

Bushwick Bill

"Dollars And Sense"

Visit "[Dollars And Sense](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Do you have any idea who you're talkin to?)

[VERSE 1]

The name of the game is gettin paid, gettin paid is the name
But there's some niggas out there doin some fucked up things
You shot another nigga for nothin
If I'ma shoot a muthafucka I'ma shoot his ass for somethin
Asked him did he have some money, he said no
He said the reason he shot him cause he was a straight up hoe
The nigga stepped to you and you wasn't goin for it
So you killed him and got shit to show for it
Before you was a broke muthafucka, check it
But now you're a broke muthafucka with a murder record
Did a killin just to prove you was a down nigga
But any nigga can pull the muthafuckin trigger
If you wanted to prove you can go
You shoulda put the muthafuckin gun away and went toe to toe
But you're a hoe, you couldn't go, so you shot first
Send another nigga ridin away in a hearse
And the judge gave you life on your first offense
But if it don't make dollars, man, then it don't make sense

[VERSE 2]

I'm standin on the corner, tryin to feel my money clip
Hopin that one of these geekers don't start to trip
From down the street comes Baby G
The muthafucka always wants somethin for free
The nigga asked me to see a dime
Dig it, I had the feelin I was gonna get jacked all the time
He snatched my dimes and tried to make the block
I squeezed my trigger and let off six or seven shots
Been knowin G ever since he was a little baby
He started smokin and the muthafucka went crazy
Man, I hate it had to end that way

But fuckin with my money, G, you know I don't play
Why can't you fools just take a hint
Cause if it don't make dollars, man, it just don't make
sense

[VERSE 3]

He wants to be a big man, got everybody thinkin he's in
control
Out there frontin just to impress them hoes
Talkin like he got it goin on so much
Not knowin he was settin himself up
Claimin he's the biggest on the block
Say he's movin ki's when he's really sellin rocks
Big talk from a small time sucker
Got everybody watchin him, includin them undercovers
Got them white folks thinkin he's a kingpin
And they wanna send his ass to the federal pen
All that talk got his ass thrown smooth in jail
Now he's tryin to tell the truth, about how much he sells
But them white folks ain't even listenin, gee
To them you're just one more nigger off the street
They gave him cases he ain't have nothin to do with
And now he realize his frontin don't pay shit
Now all he can do is reminisce
Cause if it don't make dollars, fool, it just don't make
sense

Visit [Bushwick Bill](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.