

Dollar Signs

Young Dolph

Tell you a little something bout a nigga like me
Marijuana residue, on my white tee
Bankroll in my pocket and the bitch all blue
I'm just keeping the shit 1 hunna
Free C Murder, me the truth
Truth nigga til I'm dead
If I die bury me beside my.44
And smoke a whole pound
But again I'm a keep on serving
Stunting on these bitches, swerving
If something dead go real fast
Drop top and [?]
My rich bitch foreign
Smoking weed and drinking syrup
At 8 o clock in the morning
My trap spot loud open
Nigga in 9 o clock in the morning
1 pm pat came from dirt for real out in California

I got customers out my door
Counting money, talking on the phone
Yo bitch on my other line
But she ain't talking dollar signs
Yo bitch on my other line
But she ain't talking dollar signs
She send me text let's go for lunch
I text her back I ain't got time

Dollar signs, dollar signs
Yo bitch on my other line, I ain't lying
She just called my phone said she got dick all on her mind
I said bitch when you get drunk you say that all the time
That's yo favorite line
But I ain't got time
She ready to get the pussy up and blame it on the alcohol
Swear she getting money but that bitch be still in at the mall
Any given time she ready to come out of them draws
She love giving head but she ain't got no walls
Got money stashed in the ceiling in the floor and in the walls
Out in L.A balling like I'm Chris Paul
Your [?] going through withdrawal