Broke

Jason Derülo

Mo' money, mo'-mo' money
Mo' money, mo' problem
Oh yeah

If I was flipping burgers on the night shift, would you choose me?
Would you let me take you home if I drove a hooptie?

Cause every time I see you, I be screamin' "Hallelujah"
But you're all about the Benjamins, I see right through ya

I'm still gonna get stoned
So you could go ahead and break your bones
Cause all I've ever been told
Mo' money, mo' problems, so I'd rather be broke

And all my people say, whoo
And all my people say, whoo
Mo' money, mo' problems
So I'd rather be broke

You just want one thing
My love ain't enough
I was so busy tryna make this shit last
That I didn't notice she was kissing my cash

Cause every time I see you, I be screamin' "Hallelujah"
But you're all about the Benjamins, I see right through ya

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So you could go ahead and break your bones
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Whatcha gonna do when you're out of favors?
Are you gonna chase this paper?
Whatcha gonna do when the good Lord age ya?
Are you gonna chase this paper?

Cause all I've ever been told
Mo' money, mo' problems
So I'd rather be broke
Stevie ready for 'em!
Mo' money, mo' problems
So I'd rather be broke

Mo' money, mo'-mo' money
Mo' money, mo' problems, baby
Mo' money, mo'-mo' money
Mo' money, mo' problem

Mo' money, mo' problems
So I'd rather be broke

(Static)
Ah, mmm, gotta get this damn TV fixed...