

Broke (feat. Stevie Wonder & Keith Urban)

Jason Derulo

More money, more, more money
More money, more problem, babe If I was flipping burgers on the night shift would you choose
me?
Would you let me take you home if I drove a hooptie? 'Cause every time I see you, I'll be
screaming, "Hallelujah"
But you're all about the Benjamins, I see right through ya I'm still gonna get stoned
So you could go ahead and break your
bones
'Cause all I've ever been told
More money, more problems, so I'd rather be broke And all my people say
And all my people say
More money, more problems, so I'd rather be broke
You just want one thing
My love ain't enough
I was so busy tryna make this shit last
That I didn't notice she was kissing my
cash 'Cause every time I see you, I'll be screaming, "Hallelujah"
But you're all about the Benjamins, I see right through ya I'm still gonna get stoned
So you could go ahead and break your
bones
'Cause all I've ever been told
More money, more problems, so I'd rather be broke And all my people say
And all my people say
More money, more problems, so I'd rather be broke
Whatcha gonna do when you're out of
favors?
Are you gonna chase this paper?
Whatcha gonna do when the good Lord age ya?
Are you gonna chase this paper? 'Cause all I've ever been told
More money, more problems, so I'd rather be broke More money, more problems, so I'd rather
be broke More money, more, more money
More money, more problem, babe
More money, more, more money
More money, more problem
More money, more problems, so I'd rather be broke

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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