Dollar Bill (feat. Foxy Brown)

R. Kelly

Unstoppable, Trackmasters, Rockland, come onNa-na so sick, make your toes twitch
Get up in yo' ass and ride that shit
Oh yeah, dare you act shady with the first lady?
Let's go half on this baby
Inner thighs thick so when we fuck you must put me in a Swiss ho'
Room 704, fuck they mad at me fo'?
Skin copper, na-na stay proper, who could stop her?
Nothin'. Hey, do a somersault
All that platinum shit you bought?
Nigga, fuck you thought, it ain't my fault
Keep the wrist rocky, attitude cocky
Next time you see me, address me like "Miss Foxy"
It's for the wrist cop it, if it's a six drop it
Thongs with topless how you like that Robbie?
Ain't nothing sweet, you know my style, doggy style
From the back, in the back, hit it like that
The dollar billNothin' but stacks get you anything
Anywhere, as a matter of fact, dollar billSay what you want baby
While you be stalling at the lights
We be dippin in MercedesDollar billCan get us from here to Rio
In two hours first class still time to take a shower
The dollar billWhere ever we be it's VIP stats, no doubt
So what y'all cats know about thatSay lady, I'm liking what I see
Come on and talk to me baby, baby, baby
Can't you see one night is all I need
We'll go somewhere and be
Talkin' about your future plans with me
I would do anything
To have you in my life, that's right
We can take a flight out of here go anywhereUh uh, I got proof rims on the V-12
Make you raise the roof, no gold in the tooth
Put some in the vault CD's overseas
Private lofts, I'm you haters holocaust
Ain't my fault I rap, then still made a mill'
But it's my fault I got my own label deal
Vacation in Japan while you wish for Bennihana's
On the way to pick up Madona, the ill na-naNow you know the na-na plays with the big boys, aye'day
From the six coupe to the big Royce, can you handle that?
A lotta sass and ass with that

And I'm strickly for the dough
So fuck you think I'm here fo'?
Princesses in a row, row platinum status
Ice lace to pink face
Then I back the faggots
See me rocking aye'thang from Mongolians to Persians
Y'all still learning, I got Rem swervin', through a sermon
And there's nothin' you can tell me 'bout these cats that I
Don't even ram through a plan, too much stack
Must I continue this?
Might be a couple of cats that I miss
We could skip the french kiss, take it straight to the wrist
And it gets no iller than this
Na-na engraved on canary ice, see me wear it twice
Did y'all niggas hear me right?
Me and Kelly put the lock down on New York to Chitown
His town to my town, for the dollar billThe dollar billTell me who that said that we couldn't rock
I roll the dice, bet the dots say we won't stop
I roll from Chitown to Cali, hit your block
I bless the day that R&B music meet hip hop
You haters thought that Kelly couldn't keep it hot
Even when I'm in your face, y'all see me not
Sportin' nothing but the rocks, navigators on the block
Merridian CD's with five TV's
College honeys follow in your GS3
We on the way to IHOP, coming from the spot
Niggas in the lot jammin' to the knock
Y'all mad cause you can't get what we got
Who's the number one contender, January through December?
Cut your forest down while you niggas screamin' Timothy
Sophia know me from the beach house in Miami
Banks know me, so I could give a damn about the GrammiesThe dollar bill
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all
The dollar bill
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all
The dollar bill
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all
The dollar bill
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'allThe dollar bill, Track Masters, Rockland
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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