Weigh a Buck 50, weigh a Buck 50 It comes and goes, it comes and goes (Fraudulent friends get the boot in the end) Weigh a Buck 50, weigh a Buck 50 It comes and goes, it comes and goes (Fraudulent friends get the boot in the end) Weigh a Buck 50, weigh a Buck 50 It comes and goes, it comes and goes (Fraudulent friends get the boot, the boot)

Theoretic, dietetics oppose my genetics They can't comprehend, they romp in sin Coming from within, I don't hold a grudge when they judge It's crass, sometimes I come in first, sometimes I come in last But I guess that's a part of life, in the heart of strife Shoot ellipses cause eclipses on the sandy shores From the ghetto to the meadow I hope people hear and let go Of the thing that's oppressive, stop being possessive Unleash it, it can't be enslaved in the grave So pave the way and disperse the curse Of perversed ancestry who didn't care for morals I know I have ancestry who didn't care for morals So slide, glide to freedom of foolish pride 150's shifty, let the joy inside Purity is callin' your name (hello) So ya answer, ya answer, ya answer, ya answer

Weigh a Buck 50, Weigh a Buck 50 Those who remain hold the strains of the fickle Weigh a Buck 50, Weigh a Buck 50 Four quarters, four dimes, and oh yeah, two nickels ... like Don Rickles

Weigh a Buck 50, weigh a Buck 50 It comes and goes, it comes and goes (Fraudulent friends get the boot in the end) Weigh a Buck 50, weigh a Buck 50 It comes and goes, it comes and goes (Fraudulent friends get the boot in the end) Weigh a Buck 50, weigh a Buck 50 It comes and goes, it comes and goes

Down like Brandy yea you wanna be, tryna see If Bone got game with deceased presidents It's evident I live by the funk of poverty When I'm dunked cause my situations deep knee I'm up to my boots in applications Eliminating advocates who are threats I gets meticulous administrating friendships So none slip through my fingertips in the process So I suggest an open eye when you sleep Peek-a-boo I see you phony boo-boos Word on the street: Gotee got the beats And since I been down I seem to never come around Too big for my britches, the snitches Got mo' stories than G's on the block hittin' switches So take a whiff sniff hey this kid's shifty

Fittin' the descriptive weight of one fifty

Weigh a Buck 50, Weigh a Buck 50 Those who remain we tight like Gladys' Pips Weigh a Buck 50, Weigh a Buck 50 Four quarters, four dimes, and oh yeah, two hollow tips ... and fat lips

Weigh a Buck 50, weigh a Buck 50 It comes and goes, it comes and goes (Fraudulent friends get the boot in the end) Weigh a Buck 50, weigh a Buck 50 It comes and goes, it comes and goes (Fraudulent friends get the boot in the end) Weigh a Buck 50, weigh a Buck 50 It comes and goes, it comes and goes (Fraudulent friends get the boot, the boot)

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