

# The Dough

Prodigy

Yeah yeah...

You know we always gonna come through

Not playing no games or whatever

Yeah yeah, that's right

Yo I'm up 4 in the morning making some new shit  
I just keep going and going when everybody quit  
I don't stop I'm a fiend, way more than Rakim  
It's not the mic that I like, it's the song when it's finished  
Niggas can't seem to rock it, but I be in the pocket  
Your rap doesn't flow with the beat, you need to stop it  
They buying into my story because my shit real  
You never do what you say, that's why you don't sell  
I ain't beefing on a record, somebody gonna die  
And you can beef about it when you read about in the Times  
Ain't no bullshitting nigga I'm a rare species  
Every ten years they make a nigga like P'

Imma slow it down, so you can hear me out  
And really really listen and see what I'm about  
You feel me on the right, you feel my on the left  
They feel me in the back...  
It's all about the dough, that's how we stay alive  
I like to see you try to eat and you ain't got a dime  
It's all about the dough, that's how we stay alive  
I like to see you try to eat and you ain't got a dime

All I do is wake up and make hits  
At 15 I mastered the 16 bars, with some henny and a spliff  
Now you can't tell me shit  
Give me one hour with a dope ass beat, and I'll show you how to spit  
You ain't got no war stories, nigga you ain't got shit  
Because we ain't trying to hear your little songs for the chicks  
And that bitch want it hard not a RnB thug  
She like it real rough, nigga you the sweet stuff  
Ha, cream puff nigga, I need you  
So they can tell the difference between me and you  
Yo I wake up every morning and I write a new smash  
I don't do this for the radio I do this for the fans  
Do it for the block  
This is for my niggas that's locked up in a box  
In the maxi max, that's the penitentiary  
My pen will never cease  
Shit my pops gave ten years, to the federales  
From Georgia to Cali, He broke out of L.A County  
With the cuffs on, my pops was rowdy  
Then caught him out in San Jose, you know the bounties  
If you can see me now, living like the sallies

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Yo we gonna get this money real quick  
Fuck what you talking about...