

# Hate Being Broke

Dave East

[Intro]

I get so  
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I get so much love in these streets  
Me and Leezy ain't had nothin' to eat  
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[Verse 1]

I get so much love in these streets  
Me and Leezy ain't had nothin' to eat  
Ravioli, we was splittin' them cans  
Duckin' vans, block a hundred degrees  
Gang squad on our body for sure  
Niggas jumped me, my whole body was sore  
Out of town, they think I'm probroblly on tour  
If we was hurtin', we was robbin' the store  
Balenciaga, I got diamonds galore  
Watchin' Power while my seats massage  
Stick on me, I'ma keep it, on God  
Never thought that we would beat the odds  
Couple hundred for the key to the car  
Blowin' sticky as I run the city  
Told her just like Nicki, I'ma need a ménage  
This shit foreign, I'ma need a garage  
I ain't lookin' for no parkin'  
Momma kicked me out, I had to find an apartment  
We them niggas, finish shit if you start it  
Neck stupid, yeah, my shit look retarded  
Told the label, "I am not just an artist"  
With the shits, I am not with the others  
Set my price, I am not 'bout to bargain'  
Drive on payroll, I'm not 'bout to park it

[Chorus]

We open that window, the AC was broke  
Gotta get money, I hate to be broke  
Pain and the struggle, that made me the most  
Not everyday, to champagne we gon' toast  
I hate to be broke, I hate to be broke  
I hate to be broke, I hate to be broke  
I hate to be broke, I hate to be broke  
Not everyday, to champagne we gon' toast  
Open that window, the AC was broke  
Die 'bout this money, I hate to be broke  
Niggas gon' change, the bitches gon' change  
The facts that remains, I gotta get dough  
I hate to be broke, I hate to be broke  
Now I could pull up in Range or a Ghost  
Life is so short, I'm just makin' the most  
I'm up in the sky, everyday I'm a float  
I hate to be broke

[Verse 2]

Bitches that's all on my dick, they use to play me the most  
They hated when I tried to get my name up, they don't hate it no mo'  
We call it the trap where I'm from 'cause it really ain't no where to go (trap)

You could die, middle of July, or you could get clipped in the snow (boom)  
I'm slidin' through 122nd, I'm tryna tell Jess I got shit in a headlock  
Thinkin' back when I was dead pop, I couldn't sell a nickle 'cause a dead cop

NYPD was our biggest haters, who'd of ever thought I could chill with Jada  
Could of killed niggas, I'll get 'em later, you into bitches, bro I'm into paper (mula)

IPhone full of millionaires, everywhere I go, I get a million stares  
Award shows then I'm back to Harlem, niggas askin' me why are you chillin' there (why?)

I come from nothin' but I'm livin' now, momma did not want us livin' in (No)  
You mention my name and there's women there, be careful that cup got a pill in there

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