Man I'm so broke it ain't a joke Some people got rims I got spokes I'm working with change they got notes And I don't know how much longer I can cope I'm about to fall over the edge I'm in deep way over my head When I get ten pounds I make it spread Cuz that gyro check ain't hardly no bread When your broke like us you don't joke much Only window shop, look don't touch Ask the price of stuff then say how much Nah wait there how much?

How long would you last Without no cash In this fast moving world Could you really survive, all the problems within

Better get moving if you want
that, bread is there for the taking
Better get your share
Monies for making, what I'm
saying, if you're sleeping
you ain't eating
How you goin to cope if you don't stack those notes u need to learn
to be a pioneer you can find a
way to make it through the day

Another day, another red letter From some debt collector Over something I've done, got in debt for Coming over my house to apply the pressure Yelling through the letter box "One day we gon' getcha!" Acting like I ain't home Till they're gone Everybody I know's broke I can't get a loan I'm trying not to loose focus Buts it's hopeless I get served an eviction notice And the landlord wants me out on my ear Gave me ten days to pay or i'm outta here I really need to clear up my arrears Before I end up, sleeping

in a park somewhere

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I know suffering I fell your pain It's hard to keep the cheddar coming in Wanna survive, then you've gotta stay hustling? Struggling chasing the doe Just keep stacking that paper and making it grow

But I find it hard for me to cope
Even when I'm paid
I'm always broke
I got more going out than
I've got coming in
Can't buy certain things
no bling bling
No 20" rims spinning, just
a sinking feeling
No this can't be living I
need at least a million