

Peace, Love, Money

D-Why

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

West Virginia hills, New York City streets
And these Brooklyn days, Cincinnati nights, early flights
California rays, feeling like I'm moving fast, really I'm running in place
Momma says I'm one in a million and there's a million ways to get it
My mind is on a mission, I've always had an image but I've never had a gimmick
So don't try and mimic, it's a gift that I was given, made to be different
Sometimes I feel like the chosen one, I should have been born on Christmas
I'm looking like a million but I'm feeling like a penny
Still pour like some Henny, till I'm looting like I'm Kenny
I'm eating plenty but honey, it's at Wendy's or Denny's
My stomach still empty, I'm so hungry, you want me, come get me
I'm spending nights with new girls, new girls who rock fake Chanel
Where is Zoey Deschanel, where the fuck is Dave Chappelle
Once you get a leg in, they try to tear your ACL
I'm just trying to live and keep it real I'm just little old me, I don't need much
Some green in my pocket and some coffee in my cup
I need some place to chill, I need some time to think
I'm trying to break bread with my friends and family I need peace, love, money
Peace, love, money
I need peace, love, money
Peace, love, money
Man, that's all I need, need
That's all I need, need
I need peace, love, money
Peace, love, money
I need peace, love, money
Peace, love, money
Man, that's all I need, need
That's all I need, need Mama raised a gentleman, pops raised a general
Now we killing 'em, ghost riding hearses at the funeral
Billy smoking as usual, what he smoking unusual
Bank account is ugly but the struggle so beautiful

Dollar bills for dollar meals, man, we gotta eat
From the streets, graffiti screaming fuck police
Shitty cribs, pissed off neighbors, fuck the lease
Went to school, studied hard and I got degrees
Slaved off, no days off, still got laid off
And a couple friends, they burned me, like Madoff
The shit y all try to label me y all is way off
Please hop up off my dick and stay off
It ain't nothing, I'm running, gunning for something new
You can't just sit around, expect your dreams to come true
Work hard, play hard, that's exactly what I'm gonna do
Someone get the coffee on brew I'm just little old me, I don't need much
Some green in my pocket and some coffee in my cup
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I need peace, love, money
Peace, love, money
Man, that's all I need, need
That's all I need, need It's all good but it could be better
We gonna get this money up together
We'll make it rain and change the weather
And live like this every day forever I'm just little old me, I don't need much
Some green in my pocket and some coffee in my cup
I need some place to chill, I need some time to think
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