

Broke Days

Tion Wayne

Yeah, I ain't always been a moneymaker
Had to do some fuck shit for the paper
Rollin' with my ting if they ain't havin' it
Then I'll stick it in a sin, like a fornicator
And, girls, I couldn't get a piff ting
'Cause when they saw my bank cred, they were shiftin'
I had a couple ugly girls I was lipsin'
When I think about it now, it's got me cringin'
Got kicked out my house on the normal
'Cause my mindset wasn't normal
I had a couple friends drivin' fast whips
I was that broke dick, fuckin' with some broke chicks
What you know about moves for a set of green?
What you know about rob belt for your jeans?
What you know about hidin' out at lad' bros?
Holdin' onto someone else's food that your dad took
Them boy's didn't want to tip me at all
Now they're phonin' me to roll to my show
Got everything I grind for on my own
If you didn't know then, now you know
I swear I used to even order pizza
I ain't talkin' pepperoni when I'm lickin' it
No one ever tried to bring me
I used to punch up man for a pinky

I ain't never had no hand-me-downs
Everything you see is courtesy of Tion rasclaat Wayne
You dig?
Grind for myself, niggas tryna impede on my progress
'Cause I will wrap them
They don't know me, they don't like me
Well, I'm gettin' mine, make sure you're gettin' yours
Don't worry how I live, baby
Tion ran from a bloodclaat and I ain't, come on