

## Onyx "Broke Willies"

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To all you rappers out there  
With money and fame  
Rock you in a farm car  
Anything brand name

Broke Willies with no money  
Keep runnin' ya game  
Can't forget all our thugs  
That's locked in chains

We ain't have shit growin' up, now we blowin' up  
Hundred G's is sho' price low enough  
Ghetto struck, layin' in da cut with the metal mack 11  
What? No cup, sippin' on my reddle 7 Up  
The wet life, shit, is liquid, my wife trippin'  
My whole clique, I shit da wippin', last switchin'

Benz to Benz skippin', supastar hittin'  
Your whole world is ice rippin', you like sniffin'  
Ya like shittin', tricks trickin', rollie with da inscription  
Watch a rich nigga clickin'  
(From New York to L.A.)  
Same shit, different day, mad cash to play  
(When I walk my chains swing)

I drew swing heavenly ill from Beverly Hills  
I pay 20 G's, damn, son, it betta be real  
We holy your deals, it's 70 mills, eaten mills of Beverly  
pills  
Now, watch how to bubble these mills

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I grew up in the PJ's and wore the same gear for 3 days  
Sittin' to get a blunk out, I wanna blew a mill in the  
month  
From a low life, the one I go shopping  
I'm not worried about no price, I wear the same clothes  
twice  
(Fuck da police)

It's hydro stuff L's, six plus sells  
Stones heavy on the scales themselves, excel  
Straight G's, moneys and proprieties  
Black F-G 15's, weighin' trees and O.C.'s

We O.G.'s always O.T.ing on a low-key  
Spit more game than Goldie, ya bitch, choose me  
Suppose we mostly, do 'em slowly  
We play 'em closely, stayed on city cakes, they get  
erase them

A sucker for a pretty face, with a twenty ways  
Who's Benz I hit two twins in a blue Vince?  
And we're in destroy deals, a house flow for reals  
'Cause like color crimes, nigga, dolla', dolla', sign

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Yo, we've went from rags to riches and get pitches  
With mad bitches, yo, you can get a autograph  
Or one shot, from the semi-auto pass  
Rap niggaz flippin' more then halves  
Livin' it up, takin' all the cash, givin' it up

We set it up on a low 'til it up  
In the black quest, pass sex to the extress

From out the blackness, straight on the boulevard  
Lookin' for somethin' to get my hands in  
A stripper's dancin' in the mansion

Word up, that's how we operate, uncut raw  
Da players copping, fake cookies stepped on twice  
Put your money on the street niggaz, under the light  
And hold your money tight  
Kids to die, raze 'em up and roll 'em twice

Egal rich niggaz, ass better, so trife  
Well, gamble mo' of yo' life, too, I couldn't see well  
Flip my P-12, Rover key to da e-mail  
Wish a hundred tell, G-bell, I walk the hog, I beat jail

Yo, gotta each 12, kick back, relax, word up  
Nigga laid up, bills paid up  
Shit, is all sunny when he pulled up in a 4-20  
We throw these cats on the sideline, lookin' all funny

Gettin' no money 'cause they every day clownin'  
We play around with thousands, a hundred G's where  
we countin'  
A hundred G's is show, here we're out kid  
Word, word up

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