

Another Day, Another Dollar

Paul Wall

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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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