

# Ain't with Being Broke

## Geto Boys

"Better to have money and not to need it  
Than to need it and not to have it!" Money, more money (I ain't with being broke!)  
I've got to get my hands on some Lemonheads don't quote, I ain't with being broke  
I'm tired of my mother bustin' ass for other folks  
Gettin' nowhere fast  
While the ho on the corner makin' mo' money sellin' ass!  
I ain't with this outfit  
I gotta make some moves to buy G Jones some nice shit  
Before she kill herself, workin' on a job all week  
That don't even make the fuckin' ends meet  
I walk down Main Street  
Growls in my stomach 'cause I ain't had nuttin to eat  
So how the fuck am I gon' think?  
When I'm in a funky sweatsuit and Syl bitchin to me  
Her ass is took and I'm booked non-stop  
Make the swap and go shop  
I said that to save this and every other note  
I ain't with being broke! Money, more money (I ain't with being broke!)  
Got to get my hands on some  
Money, more money  
Got to get my hands on some I was BORN in a cheap-ass hospital  
Brought to 5th Ward, stuffed right in the middle  
Of a rock and a hard spot  
Before my dad got that ass I was already counted out  
What a motherfuckin pity  
Momma couldn't afford milk so we had to suck her titty  
In the kitchen every night I would see  
Rats and roaches eatin better than me  
There was no Thanksgiving  
They say I'm a fool for thanking God for living  
But bein broke ain't no motherfuckin joke  
Well out in '91 shit just ain't happenin bro  
I never had a God damn thing  
Christmas came and went, without a choo-choo train  
In the ghettos gifts get stole or bought  
Ain't no motherfuckin Santa Claus! Money, more money (I ain't with being broke!)  
I've got to get my hands on some, sweet money  
Money, more money (I ain't with being broke!)  
I've got to get my hands on some Let the gunshots RANG OUT, blow my God damn BRAINS OUT

If you've been there, you know what I'm talkin about  
Gettin over tops my agenda  
The easy way out, is to jump out of a window  
But that's a dopefiend move gone left  
I'll kill you, but not MYSELF  
I tried to do the right things major  
But that didn't put no food on the table  
Went back to school to get my G.E.D  
But who's gonna hire a motherfucker like me?  
McDonald's don't fit  
They work you like a dog plus they talk too much shit!  
Without them dollar signs  
It's like livin and dyin at the same time  
And you wonder why a motherfucker sell dope?  
He ain't with being broke! Money, more money (I ain't with being broke!)  
I've got to get my hands on some, yeah  
Money, more money (I ain't with being broke!)  
I've got to get my hands on some, sweet sweet Money yeah, money yeah  
Talkin 'bout money  
Yeahhh money  
Talkin 'bout that mean green  
Talkin 'bout that money  
Money, more money  
We've got to get our hands on some  
We need money

Songwriters

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