

# Money (Dollar Bill) [feat. Sadat X]

## Everlast

Dollar, dollar bills  
Dotes, marks, franks, yens and pounds  
I rock the chopped up sounds from devinger dounds  
Out the Ford Rover, up top in the boogie  
I be loyal to my peeps just like pooh to stud doogie  
Never bearer bad news, paying crazy dues I'm blowing out crews and taming mad shrews  
Like Bill Shakespeare, the fakes will disappear  
The flavor in your ear is strong like everclear  
200 proofs will put the match to the roof  
And set this bitch on fire, get rich to empire  
About to strike back if you rock the mic whack  
And that's the way it is 'cuz yo it's like that Money, money y'all  
It be the root of all evil  
Money, money y'all  
It makes you popular with people I go back to the '80's like, "Three times a lady"  
When it was pussy for free and crack for currency  
It just occurred to me, it's time for surgery  
I remove emcees like tumors  
The lies and the rumors got me thinking of this dove About time made social club  
Yo, word to my mama, I'm high off the trauma  
Whitey Ford gets deeper than a subway train  
And I serve lazy fools like fast food chains  
All pain no gain makes the brain insane  
Life in the fast lane deflates the cash gain Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all  
Dolla, dolla, dolla, dolla, dolla bill y'all Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all  
Dolla, dolla, dolla, dolla, dolla bill y'all Everlast, it takes money  
(To get that fly ass hoe)  
It takes money  
(To see me rock a live show)  
It takes money  
(To get that last bag of smoke 'cuz [unverified])  
Hey, I'm about to gee off just like my name was Edo  
Black kids call me Whitey, Spanish kids Whito  
White kids call me king of this B-boy thing If it's broke than he fix it, if it's wack the mix it  
Can't none of you emcees ever fuck with these  
You be crazy on my dick like some porno chick  
For the style that I'm blessing, ain't no second guessing  
Can't heed the lesson, subtraction, addition  
The war for submission, ain't no debate Won't stop until I've eaten off a platinum plate

I want stocks and bonds, plus the real estate  
I want the iron gates and low interest rates  
Plus a fly little spot to bring all my dates  
A little stash of cash to put inside the safe  
When times get lean, y'all know what I mean(Money, money y'all)  
Some be calling it cream  
(Money, money y'all)  
Some be calling it feti  
(Money, money y'all)  
But once I get it I'm jetiDollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all  
Dolla, dolla, dolla, dolla, dolla bill y'allDollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all  
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Dolla, dolla, dolla, dolla, dolla bill y'allDollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all  
Dolla, dolla, dolla, dolla, dolla bill y'allI want cash and checks, I want diamond rings  
I want jewels on my neck and mad fly things  
I want stacks of fat chips so I can take long trips  
I want to sail the Bahamas on my own cruise ships  
I want acres of land, I want papers in hand  
I want stocks and bonds, all pros, no cons  
Hey, if it smells funny then pack it up honey  
I want the money y'all, I need the money y'all

Songwriters

HARPER, DELISLE/LEFLEUR, GLEN/JAMMER, JOE/VERNON, MICHAEL WILLIAM

HUGH/WINGFIELD, PETE/SPICER, JIMMY/SIMMONS, RUSSELLPublished by

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