

**Hank Williams Jr.****"Tryin' to Make a Dollar Out of 15 Cents"**

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[Hook x3]

Tryin' to make a dollar out of fifteen cents  
How come when I was down you wasn't brown nosin'

[Master P]

See it's a fucked up life that I'm livin' in  
I slang cola cause I didn't have no dividends  
My baby mama stressin' she don't wanna slang dope  
The ghetto's tryin' to kill me which way should I go  
Now I'm on the corner takin' penitentiary chances  
Even though there's marks on my turf that can't stand  
me

I think to myself, when should I leave  
Too say fuck em' nigga till ya hit my weed  
I guess I'm a G about my scrilla cause they bashin'  
Crews know that P is quick to put em' in that casket  
The game got me stressin' but the game gon' stress  
out  
Even though the task just raid a nigga's house  
Took a loss in the game tryin' to bubble up  
Find the P deep in the grind slangin' dope fiends  
double ups  
And pretty soon I'll be back to a whole thing  
If I had to do it again I'd probably do the same thing

[Hook x3]

[RBL]

Man it ain't nothin' but a thang to let ya nuts hang  
Cause in this game a million niggas tried to fuck the  
same thang  
I know it be like on, on my block  
Niggas must be on the cell while another's on the short  
stop  
It won't stop and it won't quit  
Tell me another quick way for a nigga to check a grip,  
shit  
I'm kind of in a rush, it's kind of like a must  
To get some, in God we trust  
Bein' broke sure ain't no joke  
I barely got enough money to buy me a whole loaf

Niggas be spendin' money like records  
So I move from Mike Chester to Girbaud pocket  
Cause a lesson is a nigga will shoot  
No playin' hoops, he ain't gon' never see no signs or no  
quick loot  
Dank costs ten and the drey costs five  
So I gots have more in my pocket than a nickel and a  
dime, bitch

[Hook x3]

[Master P]

Gold fronts in my mouth, hella dope and got my bags  
tight  
Bitches on my dick cause they know the P rags are tight  
But I ain't trippin' off no hoochies with no lil' skirt  
I'd rather deal with them turks, puttin' in work  
They caught up in some dirt  
Cause I'm the Ice Cream Man droppin' off hella loads  
Vanilla, stawberry, cherry bitch I even got Rocky Road  
Take yo pick, I know you dope fiends wanna lick  
But that's gon' cost you twenty bones in case you  
wanna hit  
I love you, you love me  
But this ice cream don't go for free  
It's a ten, twenty, fifty, hundred dollar sack or cone  
And if you ain't spendin' bring yo broke ass on  
Golds on my vehicle, fools they can't see me though  
Tens for twenty, that's plenty meet me at the liquor  
store  
Fiends want credit but cha' know I can't fade ya  
When you get cha' cash together call me on my pager  
I'm stressin' off the game, I barely gets sleep  
I just had to bail my lil' partner last week  
In and out of aves gettin' chased by the 5-0  
Gettin' my hustle on, a way of survival  
And if I get caught I got play  
But I ain't goin' out without two stones to the head

[Hook to end]

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