

# Dollar Menu

Ray Vaughn

Sleep for dinner  
Hungry nights  
Dollar menu saved my life  
Blessings exist  
Oh, must be nice  
Dollar menu saved my life

Ah shit, here go this nigga  
Aye, aye, nigga, what's up bruh? What you want today?

Dollar menu saved my life  
Baby, everything gon' be a'ight  
Ten piece, but my mama didn't eat that night  
Promise, I'ma keep it 99 cent for life  
Last night I had sleep for dinner  
And the dreams feels good  
For dinner

Mama an alchy  
Mama an alchy, stepdad a dope fiend  
Know how to sell drugs, know how to sell dreams  
Age of fourteen, I was doing my own thing  
But mama I'm hungry (Hungry)  
'Cause last night I had sleep for dinner  
And my consciousness eats way more than me  
From the women I hurt, from the people I leave, from the fires I feed  
Find a job on Indeed 'cause last night I only had sleep for dinner  
In Hell's Kitchen with the recipe for disaster  
In Long Beach donating plasma  
Would donate my sperm, but I can't 'cause I know how it feels to be bastard  
And last night I only had sleep for dinner  
Couldn't even afford a TV dinner  
Not a Banquet, a Kids Cuisine, Marie Callender's  
Don't know how many days left on my calendar

Do you want it? 'Cause I'll give it to you  
Just like that, motherfucka!

Sheesh! Do what I want  
Shoot! Do what I want  
Yeah, do what I want  
Yeah, do what I want  
Yeah, do what I want  
Yeah, do what you want  
Do what I want, yeah

Standin' on couches 'cause I'm trying to fuck that bitch  
Bring the bottles to me  
Y'all be in DMs beggin' these hoes I feed off the dollar menu  
Started off broke, now I got that munyun, blicky, I got it with me  
Y'all be in DMs beggin' these hoes I feed off the dollar menu

Big forehead, bitch, throw it back  
Hate rats, but I love hood rats  
Wait, what's that logo on his hat?  
L.A. County, do you know where you at?  
Take the order, make 'em McDouglas back

Sittin' at ya window with a Big Mac  
Ain't ashamed that I used to wear Shaqs  
'Cause I hit a home run, slidin' to the 4batz

Barry bonds  
Don't I do my look, erry time?  
Pop out, got him shook, erry time  
Niggas always cry wolf, erry time  
Put money on books, erry time  
And it's like that, you got goers, I would never look twice at  
Everything goin' good like a white staff  
I've been tearin' through the city in a white cat

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It's Big Bag Junior, Mr. Pot Scraper, I'm the Lord's favorite  
Throw a lot of money, do a lot of saving  
Don't tell that bitch, have my son 'less I'm shaded  
Can't beef with my BMs, I made it  
How I can't check my DMs? I made it  
I'm part of the motion club, I made it  
Nigga, I'm me, you, you, you hate it

Look, Vaughn got a roster  
Might catch a boujee bitch leaving my casa  
Leavin' the cribo  
She want the tea, she only gon' take walk of shame in my shakka  
Just get a t-shirt  
She don't fuck with scrubs 'cause she want that body that she get from doctors  
Dr. Miami  
Come fuck with a whoppa, come fuck with a whoppa

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