

## Troy Spratt

### "Another Day, Another Dollar"

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[Master P]

Yeah, T-R-U, all about the paper chase  
Young Silkk, 'bout to take y'all foos on a journey

[Silkk the Shocker]

Seems it's a trip what niggas 'll do  
For a grip in this day and age  
See I be tryin' to get paid and  
Keep my game sharper than a fade (like that)  
Ridin' through the hood in somethin' tight  
Like the Coupe that's dropped  
Have them niggas starin' while they glarin'  
When I hit tha block(woo shit)  
On my way to check me a motherfuckin' grip  
It's about that time  
I got my hand upon my nine  
Plus my money be on my mind  
Stay away from these niggas  
That be shady like a tree  
I try to show 'em love  
And get ta thinkin' they can be me  
But a nigga I'll blast you  
If I have to(why?)  
Because cash rules(damn)

[Chorus]

[Silkk] x2

Another day another dollar  
I'm all about that money an power  
And if ya feel me then holla  
If you can't you's a coward  
I'm all about tha dollar bills that I make  
It's a day another dolla  
Another dolla another day

[Master P]

Dolla dolla  
Dolla dolla dolla bill y'all...x3  
Dolla bill y'all  
Dolla dolla bill y'all  
Dolla dolla dolla bill y'all

[Silkk the Shocker]  
Bitch I'ma G nigga like all tha way  
So nigga they betta just fall away  
(talkin' gangsta shit)  
And still cross-over like Hardaway  
I do more pimpin' than Scottie  
A nigga fuckin' violent,  
Plus i'm silent, so you know a nigga a 'bout it  
(whassup, whassup)  
And some of these niggas show  
They don't understand  
Cause if I don't die or  
Go to the pen(uh huh)  
Shit huh, I'ma be tha man(damn)  
And I be quick to hop in  
Some gangsta shit(like that)  
See if I had a quarter  
For ever nigga told me they gonna major  
Shit, I be rich  
Kinda had flow ons  
Them gold thangs spinnin' like some diamonds  
With my clique right behind me  
Nigga you know, just where to find me  
Just tryin' to get a buck,  
Comeup on the cut before the taz hit  
But I been in this game so long  
Shit, I done mastered it  
By any means  
The more fiends, the more green I have  
I just kick back  
And watch them, go out and get tha cash  
And then I laugh(ha ha ha ha)  
I'm just all about my paper

[Chorus]

[Silkk the Shocker]  
I stay TRU to tha ghetto  
Even if I make a mill'  
Cause that's the only place I can go  
When I'm broke and I keeps it trill  
You besta believe  
How I be about my mail(what?)  
Whether it be sun out,  
Rain, snow, sleet, or hail  
You know I gots to, watch my back  
And be 'for shure black  
(they can't fuck with you)  
Because it's a proven fact(what?)  
That some of these hoes jack(tell 'em)

I stay posted and be major  
They trip  
Cause how can I have a grip  
And only be a teenager  
You know they can't fade me  
But they will try(nah they can't fuck with you)  
Even though I wear a vest  
And two straps you know I'ma still die(damn)  
But until then I'm 'bout my paper black  
Cause ain't no turnin' back  
And ain't no savin' that(savin' that)  
Can't take nothin' with me  
So I guess I'll be a dead G  
And ain't need for cryin' over me

[Chorus]

[Master P]  
Heh, young Silkk  
T-R-U, heh, we 'bout that money  
Tha paper chase you know what I'm sayin'  
Breakin' bread, it's all real  
We all 'bout tha motherfuckin'  
Dividends, dollars, mulah, money, cabbage  
Or whateva the fuck you wanna call it

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