Dollar

Puck

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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