

Dolla Bills

Caskey

Late at night, I'm bout to put the ball in
Got a couple seconds left with a 3 point shot and I'm hot so I'm all in
Homie what's my name? Kobe, but they don't know me
Till I pull the chain out, let the mothafucka hang out
That's a gift from my father, he was an OG
Yup, so it's in my veins, wanting the same, got one in the chain
Make one false move, put one in your brain
I am one boss dude, got hundreds to claim
Money ain't a thing bitch, but in this world
Money be the main, so the all-seeing-eye see it all in a day
& you can call me a lot but can't call me a slave
Yo but check my chains, all of them hang like I hang wit a gang
And a gang tryna run up on my neck, then it's bang bang
Brains all over the street, like a slain thing
I'm a sick muhfucka, I ain't tryna be a dawg
Just a rich muhfucka, in the hill grants still
Tryna make a couple mill and if I can't do that I'ma steal

[Chorus]

Cause I need dolla bills, boy I need dolla bills
The root of all evil y'all
Well tell me how that mothafucka feels
Dolla bills, boy I need dolla bills
The root of all evil y'all
Well tell me how that mothafucka feels
Wanting the same, got one in the chain
And I barely got one to my name
Wanting the same, got one in the chain
And I barely got one to my name
Boy I need dolla bills

Pulled up in my ride, we tryna make it smooth so we hopped in
I don't work a 9 to 5, move a little work on the side
When I wake's when I clock in
Fools say I'm nice, real dudes say I'm rude
And I move like I'm on ice, on edge, and on dice
Rollin 6 three times, like I'm hittin up my Lord Christ
Lord knows that my cool right
It's the world outside that'll make a man sword fight
Pull swords, and poor light out on my living room floor
In my drawer, is the 4'5, that's a gift from my pops
Told me if any man try to break inside the house then let off shots
And the shots got let off but they was breakin & entering
I ain't have to jet off, the cops came
Put the gun to the couch, neighbors watch me
Everybody lookin at my face like I'm not sane
High octane, and I be feeling like 'all eyes on me'
Just ain't a 'Pac thing but more like my thing
And I don't fuck with these hoes cause I got game
I don't got change or a dolla to my name but I maintain
And all my mothafuckin dollars are the same thing

[Chorus]

Dolla bills, dolla bills, boy I need dolla bills
The root of all evil y'all
Well tell me how that mothafucka feels
Dolla bills, boy I need dolla bills

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Ever since a young age, I was always taught that you gotta get gold
But you rest on the Sunday, Monday I was back to the grind
Doing hands-on work, but my hands on the pine & the surface
Fear about my enemies, lost on the road ...
Merchin, oh you want work
Ain't enough work that your whole body is submersed in
Well come and make a purchase
The first buy, is the iceberg on the surface
Worthless, until you explain it's a purpose
We move funds like you move guns in the service
Just lookin what the world took
The other day I had this summer girl down, look
Shit ain't all good around these parts they get crooked
And we can't keep playing by the book
We gotta get wicked
No more division, only multiply in the eyes of division
She be wondering why I be whilin' and bitchin
Cause we ain't got digits

[Chorus]

Bitch I need dolla bills, boy I need dolla bills
The root of all evil y'all
Well tell me how that mothafucka feels
Dolla bills, boy I need dolla bills
The root of all evil y'all
Well tell me how that mothafucka feels
Wanting the same, got one in the chain
And I barely got one to my name
Wanting the same, got one in the chain
And I barely got one to my name
Boy I need dolla bills