

## 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