

## Everlast "Money Dolla Bill"

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featuring Sadat X

Dollar dollar bills

Dotes marks franks yens and pounds

I rock the chopped up sounds from devinger dounds

Out the Ford Rover up top in the boogie

I be loyal to my peeps just like pooh to stud doogie

Never bearer bad news

Paying crazy dues

I'm blowing out crews and taming mad shrews

Like Bill Shakespeare the fakes will disappear

The flavor in your ear is strong like everclear

200 proofs will put the match to the roof

And set this bitch on fire

Get rich to empire

About to strike back if you rock the mic whack

And thats the way it is cause yo its like that

(Sadat X) Money money y'all

It be the root of all evil

(Sadat X) Money money y'all

It makes you popular with people

I go back to the '80's

Like "Three Times A Lady"

When it was pussy for free

And crack for currency

It just occurred to me

Its time for surgery

I remove emcees like tumors

The lies and the rumors got me thinking of this dove

About time made social club

Yo word to my mama

I'm high off the trauma

Whitey Ford gets deeper than a subway train

And I serve lazy fools like fast food chains

All pain no gain makes the brain insane

Life in the fast lane deflates the cash gain

Chorus x2

Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all

dolla dolla dolla dolla dolla bill y'all

(Sadat X) Everlast

It takes money

(To get that fly ass hoe)

It takes money

(To see me rock a live show)

It takes money

(To get that last bag of smoke cause ???)

Hey I'm about to gee off just like my name was Edo

Black kids call me Whitey

Spanish kids Whito

White kids call me king of this b-boy thing

If its broke than he fix it

If its wack the mix it

Can't none of you emcees ever fuck with these

You be crazy on my dick like some porno chick

For the style that I'm blessing

Ain't no second guessing

Can't heed the lesson, subtraction addition

The war for submission

Ain't no debate

Won't stop until I've eaten off a platinum plate

I want stocks and bonds

Plus the real estate

I want the iron gates and low interest rates

Plus a fly little spot

To bring all my dates

A little stash of cash, to put inside the safe

When times get lean

Y'all know what I mean

(Money money y'all)

Some be calling it cream

(Money money y'all)

Some be calling it feti

(Money money y'all)

But once I get it I'm jeti

Chorus x5

I want cash and checks

I want diamond rings

I want jewels on my neck and mad fly things

I want stacks of fat chips so I can take long trips

I want to sail the Bahamas on my own cruise ships

I want acres of land

I want papers in hand

I want stocks and bonds

All pros no cons

Hey if it smells funny then pack it up honey

I want the money y'all

I need the money y'all

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