

Product G&B, The "Tired Of Being Broke"

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Tired Of Being Broke

[50 Cent]

The only excuse for being broke is being in jail
Heh-heh, yo, yo, yo
The only excuse for being broke is being in jail
Some work a nine to five to make money
Some cock that, aim, that take money
"How To Rob" was an warning not a joke
Cause niggas in the hood is really tired of being broke
These cats quick to splurge on luxurious things
And when we come through they tuck chains and turn
their rings
Diamonds, you bought that?
They gon' take that

[G&B]

I'm chillin' on the corner
With a dollar in my pocket
The deed go bye-bye cause my man's watchin'
Shit is hard in the ghetto
But we still get by
(We still get by)
Every day I see the same ol' problems
But it seems like we're never gonna solve them
But I know if we keep on marching
One day we will find

[G&B]

I'm tired of being broke
Being locked down ain't no joke
Will anyone make a change?
Why must we live this way?
I'm tired of being broke
Being locked down ain't no joke

Why must we live this way?

[G&B]

I'm livin' in a world where they ain't no windows
And when you're rich it seem so simple

Kind of hard for you to understand struggle
But this is my life, ha
And I know one day we're gonna change it
Let the game blow it up and rearrange it
Till then we do whatever we can
In the end it's a brand new life that we living in

Repeat 1 (2x)

[50 Cent]
Uh-huh come on
Don't nobody smile when I come through
But they say I'm a funny cat
I lose shooting dice
Pull out take my money back
Fifty ain't the type to be runnin' his mouth
Uh-huh, Fifty run with dem kids that'll run in your house
If these rappers were killers I would've been dead
But they all aim at my legs instead of my head
I'm giving out ass whoopins while you're givin' out hugs
I figured out niggas respect fear more than love

Repeat 1

[G&B](50 Cent)
I said you don't know
Like I know, oh
I said you don't know
Like the Product no, oh
(Refugee Camp)
I said you don't know
Like my fellas no
(G&B)
I said you don't know what it feels like to be broke

[50 Cent]
East Coast, West Coast
Up North, the Dirty South
This goes out to all my thugs
Worldwide I see the struggle
Try and stay alive, ya heard?
One love, yeah one love, yo

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