

# 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  
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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