

Broke Leg

Tory Lanez, Quavo & Tyga

[Intro]

Everything Foreign, hahaha

[Chorus: Tory Lanez]

What, I told her drop that ass, 'til you can't no more
Shake that ass up and down like your leg was broke
Take that big ol' booty girl, and scrub the ground
You fuck with a real nigga when the thugs were down

[Verse 1: Tory Lanez]

You done walked in like you ain't fit in the door
You don't listen to opinions from these sensitive hoes
Up and down on that dick like you ain't did it before
Shawty suck that shit like she invented the dome
I see lil' mama in here twerkin' like she don't work a job
She let me touch that body like I work in massage
Oh, she in her late 30s? She a bad lil' bitch
All that age shit don't matter, not a tad lil' bit
I take 'em 20, take 'em 30, take 'em 50 years old
Get her shakin' that ass like a video ho
She hit the club tonight in her pink dress
She hit that nigga like, 'Why the fuck ain't you pay my rent check?'

[Chorus: Tory Lanez]

Bounce that ass 'til you can't no more
Shake that ass up and down like your leg was broke
Take that big ol' booty girl, and scrub the ground
You fuck with a real nigga when the thugs were down

[Post-Chorus: O.T. Genasis]

I said, you workin' with some ass, yeah, some ass, yeah
Make a nigga spend his bag here, his bag here
Make a nigga pop a tag, yeah, his tag, yeah
Fuck a nigga like, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Verse 2: Quavo]

What's up, though? It's the Huncho (Quavo)
Bounce that ass, ho (Ass)
I'ma let cash go (Cash)
Bitch, you already know how my gang roll (Gang)

If they pull up, we turn it to the Stripper Bowl (Strippy!)
She with that shit, can she do it with a stick? (She wit it! Damn)
Big banana, can she do it on a split? (Bow!)
Get flew'd out, take you on your first trip (Oh)
Can't clock out 'til noon, 'cause you still countin' tips (No)
Pop out, say "Ooh, lookin' good," with your bitch (Pop-out)
Rock out 'til June, in the summertime we lit (Rock out)
Pop up balloons, it's your birthday, bitch (Woo)
All the rich niggas wanna save this bitch (Uh)

[Chorus: Tory Lanez]

Bounce that ass 'til you can't no more
Shake that ass up and down like your leg was broke
Take that big ol' booty girl, and scrub the ground
You fuck with a real nigga when the thugs were down

[Post-Chorus: O.T. Genasis]

I said, you workin' with some ass, yeah, some ass, yeah
Make a nigga spend his bag here, his bag here
Make a nigga pop a tag, yeah, his tag, yeah
Fuck a nigga like, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Verse 3: Tyga]

You know who she call when she flew into town
She told me she would never fuck with me, look at her now
Got the Lambo sittin' low, bitch, scrapin' the ground
And my diamonds so loud, baguettes sing like Adele
Got your hooker on the sale, think I'm pimpin' for real
And these bitches love me, 'cause I ain't kissin' and tell
If I ever make a wish, I ain't wishin' 'em well
Sold your soul for some clout, you ain't never gon' sell
T-Raw prevail, callin' it seashell
Big ice on my cross, devil got no chill
We've been fuckin' for a year, I ain't even in my feels
I've been ballin' 10 years, you ain't even on the field

[Chorus: Tory Lanez]

Bounce that ass 'til you can't no more
Shake that ass up and down like your leg was broke
Take that big ol' booty girl, and scrub the ground
You fuck with a real nigga when the thugs were down

[Post-Chorus: O.T. Genasis]

I said, you workin' with some ass, yeah, some ass, yeah
Make a nigga spend his bag here, his bag here
Make a nigga pop a tag, yeah, his tag, yeah

Fuck a nigga like, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>