

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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