g's

damn son it better be real
We holdin your deals, its 70 mils
eaten meals of Beverly pills

Now watch how the bubbly spills[Chorus] (2x)[Sticky Fingaz, (Sonsee)]I grew up in the PJ's and wore the same
gear for 3 days

sit to get a blunk out I want to blew a mill in the month
from a low life, the one I go shopping,
I'm not worried bout no price, i wear the same clothes TWICE!
fuck the PO-LICE!

Its hydro stuff L's, six plus sells
stones heavy on the scales themselves, X-L
strait G's, moneys and properties
black F-G 15's, weightin trees and OC's
We old g's always O.T.-in on a low-key

spit more game than goldie, your bitch chose me
 suppose WE most-LY, do em slow-LY
 we play 'em close-LY, stayed on city cakes, they get erase them!
 A sucker for a pretty face, with a twenty waist
 who's Benz I hit two twins in a blue Ventz
 and we're in destroy deals, a house flow for reals
 cause white-collar crimes equal dolla' dolla' sign! [Chorus] [Fredro Starr, X-1, Sonsee, Sticky Fingaz] yo we
 went from rags to riches and get pitches
 with mad bitches, yo, you can get a autograph
 or one shot, from the semi-auto pass
 rap niggas flippin more then halves
 livin it up, takin all the cash, GIVIN IT UP!
 we set it up, on a low tilt it up
 in the black quest, pass sex to the extress
 from out the blackness, straight on the boulevard
 lookin for somethin to get my hands in
 a strippers dancin in the mansion
 word up, that's how we operate
 uncut n raw
 the players copping, fake cokies stepped on twice
 put your money on the street niggas under the lihgt
 and hold your money tight
 kids to die, raze em up, and roll 'em twice
 even rich nigga ass better so trife
 we'll gamble mo off yo life
 true i couldn't see well
 flip my p12, rover key to the e-mail
 wish a hundred tell, g'd out, I walk the hog, I beat jail
 y'all gotta each tell, kick back, relax, word up
 nigga laid up
 bills paid up
 shit is all sunny when he pulled up in a 4-20
 we throw these cats on the sideline, lookin all funny
 gettin no money, cause they every day clownin
 we play around with thousands, a hundred g's where we countin
 A hundred G's a show, here we're out kid
 (word up word up) [Chorus] (2x)

Songwriters

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