

## **D-Nice**

# **"A Few Dollars More"**

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I grew up in the city where everything is rough  
Where everywhere I turn I seen somebody gettin bust  
Plus everywhere I look  
All I could see is a crackhead or a goddamned crook  
Runnin' around with a pistol or a blade  
Stickin' up in other words gettin' paid  
But I chose not to follow those ways  
Cause the only place you headin' is to jail or the grave  
But on the other hand  
I know a man named Stan  
Who in the future had plans  
To be successful on his quest to  
Take his moms and pops out the ghetto  
But that plan was soon to be crushed  
When one day he realized he must  
Get a better job to pay for his schoolin  
While his friends would sit around just coolin  
He applied for a job in the system  
And everywhere he looked, everybody would diss him  
He doesn't have any type of skill  
And life is not all games, it's real  
he took a long walk down the street  
Tryin' to think of a way to make his ends meet, huh  
So he could buy the fly things he adored

And all Stan wanted to make was a few dollars more

As he walked home, he thought to himself  
Now what am I supposed to do to get wealth  
He felt that his life was worthless  
Then he ran into his man named Curtis  
Now Curtis, he's the type that stops and brags  
About all the things he's got  
Drivin' a Saab with a black ragtop  
Come to find out Curt's workin' for the cops  
He told Stan there's a job that's open  
Makin' it all sound good, just hopin he would take it  
Yup, and like a big dummy  
Stan said "Freak it, yo, I need the money"  
Curt took Stan to meet his boss  
Officer Sims, a sergeant on the force  
He gave him a gun and Stan began

His new career as a damn hit man  
his boss really liked his work  
And gave the boot to his partner Curt  
he didn't realize what he was in for

And all Stan wanted to make was a few dollars more

A few dollars more is what he started to make  
Now he's drivin' around a Saab, with a house upstate  
He got gold and diamond rings  
Crazy girls and all those glamorous things  
But one day this life-style end  
When one afternoon while hangin' with a friend  
Sittin' in the park, drinkin' quarts of beer  
And somebody said "Throw your hands in the air,  
It's a stick-up" and put the gun to his head  
And said, "Make another move and you're dead"  
Now Stan had to make is choice  
He paused and said I recognize that voice  
Huh, where have I heard this  
Now he remember, it's his man named Curtis  
Curtis is mad and felt he'd been robbed  
"Cause Stan is drivin' around in his Saab  
He looked at Stan and said, "I can't believe him,  
Now its' time for me to get even"  
Stan made a move real quick  
Curt jumped back and said, "Yo, that's it"  
Shot him in the back of his head with a nine  
Reached in his pocket, grabbed his cash and then  
dashed  
Now here lies the man on the side  
The same way he lived was the same way he died  
He never knew what he had in store

And all Stan wanted to make was a few dollars more

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