

# Dollar (Chopped & Screwed Version)

## Scarface

Dollar

Dollar I'm 'bout my game, can't take shit light  
Rich today, be broke tonight  
I duck the pin 'cuz I seek the light  
On my grind, my grind's my life My life's my hood, my home is slums  
My boys is deep, hoes is young  
Funk is here, I'm out the way  
I stash the cash for that rainy day Those days to come, my storm awaits  
I save for now, for babenapes  
For cars and wheels, for grills and chains  
For cows and bulls, for screens and bang For candy paint, my life done changed  
My kids is grown, I needs the bank  
My bank for real, I leaves behind  
A name that lives for years uh, uh Big weed and drink, rims and candy paint  
Fresh shoes and clothes, keep several hoes  
Y'all idolize me, I do it for the dollar Girls slide down the pole, niggas trick for hoes  
We sell tons of dope, I ain't never broke  
Ain't my fault that the world revolves the dollar I dips to clubs, gets major play  
From major hoes in a major way  
Short skirts and boots, thick ass with thighs  
She said it's yours, come fuck me eyes Got hoes with jobs, got hoes with games  
Got freaky hoes that dance with hey  
They likes my style and I like they ways  
She wants what's mine and I want what pays I love these hoes without my heart  
I fucks they mind not private parts  
They falls in lust, dick game in truth  
She leaves her man 'cuz I keeps her loose She dreams of me, just met the chick  
She mean to you 'cuz you stressed the bitch  
I takes her home, you sweat the shit  
She rolls her eyes like 'The Exorcist' Big weed and drink, rims and candy paint  
Fresh shoes and clothes, keep several hoes  
Y'all idolize me, I do it for the dollar Girls slide down the pole, niggas trick for hoes  
We sell tons of dope, I ain't never broke  
Ain't my fault that the world revolves the dollar It's in my blood, been real for deep  
Ain't changed a bit, I claim the streets  
I've left the hood but made it back  
Sold cocaine, smoked and I jacked Prophets from crack, bought cockpits and gats  
Bulldogs and hogs, my life I rap  
Put down in words, dope fiends in packs

My block I love and they love me back  
Homeboys is feuding, got hate for none  
I rise for real, I stay with guns  
I sleep alone 'cuz I trust myself  
Respect for all but I deals in death  
That's real in depth, can't bite my tongue  
I speaks my mind that's where I'm from  
That's how I'm raised, I'm cut from that  
That's how I'm made, can't fuck with that  
Big weed and drink, rims and candy paint  
Fresh shoes and clothes, keep several hoes  
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