

# Broke

Jason Derülo

Mo' money, mo'-mo' money  
Mo' money, mo' problem  
Oh yeah

If I was flipping burgers on the night shift, would you choose me?  
Would you let me take you home if I drove a hooptie?

Cause every time I see you, I be screamin' "Hallelujah"  
But you're all about the Benjamins, I see right through ya

I'm still gonna get stoned  
So you could go ahead and break your bones  
Cause all I've ever been told  
Mo' money, mo' problems, so I'd rather be broke

And all my people say, whoo  
And all my people say, whoo  
Mo' money, mo' problems  
So I'd rather be broke

You just want one thing  
My love ain't enough  
I was so busy tryna make this shit last  
That I didn't notice she was kissing my cash

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But you're all about the Benjamins, I see right through ya

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Whatcha gonna do when you're out of favors?  
Are you gonna chase this paper?  
Whatcha gonna do when the good Lord age ya?  
Are you gonna chase this paper?

Cause all I've ever been told  
Mo' money, mo' problems  
So I'd rather be broke  
Stevie ready for 'em!  
Mo' money, mo' problems  
So I'd rather be broke

Mo' money, mo'-mo' money  
Mo' money, mo' problems, baby  
Mo' money, mo'-mo' money  
Mo' money, mo' problem

Mo' money, mo' problems  
So I'd rather be broke

(Static)

Ah, mmm, gotta get this damn TV fixed...