Crying Broke

Consequence

Yeah, you break artists, look, they crying broke
Career in the garbage, they decided to croak
I guess my assignment now is just to poke
At the sleeping giant until he's awoke
I can take the slingshot and make these heat rocks
Hit 'em between the eyes until this bad dream stops
To be at the top the price ain't cheap
I pay DJ's, they still send me drop sheets
I drop heat and you can blame it on my past
Why I only work for currency now like Damon Dash
Forget being mad I can tell they pissed off
That I became like Jermaine when
He would rhyme with Kriss Kross
Da Brat and Xscape and whoever else
He had signed but made wait
That's the old bait and switch
The bullshit you go through to get rich
And that's the reason why Tyson hit Mitch
Right in front of Dapper Dan before
He got the chance to stitch
Up a new outfit, there ain't an outfit
That I can't out spit, cause they don't rap about shit
So take these words home and think 'em through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you

Let me help you wipe your tears away
Let me help you wipe your tears away
Let me help you wipe your tears away
Let me help you wipe your tears away
So you can quit crying BROKE

Today is the first of the rest of your life
Cause you refuse to write on paper, that don't make you nice
Windex on your chain. that don't make that ice
Lil' niggas wanting fame, this a sacrifice
Plenty rappers getting signed, spending time on the shelf
It's a flaw in the design, learn you rhyme for yaself
Dusty records ain't classics, most people plastic
But fans ain't plastic, they more like metal
Refuse to play the end of ya strings, no Geppettos
Men with ho tendencies, your Jordans are stilettos
Drum and bass flow, your soul is so cello
Sugar free jell-o, I will never settle for less than what I deserve
Youngins got nerve, think they story gonna be different
Be on the same train, different cars, nigga listen
The game is full of sheep, and wolves attack herds
Cause you already sleep

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You rather see me cryin broke, die and croak
We gettin high and smoke
Off the water with Hawaiian folk

You funny and ain't even try and joke
Because I got the right dollars
To move next to white collars who be buyin coke
But last year was different
I felt my knees buckle that's when I
Got on my knuckles like the apes inside the jungles
Up in Africa, imagine feelin like the reaper's after ya
Tax man taking half of the pie, only to suck you dry
Like he Dracula
It made my spine tense
It's all due to this record label nonsense
But I've been fine since, I got back up on my feet
Spittin heat with the Cons-Quence
And only because I plan on running and I'm far from stressed
You'd rather see me with my car possessed
And my mansion haunted
And I was terribly deprived
The moment they try to bury me alive
I barely survived, now I'm here

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