

Broke Niggaz

Luniz

Broke niggas make the best crooks, ya best look
Over your shoulder if you's a high roller
Broke muthafuckas, they make the best crooks

Broke muthafuckas, they make the best crooks
Let's see how your vest look, see if it fits ya
Picture four hideous hustlas quick to lick the silliest bustas
I played the roll and ready to fold fix bitches in gold is a no-no
Livin' low like de la soul it's the 'O'And the folks don't understand, yes you can
Rush, shake the van and catch the Ice Cream Man

They know me as the loyal citizen, the boy who visited hot
But on the spot I'm more chillier than Dennis-in
finishin' up my zip
Quick to make my grip you fuck around and get licked
By the Luniz click so that means bitches can't fade me

Fuck lobster, I'm fuckin up yo monkey like the monsta on aliens
I got work someone told knumskullin rollin'
Four man deep in a stolen jeep wit' heat
Keep the space between niggas and me ever

What? Ballin' outta control? Nah, petty theivin'
Leavin' no evidence or clues bitch you gets a date wit yo moms
But you gets robbed by the luniz fool
If I was a bum I'd be straight to ride out

Fuck a piece of the pie I take the whole cake and sky out
Broke niggas make the best crooks, ya best look
Over your shoulder if you's a high roller
Knuckle head fool wit that master plan
Yeah, got my glock caulked wit my yay in my hand
Understand, I'm bigger than fourth indo man

That rappin' nigga also known as Mr. Window Man
'Cause when I roll nigga I rolls deep
I be killin' muthafuckas in they sleep
So punk P, the situation is I skipped it

No set trip got the glock caulked
Keepin' the tech on the hip like a pro
Deep up on the slope pick up the pace
Wit no time to waste put my gun to his fuckin' face

Action-packed wit my shit it's the poetry
Kickin' this psycho shit wit my click, so you knows of me
It's goin' down I'm all about my mail
Wit my g's flipped from keys

Equals dope I'm a sale client-tell
Got me on top wit raps a crook
But all you ever get is cum in yo little lungs
So mutha fuckas took they last look

I'm broke, I'm sellin check books

'Cause broke niggas make the best crooks
Broke niggas make the best crooks, ya best look
Over your shoulder if you's a high roller
Broke muthafuckas they make the best crooks

Broke muthafuckas they make the best crooks
Eh Bail, look who that? Who the fuck is that?

You're cocaine, give it to me, now what the fuck?
You, you must be snortin' some shit or something
What the fuck is that? Let's go turn off all the lights
And make it seem like no ones home
Niggas comin' from the East side
'Bout to hoo ride and get stole See the whole thang was a plot
'Cause that bitch you got, she gave me the scoop
12 o'clock Lexus coupe fill it up wit hella loot Since your neighbors are all in my business
You niggas don't need to know who the fuck this is
Juss throw on a ski mask and then I dash this my last visit And then I'm outtie 350 probably you niggas scared,
don't stop me
I'm a pro when it comes to gangsta robberies
The Paraphernalia, The Niggas, The Killas, The Mobb
The Riggas, The Skrilla, The Dealas is doin' they job Eclipse keeps clips, so don't you make 'em wanna blast
nigga
I'd rather jack yo ass nigga than be a broke ass nigga Broke niggas make the best crooks, ya best look
Over your shoulder if you's a high roller
Broke muthafuckas they make the best crooks
Broke muthafuckas they make the best crooks Dope fiends in the kitchen smokin' on a pipe
Hustlas on the corner, shootin' dice
All of my folks in jail, raisin' hell
Got bitches on the whole stroll sellin' fruit cocktails To clock mail fuck pimps ballas shot callas
All of us gots to get our money on
Oakland be's no joke it ain't no muthafuckin' funny bone
Sky out to your honey comb hideout money gone Pullin' capers on fakes erase your papers like white out
Ain't no tryouts or basketball sports juss a crazy horse
My four-fifth strapped when shootin' craps on the porch
Back and fourth like Cameo I'm always Death Row
Even though I try I can't let go Like Mariah Carey the four-fiver to blow shit up like Maguire's
Me be steadily Mobb in an robbin' a cab driver
Either be a broke ass, no cash havin' your doe on I float on
Break more niggas than Ozone What really goes on hops the props, I must clock
Hearin' no glock will have that ass holdin' like buckshots
Fuck cops I post on the block slangin' crack-noid
Avoid being broke I'm tradin' places wit Dan Akroyd Broke niggas make the best crooks, ya best look
Over your shoulder if you's a high roller
Broke muthafuckas they make the best crooks
Broke muthafuckas they make the best crooks

Songwriters

HUSBAND, GARRICK/ELLIS, JEROLD D JR./ELLIOTT, DAVE / COOLEY, AMIN/CARSON, ERIC

LPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>