

No Broke Dick

Jucee Froot

(Cook Gods)

He ain't talking' 'bout no motherfuckin' chicken

I ain't throwing ass unless I see some fucking money fall (Fall, fall, fall)

Nigga, let me see them dollars fall

I ain't make my pussy talk unless I see that money talk (Talk, talk, talk)

Nigga, can you make your pockets talk?

I don't want no five, nigga, I want the six digits

Na-na the thermometer, bitch, I want them nine inches

I don't want no five, nigga, I want the six digits

Na-na the thermometer, bitch, I want them nine inches

Let's be specific (Let's be), I want Rollies and Bentleys (Uh-huh)

Don't forget 'bout my inches, pound to smoke with my bitches

He done blew 'bout a ticket, to a boss, ain't no biggie (Uh-uh)

And he hop out with that glizzy, leave his dick with a hickey

Ass so fat, so curvy (Curvy)

Make him nervous (Nervous)

Throw that ass on him on purpose (Purpose)

But I got that Birkin (That Birkin)

Heard ya little pussy ain't working (Uh-uh) so he got me, sorry (Sorry)

Head real good, he learning (Learning)

Money long like journeys (Journeys)

And I'm off a pill (Pill)

I see them dollar signs, I need somethin' to feel (Ayy, what is that?)

You say you love me, nigga, show me that it's real (You love me)

Fuck all that talkin', why you all up in my grill? (Why?)

You cut that check, throw me a bag, we got a deal

I ain't throwing ass unless I see some fucking money fall (Fall, fall, fall)

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Okay, you know that I'm a freak (Freak)

He know I ain't no good (No good)

He know I charge a fee (A fee)

He always got me booked (He comfortable)

He hit me with that D (Ooh)

I take it like a crook (Ooh)

But baby I'm a P (Ooh), it ain't no kissin' hoes (Huh?)

Got a lotta ass on me, look so soft, make you wanna grab, don't it? (Grab on it)

Nigga wanna stand on it (Stand)

Don't go in your pocket unless you pullin' out a couple hundred (Where it's at?)

I done been there and done it

Them lil' hoes ain't talkin' no real money (No real money)

Talkin' 'bout fifty-hundred (Haha)

Get him lil' geekable, he'll never give a fuck

And I'm off a pill (Pill)

I see them dollar signs, I need somethin' to feel (Feel, yeah)
You say you love me, nigga, show me that it's real (Show me)
Fuck all that talkin', why you all up in my grill? (Why?)
You cut that check, throw me a bag, we got a deal

I ain't throwing ass unless I see some fucking money fall (Fall, fall, fall)
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Uh-huh

Can't-can't be fuckin' with no broke nigga, I don't want no broke nigga dick
I want a nigga that can dick-dick-dick me good and can pay my rent