

# Dollar

## Dj Parler

We gonna break this down and roll a blunt  
YEAH  
Since the seventh grade I was told I would never excel  
Hopeless, I would either be dead or in jail  
Destined to fail  
But I done came to far to turn back  
Just poor white trash from the wrong side of the tracks  
I learned to add and subtract  
And I never went back  
To that lil' school I had been sent to  
Find some shit I could get in to  
Been through more by the time I was eighteen  
Then most people go through before they thirty  
I'm from the motherfucking dirty ( dirtyyy )  
Trouble-maker, hard-headed motherfucker  
In one ear and out the other  
I got a brother named bubba  
Different daddy same mother  
Remind me of when I was younger lil' bad motherfucker  
My told me son it's time to settle down  
Momma your baby's a player and I get around  
I be up all night gone on that Hennessey and weed  
The only thing that helped me deal with all this jealousy and greed  
If I had a dollar for all of y'all  
That wanna see me in my grave  
I could just pack up and move away  
And spend the rest of my days getting paid  
If I had a dime for every time  
Somebody tried to insult my game  
I'd be in the islands doing fine  
Counting money sipping some champaign  
Wooo, inhale the weed smoke, ease my tension  
I was a bad boy, in and out of juvenile detention  
I grew up making bargains to get back on the streets  
I concentrated on paper just to get back on my feet  
I'm money minded, saw my people progress  
Paranoid, I'm underneath a bullet proof vest  
Staying stressed, peeping out the curtains knowing death is certain  
I know them killers is lurking

Ha, Ha, Smirking when I ride by they broke ass  
I aint stunting 'em, cause they aint making no cash  
I'm gonna let them royalty checks accumulate  
We so good with it there's nothing you can do but hate  
If I had a dollar for all of y'all  
That wanna see me in my grave  
I could just pack up and move away  
And spend the rest of my days getting paid  
If I had a dime for every time  
Somebody tried to insult my game  
I'd be in the islands doing fine  
Counting money sipping some champaign  
Whooo  
I gotta be thinking I'm get my ass killed  
Filled with strap kneel  
Cause over the passed years it's bad here in Nashville  
This one's for the homies that lost they life up on the battle field  
Way before the record deals we pack steal, that's real  
Dropped a CD at every jackhead club  
Out to get me thinking I'm a million dollar motherfucker  
But at night I can't sleep, I toss and turn  
Visions of Benz's be bought and money being burned  
I might not hit the billboard but I'm keeping it crunk  
And I get much love in Beechwood and lil Will's trunk  
You know no eastcoast to westcoast may not see that  
I get big love where I be at, Bitch believe that  
So many setbacks I got to try to overcome  
I take another sip of liquor just to keep me numb  
I know these haters love to catch me straight buck me and laugh  
While that AK 47 shell cut me in half  
Yeah, then you woke up you hater  
Why don't you do something with your life  
Get money boy, get up off yo ass  
Stop hating on me and mine and get ya own  
That's what the hell you need to do  
Bring the hook back boy  
If I had a dollar for all of y'all  
That wanna see me in my grave  
I could just pack up and move away  
And spend the rest of my days getting paid  
If I had a dime for everytime  
One of y'all tried to insult my game  
I would just  
First thing you know, Stak'll be a millionaire  
What couldn't I do if I had that

( Ha, ha, ha, ha ha )

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