

I'm a master (Master)
Y'all should give me honorary masters (Masters)
Rapper work the green just like the Masters (The Masters)
The new slave talkin' like he got a masta (Whoop! Whoop!)
Screamin' "Free thought!"
All the greatest legends behind bars ain't really talk
Everything I say is everything, I really walk
Got it for the free, though if it wasn't what I really bought
Yeah, yeah, pigeon poles (Pigeon poles)
Only way we ever, ever comin' toe to toe
My Ivory Coast, come for blood, caught me trippin' though
Yeah, I got the juice, woo! See I'm drippin' dough

Dollars, dollars, dollars, circulate (Circu-circulate)
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Give the homeless homies money, so they eat well
Went and copped a Audi, gotta go and get it detailed
Drive don't depreciate the value of the resale (Yeah, yeah)
Still talkin' that shit in this motha like we Ezale
Hol'up, Mother Ship flow bring the funk back (Funk back)
This for my young heads, my real ones, my old blacks (My old blacks)
This for my nasty niggas askin' where the hoes at? (Where the hoes?)
This gon' be the break, we stop and make 'em do the soul clap

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Dollars, dollars, dollars, circulate (Circu-circulate)
Hey
Dollars, dollars, dollars, circulate (Circu-circulate)
Dollars, dollars, dollars, circulate (Circu-circulate)
Dollars, dollars, dollars, circulate (Circu-circulate)
Dollars, dollars, dollars, circulate (Circu-circulate)

It ain't uncommon to borrow a dollar
Invite me over to eat with yo mama (Eat with your mama)
I like the checks with the commas on commas (Commas on commas)
I want the checks with the commas on commas (Commas on commas)
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I need them dollars
Run me my half or I'll put a hole in your wallet
Cold case on my waist, you don't want these problems
Bank called said they runnin' out of commas
That's on my mama
I'm steady mobbin', posted up till I reach my profit
Margin, cash money and I ain't, I ain't in two thousand
Hustler, don't you hear my stomach growlin'?
Bitch, I'm 'bout it, I'm hungry
So I need them tender greens spillin' off my plate
Cash on delivery, bitch, I raise the stakes

You will hate what I fuckin' make
Just to pop out and I don't even show my face, oh yeah
To count it all, gon' take about a minute
Don't claim the gang, ho, if you know you not with it
Marijuana scented, windows tinted, keep it low
'Cause you know these niggas can't wait to print it, oh yeah

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They said we wouldn't have shit
Wouldn't last if it was up to white Jesus
Niggas started to believe it, started birthin' and bleedin' it
Oh, the lies y'all sold us, um
This poor love of ours, this gospel we sing
This little shine of mine, I'm gonna let it eat me up, I'm gonna let it kill
me
Gonna let it fuck me up till I'm leanin', 'till I'm fiendin', till I'm feeli
n' better, wow
I kinda feel better now
'Cause I got it now
For me
For him
For her
For my Grandmama who had to pick cotton
And my Granddaddy who got lashed at then laughed at
Who you turned your back on, who you took your turn on for masa
I'm sorry, I'm kinda violent now
Fuckin' tired now
Don't mean to disturb your peace, just needed a little piece of what you got
from NASA
Y'all got me hot now
Not asking for permission, came back to see what's good now
Niggas buyin' dreams by the pound, only real niggas sellin'
Only real niggas feel your fear
It's nice I frighten you
It's nice I've inspired you
To look, to think, to act like me
Little, old me?
Little, old me came back to say
We made it