

# Broke (feat. Yo Gotti & Sophie Greene)

## Nelly

Yea drink Ciroc  
'cause I fuck with puff  
I pop that ace of spade  
Because I rock with jay  
I'm on that Cali good  
But I'm not in L.a.  
I'm somewhere halfway  
Between there and the bay  
I like them booji broads  
I like around the ways  
I take them outta they J's put them in Hermes  
Might hang out in the club  
Might chill out somewhere safer  
Kinkos and Office Max  
I love to hang with paper  
My crib is plush plush  
I'm talking elevator  
So don't touch touch  
Dolce the alligator  
You fly right my fly is greater  
Multiply the money and the bitches subtract the haters  
She said[Chorus]  
I don't want no broke niggas no no  
I don't want no broke niggas no no  
If you ain't got no money then you can't do nothing for me  
If you ain't got no money then you can't do nothing for me  
In Vegas L.A. and Miami oh yea I like shoppin'  
If you can handle all of that then we can get it poppin'  
I don't want no broke niggas no no  
I want the type of nigga who know how to ball out You don't no broke nigga  
I don't want no broke bitch  
Started it balling go quick  
I guess we on the same shit  
She want me to wife her  
Maybe change her life up  
Give the keys, shopping sprees  
Yea only if I like her  
See money ain't the algebra let's get it clear, clear  
This is not a gift it's a souvenir, nir

See maybe I'm that nigga who knows how to ball, I am  
He Spud Webb height, but the money tall  
Audemar his and hers  
Body's straight hips and curves  
Friends hanging on your nerves  
Trying to tell 'em I don't want your girls  
I'm come from another world  
Money do not grow on trees  
That's why I had to hustle her and get my money out the streets[Chorus]My money long money strong bitch I'm  
? paid  
I'm throwing shots back like it's k-k-kool aid  
I got them co coo shades  
Them shit is crazy dark  
I got two shortys feeling on each others lady parts  
Play your part  
Know your role  
That mustang cold painted Olympic gold  
I cal her Elenore you know that Shelby rips  
I'm gone in sixty ticks  
T-t-t-t-ticks  
Before my deal I cut 'bout sixty chicks  
Acrobatics got my money turning sixty flips  
Old schools I be on that sixties shit  
My nigga gone forever intent with sixty bricks[Chorus]

Songwriters

Butler, Richard Preston / Hood, Earl / Goudy, Eric / Haynes, Cornell / Mims, MarioPublished by  
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected  
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>