Broke Willies

Onyx

To all you rappers out there
With money and fame
Rock you in a farm car
Anything brand name
Broke Willies with no money
Keep runnin' ya game
Can't forget all our thugs
That's locked in chains
We ain't have shit growin' up, now we blowin' up
Hundred G's is sho' price low enough
Ghetto struck, layin' in da cut with the metal mack 11
What? No cup, sippin' on my reddle 7 Up
The wet life, shit, is liquid, my wife trippin'
My whole clique, I shit da wippin', last switchin'
Benz to Benz skippin', supastar hittin'
Your whole world is ice rippin', you like sniffin'
Ya like shittin', tricks trickin', rollie with da 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 heavenly ill from Beverly Hills
I pay 20 G's, damn, son, it betta be real
We holy your deals, it's 70 mills, eaten mills of Beverly pills
Now, watch how to bubble these mills
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I grew up in the PJ's and wore the same gear for 3 days
Sittin' to get a blunk out, I wanna blew a mill in the month
From a low life, the one I go shopping
I'm not worried about no price, I wear the same clothes twice
(Fuck da police)
It's hydro stuff L's, six plus sells
Stones heavy on the scales themselves, excel
Straight G's, moneys and proprieties
Black F-G 15's, weighin' trees and O.C.'s
We O.G.'s always O.T.ing on a low-key
Spit more game than Goldie, ya bitch, choose me
Suppose we mostly, do 'em slowly
We play 'em closely, stayed on city cakes, they get erase them
A sucker for a pretty face, with a twenty ways
Who's Benz I hit two twins in a blue Vince?
And we're in destroy deals, a house flow for reals
'Cause like color crimes, nigga, dolla', dolla', sign
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Yo, we've 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 niggaz flippin' more then halfs
Livin' it up, takin' all the cash, givin' it up
We set it up on a low 'til 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 stripper's dancin' in the mansion
Word up, that's how we operate, uncut raw
Da players copping, fake cookies stepped on twice
Put your money on the street niggaz, under the light
And hold your money tight
Kids to die, raze 'em up and roll 'em twice
Egal rich niggaz, ass better, so trife
Well, gamble mo' of yo' life, too, I couldn't see well
Flip my P-12, Rover key to da e-mail

Wish a hundred tell, G-bell, I walk the hog, I beat jail
Yo, gotta each 12, 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 is show, here we're out kid
Word, word up
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