

## **Destiny's Child F/ Timbaland**

### **"Broke Willies"**

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[Chorus]

To all you rappers out there  
With money and fame  
Rockin a foreign car  
Everything brand name  
Broke Willies with no money  
Keep runnin yo game  
Can't forget all our thugs that's locked in chains

[Fredro Starr]

we ain't have shit growin' up, now we blowin' up  
hundred G's a show, price low enough  
ghetto struck, layin in the cut  
with the metal mack 11, what  
no cup, sippin amaretto 7-up  
the wet life, shit is liquid  
my wife trippin' my whole clique got shit to whip it  
last switchin  
Benz to Benz skippin, superstar hittin  
your whole world is ice rippin, you like sniffin  
you like shittin, tricks trickin, roly with the 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 heavily ill from Beverly Hills  
I paid 20 g's  
damn son it better be real  
We holdin your deals, its 70 mils  
eaten meals of Beverly pills  
Now watch how the bubbly spills

[Chorus] (2x)

[Sticky Fingaz, (Sonsee)]

I grew up in the PJ's and wore the same gear for 3 days  
sit to get a blunk out I wanna blew a mill in the month  
from a low life, the one I go shopping,  
im not worried bout no price, i wear the same clothes  
TWICE!

fuck the PO-LICE!

Its hydro stuff L's, six plus sells  
stones heavy on the scales themselves, X-L  
strait G's, moneys and properties  
black F-G 15's, weightin trees and OC's  
We old g's always O.T.-in on a low-key  
spit more game than goldie, your bitch chose me  
suppose WE most-LY, do em slow-LY  
we play 'em close-LY, stayed on city cakes, they get  
erase them!

A sucker for a pretty face, with a twenty waist  
whos Benz I hit two twins in a blue Venz  
and we're in destroy deals, a house flow for reals  
cause white-collar crimes equal dolla' dolla' sign!

[Chorus]

[Fredro Starr, X-1, Sonsee, Sticky Fingaz]

yo we 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 niggas flippin more then halves  
livin it up, takin all the cash, GIVIN IT UP!  
we set it up, on a low tilt 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 strippers dancin in the mansion  
word up, that's how we operate  
uncut n raw  
the players coppin, fake cokies stepped on twice  
put your money on the street niggas under the lihgt  
and hold your money tight  
kids to die, raze em up, and roll 'em twice  
even rich nigga ass better so trife  
we'll gamble mo off yo life  
true i couldn't see well  
flip my p12, rover key to the e-mail  
wish a hundred tell, g'd out, I walk the hog, I beat jail  
yall gotta each tell, 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 a show, here we're out kid  
(word up word up)

[Chorus] (2x)

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