

# Broke As Shit

Jay Critch

Wasn't shit

I remember days I ain't have no money (Dexter, Jay Critch, hah)

Broke as shit, what?

What? It's Critch, hah, huh (Oh man, goddamn)

I remember days I was broke as shit, huh

Now I got a Bentley truck, I'm in my whip, huh, ooh

And your bitch, she bad as fuck, she doing dick, huh

But I can't trust that bitch, huh, she want some money and shit, ooh

I remember days I was broke as shit, huh

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But I can't trust that bitch, huh, she want some money and shit, ooh (Oh man  
, goddamn)

Ride around New York, me and Jay Critch, huh, ooh

Everybody looking, wanna take a pic, huh, ooh

I told him, "Bro, hell yeah, I prayed for this," huh, yeah

Mama sick, huh, this my mama shit, huh, wat

I'm a boss to these lil' niggas, huh

You ain't got no check, yeah, my money getting bigger, huh

Looking at my wrist, yeah, that bitch a six figure

I could've fucked your girl, she know I'm that man, yeah, I'm that nigga, ha  
h

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, goddamn)

I remember days we was broke as shit

When you getting paid, you know everybody notice it

I stayed in my lane, spent a bag, and I reloaded it

I'm still with the gang, let it off and they reloaded it

Lot of money on me, got a load of it

Blowing up like missiles

He talking, but the boy not official

I got something that'll solve all my issues

I got brothers that'll pull up and hit you

Hold up, I talk my shit on camera

Came from nothing, gotta flex up

Baby, this whip ain't standard

Came from nothing but we blessed up

Can't take this shit for granted

The whip black and white like panda

I need all the racks, demand it

Ran off with the pack, he panicked

I'm talking that money language (Jugg)

Want the money, don't wanna be famous (Jugg)

She want money, she can't be my lady (Jugg, jugg, jugg)

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