

## Luniz "Broke Niggaz"

Visit "[Broke Niggaz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus \*(Yukmouth)\*

Broke niggas make the best crooks  
Ya best look  
Over your shoulder  
If you's a Highroller  
(broke mutha fuckas they make the best crooks)  
(broke mutha fuckas they make the best crooks)

Verse 1 \*(Knumskull)\*

Let's see how your vest look  
See if it fits ya  
Picture four hideous hustlas  
Quick to lick the silliest bustas  
I played the roll  
And ready to fold  
Fix bitches in gold  
Is a no-no  
Livin low like De La Soul  
It's the "O"  
And the folks don't understand  
Yes you can  
Rush, shake the van  
And catch the Ice Cream Man  
They know me  
As the loyal citizen  
The boy who visited  
Hot  
But on the spot  
I'm more chillier than Dennis-in  
Finishin up my zip  
Quick to make my grip  
You fuck around and get licked  
By the Luni click  
So that means bitches can't fade me  
Fuck lobster  
I'm fuckin up yo monkey like the monsta on Aliens  
I got work  
Someone told Knumskullin  
Rollin  
Four man deep

In a stolen jeep  
Wit heat  
Keep the space between niggas and me ever  
What? Ballin outta control??!!  
Nah, petty theivin  
Leavin no evidence or clues  
Bitch you gets a date wit yo moms  
But you gets robbed by the Luniz fool  
If I was a bum  
I'd be straight to ride out  
Fuck a piece of the pie  
I take the whole cake and sky out.

\*(chorus)\* x1

Verse 2 \*(Knuckle Head)\*

Knuckle Head  
Fool wit that master plan  
Yeah  
Got my glock caulked  
Wit my yay in my hand  
Understand  
I'm bigger than  
Fourth indo man  
That rappin nigga also known as Mr. Window Man  
'cause when I roll  
Nigga I rolls deep  
I be killin mutha fuckas in they sleep  
So punk P!  
The situation is I skipped it  
No set trip  
Got the glock caulked  
Keepin the tech on the hip  
Like a pro  
Deep up on the slope  
Pick up the pace  
Wit no time to waste  
Put my gun to his fuckin face  
Action-packed wit my shit  
It's the poetry  
Kickin this psycho shit  
Wit my click  
So you knows of me  
It's goin down  
I'm all about my mail  
Wit my g's  
Flipped from keys  
Equals dope I'm a sale  
Client-tell  
Got me on top wit raps a crook

But all you ever get  
Is cum in yo little lungs  
So mutha fuckas took they last look  
(I'm broke, I'm sellin check books)  
'cause broke niggas make the best crooks.

\*(chorus)\* x1

\*(Yukmouth talking)\*

Eh bail, look who that? Who the fuck is that?

\*(Dope man talking)\*

You're cocaine, give it to me. Now!

\*(Yukmouth)\*

What the fuck you? You must be snortin some shit or  
something.  
(What the fuck is that?!)

\*(yelling and screaming in back)\*

\*(Knumskull talking)\*

Let's go turn off all the lights  
And make it seem like no ones home  
Niggas comin from the Eastside  
Bout to hoo ride and get stole.

Verse 3 \*(Eclipse)\*

See the whole thang was a plot  
'cause that bitch you got, she gave me the scoop  
12 o'clock  
Lexus coupe  
Fill it up wit hella loot  
Since your neighbors are all in my business  
You niggas don't need to know who the fuck this is  
Juss throw on a ski mask  
And then I dash  
This my last visit  
And then I'm outtie  
350 prob'ley  
You niggas scared  
Don't stop me  
I'm a pro  
When it comes to gangsta robberies  
The Paraphanalialia  
The niggas

The killas  
The Mobb  
The riggas  
The skrilla  
The dealas is doin they job  
Eclipse  
Keeps clips  
(So don't you make 'em wanna blast nigga)  
I'd rather jack yo ass nigga  
Than be a broke ass nigga.

\*(chorus)\* x1

Verse 4 \*(Yukmouth)\*

Dope fiends in the kitchen  
Smokin on a pipe  
Hustlas on the corner  
Shootin dice  
All of my folks in jail  
Raisin hell  
Got bitches on the whole stroll  
Sellin fruit cocktales  
To clock mail  
Fuck pimps  
Ballas  
Shot callas  
All of us gots to get our money on  
Oakland be's no joke  
It ain't no mutha fuckin funny bone  
Sky out to your Honey Comb Hideout  
Money gone!  
Pullin capers on fakes  
Erase your papers like white out  
Ain't no tryouts  
Or basketball sports  
Juss a crazy horse  
My four-fifth strapped when shootin craps on the porch  
Back and fourth  
Like Cameo  
I'm always Death Row  
Even though I try  
I can't let go  
Like Mariah  
Carry the four-fiver  
To blow shit up like Maguyver  
Me be steadily Mobbin an robbin a cab driver  
Either be a broke ass  
No cash  
Havin your doe on  
I float on

Break more niggas than Ozone  
What  
Really goes on  
Hops  
The props I must  
Clock  
Hearin no glock  
Will have that ass holdin like buckshots  
Fuck cops  
I post on the block slingin crack-noid  
Avoid being broke  
I'm tradin places wit Dan Akroyd

\*(chorus)\* x1

Visit [Luniz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.