

Broke (Ft. Yo Gotti & Sophie Green)

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

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