

Can't Say I'm Broke-Tony Shhnow Lyrics

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"Can't Say I'm Broke"

(Big Emm)

Men lie, women lie, people lie, you know?

That money ain't never lied to me

(Dj Yung Rel, what it do?)

Let's talk, yall ain't talking about shit

(Hoodrich)

You can say what you want, can't say that I'm broke

Like the car broke down I still can't go

I ain't gon' stop til' my niggas get on

Shoutout my bitch cause' she bad to the bone

I stay with my gun, I ain't never alone

I stay on that road, I ain't never at home

(Major out here fuck niggas)

Every morning wake up

I'm fresh out the mud but I wash my hands

My bitch thick and she rich

I move weight, they ain't flexing like this

I gotta' thank god for the the times that he blessed me

My momma' was stressing, sometimes it would hurt

I kept that shit tucked cause' I knew it would work

I stay down and come up, one day

Never say never, I got you forever
My girl on her knees, when I need her I bless her
My girl ain't worried when I ain't at home
Because she know I got a Glock on the dresser
Tony a well known finesser
Pipes in the whip and I'm blowing on pressure
I got a bitch but I still need extra
I'm booked real but I still ain't gon' text ya'
I thank god every morning
Ain't a day that don't go by that I don't wake up, get up on it
(Dj Yung Rel, wassup?)
All my clothes from out the country
All my bitches go get money
Take your aim, but you can't take this from me
I compete with myself cause' it make me go harder
I put down the drank and I picked up some water
I pulled up in foreign but my diamonds bussin' like Charger's
(We major)
Aye, yeah, you can say what you want
I'm still rich and do what I want
My bitch look like she straight out Milan

You can say what you want, can't say that I'm broke
Like the car broke down I still can't go
I ain't gon' stop til' my niggas get on
Shoutout my bitch cause' she bad to the bone
I stay with my gun, I ain't never alone
I stay on that road, I ain't never at home
Every morning wake up
I'm fresh out the mud but I wash my hands
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I move weight, they ain't flexing like this
I gotta' thank god for the the times that he blessed me

My momma' was stressing, sometimes it would hurt
I kept that shit tucked cause' I knew it would work
I stay down and come up, one day

(Big Emm)
(Dj Yung Rel, what it do?)

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