

# Another Day, Another Dollar

Paul Wall

Another day, another dollar  
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Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
Another day, another dollar  
Paul Wall, baby  
AYY

I'm smokin' on that fye that be too hard to find  
I'm higher than a mountain top; I'm too high to climb  
Mindin' my beeswax, I'm in my own zone on my own  
Just me and my thoughts; I'm not alone  
Crawlin' in a Fleetwood Brougham through Acres Home  
Inside eggshell, soft memory foam  
Mind blown, cloud nine what I'm on  
The same ones talkin' down tryna be my clone  
Big Moe and a styrofoam; I'm medicated  
This for all the birthdays I never celebrated  
I'm underestimated right before I'm imitated  
I elevated my grind; I'm fully dedicated  
Starin' in the rear view, lookin' at the old me  
Happy is the only emotion I let control me  
Mental fortitude very strong  
Doin' me; let me carry on

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I spent a hunnid on a whip; I'm 'bout to fuck it up  
Dropped a bag on the wheels just to scuff 'em up  
A band for a fo'; I'm 'bout to muddy up  
We used to stash 'em in a rusty ol' muddy truck  
They hatin' on the low; I see 'em huddled up  
Instead, I focus on me; my grind double up  
Put on my big boy pants; I had to toughen up  
I'm on my scutch; I'm not into all the scuttlebutt  
I'm pullin' up quick then I'm out like three strikes  
I'm in a foot of paper if you wanna be precise  
Twenty-five eight; I'm gettin' scratch like flea bites  
I'm known to put in overtime under the streetlights  
I'm out late weeknights to grind, untouched  
Gettin' bucks, unbothered by the outside fuss  
My leaf got a crush; satellite is a must  
I'm doin' me times infinity plus

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