Dime Quarter Nickel Penny

Nappy Roots

[Skinny DeVille]
I broke a dollar down the gutter (?) the dime, quarter, penny, nickel
Flipped the 25 to 50 cent, now watch the bitch triple
Game simple, ya here today, tomorrow ya ain't
Now who the hell gon' save it right
That ain't gon' change the way you think
I took a buck fifty, ballin on a budget, bought a Dutch
Quickly spilled it and I stuffed it with that chunky from Kentucky
Man that blunt did it, sour then McDonald's make the world pick
(If any nigga got it) Shit Skinny finna get it
(Get it) While it's gettin good and hold it for a minute
Let that shit bubble, weigh it up and chop it when it's finished
(We gon' drop it when it's finished) for some dollars and some pennies
Like a dime relentless, Nappy niggaz all about the Benji's
(Benji?) Not the dog naw, we're talkin bout the dead prez
Slaw, with the hog mall, chicken wing and fed bread
Dough like the cash flow, finna keep my fo-cus
Spinnin like a twenty picture Skinny in a cold pit
(Spinnin like a twenty picture Skinny in a cold pit?)
Boy yeain't know that money make the world go
Hustlin for pennies, nine-four for it real slow[Chorus]
[Stille] Dime, quarter, nickel, penny
[Skinny] Damn, ain't it funny how we all about the Benji's?
[Stille] Dime, quarter, nickel, penny
[Scales] Won't you give me a dollar since ya got so many
[Stille] Dime, quarter, nickel, penny
[Skinny] Damn, ain't it funny how we all about the Benji's?
[Stille] Dime, quarter, nickel, penny
[Scales] Won't you give me a dollar since ya got so many[B. Stille]
(Whatchu want man?)
(?) said a hundred for that
Super happiness, a blunt and a sack
Who could we feel like this, I don't need no crack
Weed smoke comin out the front of the 'Lac (chrome)
Gun in the lap and a gun in the back
Come to realize we was goin that fast
I blink my eyes, follow runnin my tags (get out the car)
Next time I travel somewhere dirty I'ma come in a cab[Scales]
I can't knock all the rocks you rock

How I'ma cop all them yachts ya got?
You get props on the bop-she-bop
Let's keep it all the way Nappy, when you hot you HOT!
Burn up a dime, sell a nickel at the corner
Throw a penny in the jukebox, damn it's outta order
Spinnin air, fumes blowin, silver spoons (Rick Shroeder)
The dollar value gets shorter as you get older
Hey come here for a minute
Don't tell nobody I told you but uh...
The dollar value gets shorter as you get older[Chorus]
[R. Prophit]
Aww, why'all boys done up and done it, spun it, flaunt it
Jump my motorbike doin about a hundred, one gun and I'm blunted
Everybody fend for they self - they tell me strong-arm
while it's only ten on the shelf (watch out! watch out!)
Like this, Galloping Ghost flow ferocious
Break down bones like osteoperosis (ohh!)
Prophit's in a coma, back stuffed with explosives
Postage to the White House, fuck all that bullshit
It's kinda funny, everybody love money to death
Not that, 3% control America's wealth
Need some help? Look at yourself, sure ya do
why'all feel like "fuck the world?" me too
(?), can't get rich being complacent
Know ya gotta rebel when ya can't make a payment
Water like ice cubes for big faces
Face it, we're livin with racists, outrageous
Wild, host-ile, shake up stages, contagious
Young baby don't have patience, what my name is?
R. Prophit (yes sir?) sing the cadence[Chorus]
Dime, quarter, nickel, penny...
Dime, quarter, nickel, penny...
Dime, quarter, nickel, penny...

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