

J. Cole**"Dolla And A Dream"**

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A dolla and a dream, that's all a nigga got
So if its about that cream, then I'm all up in the spot
I was raised in the F-A
Why a nigga never gave me nothing?
Pops left me, I ain't never cry, baby, fuck him, that's life
And trust me I'm living,
Look what a nigga made out,
The shit that I was given,
Look what a nigga came out
Momma sewing patches on my holes,
Man, our hoes couldn't put this flame out.
Straight up, I got my back against the brick wall,
I'm from a world where niggas never pop no Cristal, it
was pistols.
You pass through, you better pray them bullets missed
y'all,
I thank the Lord He let a nigga make it this far,
A lot niggas don't, a lot of moms weep.
I gotta carry on, all the weight is on me.
You never know when a nigga might try to harm me.
Rest In Peace that nigga John Lee,
I pour liquor, homie

It's foul, but yo the world keeps spinning,
Gotta keep winning, get up off this cheap linen,
Nigga Imma eat, even if it means sinning,
Niggas want beef, Imma sink my teeth in ãçâ, -Ëœem
Pause, I go harder, I'm all about a dollar
You niggas street smart? I'm a motherfucking scholar
So trust me, I ain't stopping ãçâ, -Ëœetil my money is
long,
So much dough, them hoes will think I'm rocking
money cologne
Have a model at the crib waiting, ãçâ, -Å“Honey, I'm
home.ãçâ, -Å□
Cooking greens for a nigga, give ãçâ, -Ëœem plenty, a
dome.
It's funny, we dream about money so much its like we
almost got it,
Until we reach up in our pockets, its time to face reality,
The ville is a trap nigga now,

And if you ain't focused you gonna be here for awhile,
My nigga Mike rolling with me, riding shotgun,
Type a nigga know about every car, but don't got one.

That's hunger, no wonder niggas fucking with the evils,
Posted on the corner, selling crack like its legal
But who am I to judge how a nigga get his paper?
This money coming soon, dog, I'm tryna get my cake
up
I guess I gotta wake up these niggas myself,
An E&J sipper, but my shit is top shelf,
Young J, the rawest shit you niggas ever heard of
A journalist nigga, call me the Fayetteville Observer

You know the routine, man
Fayettnam
Real niggas can relate,
And Ville niggas can relate, man.
My niggas know about the struggle, man.
What you know about your momma sewing patches on
your holes, nigga?
I had the light blue jeans with the green patches, haha,
oh shit.
I was in like first grade man, I swear
It was like the Sixes came out, the Jordan Sixes.
Them shit was so fly man, I wanted them so bad.
Darryl what up man?
My nigga Darryl had them shits on in class yo,
I wanted that shit soooo bad.
I begged my mom for that shit, you know.
But she couldn't afford it, yo, she gave me,
Got me some Reeboks black tops, ahaha
But that was all good tho, cuz uh,
The year after that I had, I had some, some no name
shits,
Some all black shits, haha
Them shits had metal, metal shoelace buckles and
shit, you know?
But you know back then niggas didn't,
Niggas ain't even know he was broke man, no worries
and shit.
But uh, times have changed man, I got bills,
My mom is in debt, what you know about that?
College loans and shit, nigga
Gotta get this money, ma

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