

Couple Dollas

Chip tha Ripper

And we just out here
Tryna make a couple dollas
Couple dollas, a couple dollas

We just out here
Tryna get a couple dollas
Couple dollas, na don't want no problems

We just out here
Tryna get a couple dollas
Couple dollas, a couple dollas

We just out here
Tryna get a couple dolllllllas

[Chip tha Ripper:]
I know, I know
I switch my number like my drawers
Potholes in the road
Be the same as them cars

I be gettin from them spontaneous
Miscellaneous
Niggas talkin' bout how bad
That they tryna be famous and

Me I'm tryna be filled
With cheese like them danishes
But, I hustle hard
While you beggin' and complainin' when

Niggas ain't got nothin' for you dawg
Get your own shit
Young niggas on some grown shit
Droppin' cold shit

Fuckin' up the world
On that pinky and the brain shit
Young niggas on the same shit
Niggas brainless

Scarecrow, tinman
Big joke, sinbad
Let's go
Turn my XO's in that swim fan?

Wet bottom of the net
Droppin' buckets on
Hatin' hoers kickin' in your door
Who the fuck is home

Now I'm 'bout to make a sandwich in this bitch
Punchin' niggas out rightin' fools on christmas?

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I just wanna puff a little diesel
While I'm fuckin' with my people
Bitch I do this for my people

I just wanna puff a little diesel
While I'm fuckin' with my people

I know, I know
Now I'm hollywood cause I'm poppin'
Saw me at the mall coppin'
I ain't even stop and chop it

I just threw the deuce up
And kept truckin' to them ends
Why you think the word friend
Got end at the end?

Nigga dwell on that shit
I wake and bake
Like it was Kellog breakfast

Ya'll niggas robots
Just do what the next did
Why you think
I don't ride it on necklace?

The best is the
Nigga who ain't never satisfied
But only do it with pride
And titty is what you grind

Ya'll niggas be lyin'
The swag ready to five
My raps ahead of their time
Cause stacks ahead of my mind

Money, power, respect
The lames even know
I'm talkin' snow, sweet jays, jones
On you hoes

Here we go hip-hop
Just walk up out the coma
Now she goes right in my shit
Nigga it's over

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[Skooda Chose:]
Well ain't we all dawg?
Ima start erasin' these lames
Without my call log

Cause when ya'll are needin' some change
Is when ya'll call
That's why I see ya fuckin' numbers on the screen
Shake my head and say "oh na"

Still tryna make that dollar
Out of that fifteen
Big dreams while most have their eyes closed
Mitch Green

After the Tyson brawl
Life's a gamble but I'm in it
Long as the dice involved

School of the greatest mental cake?
Took the icing off
Waited then I ate it later

Some niggas hate it
That I made the papers

Like a year later
I made the fader

X's to double X
Used to play that Cleveland Brown
Hootie tricks with the double fresh

Niggas mad I'm in a gang
With a double check?
That's cause I paid the ref
Now couldn't save yourself

With the hate in your eyes
Oh nigga save your breath
Cause broke niggas is out of quarters
Cause they played themselves

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