

Broke As Fuck

YBN Cordae

Yeah, uh, yeah, (Daytrip took it to ten (Hey)I was broke as fuck, down up on my ass, had the lowest luckUsed to ride the bike up to the store, I need a Rover truck

A Bentley coupe, yeah, I'm wearin' Prada, I like Fendi too

Grandma passed, had a heart attack, only 62

My cousin shot, got me paranoid, who to trust or not

Gave my brother 25 years, that really sucked a lot

Post-traumatic stress is building up, you niggas so dramatic

Fuck these other niggas, I'm the illest, I'm the coldest at it (Yeah, uh)

Let me take you niggas back to a much simpler time

Picture yourself inside a vehicle, a ship in my mind (Yeah)

You'll see some childhood memories mixed with the cells of a don (Yeah)

You'll see the doctor smack my ass when I first fell out my mom

A Magic School Bus adventure trip inside my cerebral

Back when I told niggas I'll make it, swear they didn't believe him

Flashback to Brasstracks and we was playin' "No Problems"

We was crankin' all the classics from the spring to the autumn

And I said motherfuck, need a bad bitch with a tummy tuck

How I make a million from a dollar? It was dummy luck

Need a new Lam', no sedan, fuck a Hummer truck

I'm aimin' for the top, I'm steady climbing, fuck a runner-up

I was broke as fuck, down up on my ass, had the lowest luck

Used to ride the bike up to the store, I need a Rover truck

A Bentley coupe, yeah, I'm wearin' Prada, I like Fendi too

Grandma passed, had a heart attack, only 62 (Skrt, skrt)

My cousin shot, got me paranoid, who to trust or not

Gave my brother 25 years, that really sucked a lot

Post-traumatic stress is building up, you niggas so dramatic

Fuck these other niggas, I'm the illest, I'm the coldest at it, ayyUh-huh (Hey)

Yeah

Woo

Uh, yeah, uhMom and dad never had a damn thing, damn shame

Now I'm poppin' champagne on a private jet, fuck an airplane

Order Bossa Nova, eating plantains

Presidential Rollie, fuck a campaign

Impeach, nigga, ten deep, nigga

Remember days we was wearin' J's

And a gold chain, only had three figures

So fortunate, proportionate

Lost boy, nigga, no coordinates

Remember Christmas? We was giftless

Three foot tree, no ornaments

Pull my dick out, hoes swarmin' it

Flow cold, nigga, no warmin' it
Mama couldn't afford AAU
So we couldn't hoop, nigga, no tournaments
I remember days sippin' lemonade
Ice cream truck gettin' plenty paid
Candy lady had Jolly Ranchers
I don't really have a lot of answers
I'm just searchin' for the same shit
Same niggas that I came with
Premonitions over reminiscin'
Lam' truck how I lane switch (Ah)

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>