

# Broke and Stupid

Joyner Lucas

First, we're affected by what we know  
When I talk to the kids in high school classes, college classes  
That's the first thing I tell 'em Get the information while you're here right  
Nothing worse than being stupid when you get out of school  
So get the information, being broke is bad  
But being stupid is what's really bad  
And what's really-really bad is being broke and stupid Uh, this the shit I dreamed about when I  
was only four  
Sugar, water, mac and cheese, we were broke and poor (Yeah)  
Court evictions, landlords never show remorse  
Now I'm in the building, when they greet me, they gon' hold the door (Yeah)  
I never needed your acceptance, this is my destin  
I made devil's work and turned it into God's blessings  
Can't knock me off the block, this is not Tetris  
Life lessons, I learned tables turn, that's my assessment  
They told me to be patient but I need to flex (Woo)  
I'm so famous, I could finally hit JAY-Z direct (Yeah)  
I might hit up Drake, and tell him to send me the jet  
I might drink Cîroc with Puff, if he send me a check (Word)  
Lot of squares in my family, I could see the stress  
Bunch of crabs in the bucket tryna eat my flesh  
I ain't nothing like you niggas, I don't even rest  
I don't sleep until I see success, I wish you the best (Joyner)  
I ain't on no hating shit, I just want to get rich (Word)  
I don't do relationships, I don't want to commit  
Lot of bitches did me dirty, ain't talked to me since  
And now I'm insecure, closed off, but that's hard to admit (Word)  
I'm just thinking about the days you were making me jealous  
Can't rain on my parade, when I'm made of umbrellas (Woo)  
Fuck it, they don't faze me, I don't stay in my feelings  
Thought money would change me but it changed all my niggas (Facts)  
I just bought a Lamborghini and painted the ceiling  
I ain't bragging, I'm just happy I made me a million  
ADHD, I was slow, now they label me brilliant  
I'm proud of niggas like HOV, he made him a billion (Yeah)  
I hope I never go broke, tryna break through the ceilings  
Fifty thousand on the low, I might make an appearance (Yeah)  
This that shit that made them kids run away from they parents  
Nigga, I'm breaking your spirit (Woo)  
I told myself, "If I go out, then I'ma light my wrist" (Boom)  
If I die today, I'm happy for the life I live (Blah, blah)  
And my son is only three, he be like, "Mama rich"

Told him, "Go outside to play, just be inside by six" (Ayy)  
 I done made my niggas proud, ye ain't gotta love me (Good)  
 Give a fuck about your opinion, only God could judge me (Blah, blah)  
 I don't even write on paper, I just write on Tully (Woo)  
 I'ma hire an assistant to make her write it for me (Ayy)  
 This is me against the world, that's the mood I'm in (Goddamn)  
 Hop up out the fucking pussy like I'm new again (Woo)  
 I remember they was calling me a hooligan  
 In special education, I just might go back to school again (Woah)  
 Only hit it once, then I make her leave (Woo, woo)  
 We ain't cuddling, I need some space to breathe (Woo, woo)  
 If she fuck me good, I let her stay to three (Woo, woo)  
 No I'm not your man but we can make believe  
 Okay, you got a ass, that don't mean a thing to me  
 Stop acting like a brat, bitch I ain't Jermaine Dupri (Woo)  
 These pussy niggas talkin' 'bout what they gon' say to me  
 And they gon' beat me up, I told 'em that's some shit I'd pay to see (Stupid) And what's really-  
 really bad is being broke and stupid  
 Nothing much worse than that unless you're sick  
 Like sick, broke and stupid  
 That's about as far as you can fall unless you're ugly, right?  
 But surely that would be the ultimate, right?  
 The ultimate negative life; ugly, sick, broke and stupid I turned my life into a movie, bitch I  
 think I rock (Yeah)  
 I can't even wear my jewelry now, they think I'm cocky (Ayy, ayy)  
 I know that I got myself if I ain't got nobody (Buh, buh)  
 Just bought a pistol, I just hope that it ain't got no bodies (Brat)  
 You gon' have to pay the price, if you get wishy washy (Woo)  
 This a Talladega Night, I think I'm Ricky Bobby (Bah, bah)  
 My advice, quit the music, get a different hobby  
 All you lil' niggas sound the same, just a different copy (Woah) And I bow my head and pray  
 for this (Woo, woo)  
 Yeah, I spill my guts and made a mess (Woo, woo)  
 Shit, I ran on Mars and made a wish  
 Yeah, I stand on cars like Jaden Smith (Yeah)  
 And I ball so hard, I sprain my wrist (Bah)  
 If I shoot it, then I ain't gon' miss  
 Loyal nigga so I ain't gon' switch (Woo)  
 Blew my money at the strippy, it don't make no sense  
 Broke and stupid, shit will never be the same again And what's really-really bad is being broke  
 and stupid (Stupid, stupid)

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