

Young Buck "Dope Man Money"

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(feat. Sosa & Hi C)

[Young Buck:]

Yeah

Money gettin' niggas 'gon love this

Broke niggas 'gon hate it

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

Hate me, love me, still i'm a boss

Brand new coupe didn't take the tag off

Entre-po nigga

Give some mo' nigga

Military mind back down from no nigga

Where did you go nigga?

I could make it rain

With some hundred dollar bills or a hundred of them things

Candy apple green, no tints, no chrome

Catch me in the streets 'till six in the morn

[Verse 2: Sosa]

I keep one in the hone and a gun on my hip

Just called my phone, you want somethin' to sniff?

19.5 you want one of them bricks

Like a Subway combo come with them chips

And I show no love when it come to a bitch

She just want me cause my coke six hundred and six

Yeah, this what you call a dope man bitch

But I don't tell her nothin' cause these hos ain't shit

[Chorus: Young Buck]

If it don't make dollars then it don't make sense

Dope man money with a dope man bitch

Big ballin' baby my whole clique rich

Big ballin' baby I know we the shit

If it don't make dollars then it don't make sense

Dope man money with a dope man bitch

Big ballin' baby my whole clique rich

Big ballin' baby I know we the shit

[Verse 3: Hi-C]

See I lick coke, breathe in hydro

Look like green money nigga I know
I ride slow
With the .40 cal I know
Smokin' on that purple haze shit 'till my eyes low
My bitch got nine Os for the five four
She'll let the nine go
Oh yeah thats high ho
My ho
Yeah a dope man bitch
If it don't make dollars then it don't make sense

[Verse 4: Sosa]

The '65 look good enough to drink
Grey Goose seats with the cranberry paint
Ya'll wish I could sell coke forever but I can't
Just one more load and i'm fuckin' with real estate
I've been up for a week, from the first to the eighth
Peicin' out grams and I still got the weight
If I get too tired pop a pill i'm straight
I'll show you how to fit a couple mill in the safe
G Unit South

[Chorus: Young Buck]

If it don't make dollars then it don't make sense
Dope man money with a dope man bitch
Big ballin' baby my whole clique rich
Big ballin' baby I know we the shit
If it don't make dollars then it don't make sense
Dope man money with a dope man bitch
Big ballin' baby my whole clique rich
Big ballin' baby I know we the shit

[Young Buck:]

Put your money in the air
Put your money in the air
Ballin' baby
Ballin' baby
We gettin' money over here
They gettin' money over there
What up All Star?
My nigga Hi-C
Sosa
G Unit South bitch
Ca\$hville Records we got this
Cut the motherfuckin' check

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