

A.L.T. & The Lost Civilization

"No Dollahs, No Sense"

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[Sample] "The question still remains, where is the money" [A.L.T.] Yo man Check this out (Verse 1) I got pull like a trailer I cuss like a sailor I shop at the swap meet, never had a tailor I don't really care I'm broke as a joke Yeah, I had a single, but the record didn't smoke I drive a Toyota, it's older than Yoda Mona wanna loan her, but I already told her That I don't have a penny I'm short of a nickle Tried to buy a burger, but I only got a pickle A brand new Pinto, only in dreams I'm talkin' secondhand jeans and refried beans But A.L.T. treats ya Good money meets ya I'll offer you a soda and a piece of frozen pizza Girls wanna mingle My pockets only jingle Damn, I'm getting hungrier, so please buy the single Don't ask for a nickle And please take a hint If you ain't got dollars Then you ain't got sense Hook: Sample {*scratching*} "Dollars and cents" "Dollars and cents" "Trying to get her hands on some doll-" "Dollars and cents" --> Ice Cube (Verse 2) Rhymin' up a funky rhyme and lyrics, yep, I got 'em Plus I got sober, there's a hole in the bottom Peeped out, and scoped out, the hons when I was little Couldn't afford a guitar I had to learn to fiddle That was never cool, and all the honeys never liked it They were always on the A.L.-I-will-take-a-hike tip I love Italian food The noodles Alfredo My spaghetti's good, but yo, it doesn't have tomato Tomato Tamoto I'm a desperado Mexicans win, but this one can't afford the lotto A knock at my door I open, it slowly Jevohas, leave me alone, because my socks are really holy If I get a crowd, yo, I try my best to rock 'em I got some clever beats, and when I get a chance, I knock 'em Don't ask for a penny And please take a hint If you ain't got dollars Then you ain't got sense Repeat Hook (Verse 3) I got some Chuck Taylors, so my shoes, they always stand out I doesn't have a penny, but I won't accept a handout Never had a radio, I had to stick to hummin' Mom Mom The ice cream man is comin' Her time is always out, so she always thought I planned it Other kids got some, but I was empty-handed I live with my parents My room is always dirty Mom said I can stay But only til I'm thirty I never had no money, but it really doesn't matter If my record sales

Then I'll be livin' phatter There a lot of people, so be
cool and take a hint If you ain't got dollars Then you
ain't got sense (Sense...)

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