

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 probrobly 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
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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

[Chorus]

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