

Nappy Roots

"Dime, Quarter, Nickel"

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[Skinny DeVille]

I broke a dollar down the gutter (?) the dime, quarter,
penny, nickel
Flipped the 25 to 50 cent, now watch the bitch triple
Game simple, ya here today, tomorrow ya ain't
Now who the hell gon' save it right
That ain't gon' change the way you think
I took a buck fifty, ballin on a budget, bought a Dutch
Quickly spilled it and I stuffed it with that chunky from
Kentucky
Man that blunt did it, sour then McDonald's make the
world pick
(If any nigga got it) Shit Skinny finna get it
(Get it) While it's gettin good and hold it for a minute
Let that shit bubble, weigh it up and chop it when it's
finished
(We gon' drop it when it's finished) for some dollars
and some pennies
Like a dime relentless, Nappy niggaz all about the
Benji's
(Benji?) Not the dog naw, we're talkin bout the dead
prez
Slaw, with the hog mall, chicken wing and fed bread
Dough like the cash flow, finna keep my fo-cus
Spinnin like a twenty picture Skinny in a cold pit
(Spinnin like a twenty picture Skinny in a cold pit?)
Boy yeain't know that money make the world go
Hustlin for pennies, nine-four for it real slow

[Chorus]

[Stille] Dime, quarter, nickel, penny

[Skinny] Damn, ain't it funny how we all about the
Benji's?

[Stille] Dime, quarter, nickel, penny

[Scales] Won't you give me a dollar since ya got so
many

[Stille] Dime, quarter, nickel, penny

[Skinny] Damn, ain't it funny how we all about the
Benji's?

[Stille] Dime, quarter, nickel, penny

[Scales] Won't you give me a dollar since ya got so
many

[B. Stille]

(Whatchu want man?)

(?) said a hundred for that

Super happiness, a blunt and a sack

Who could we feel like this, I don't need no crack

Weed smoke comin out the front of the 'Lac (chrome)

Gun in the lap and a gun in the back

Come to realize we was goin that fast

I blink my eyes, follow runnin my tags (get out the car)

Next time I travel somewhere dirty I'ma come in a cab

[Scales]

I can't knock all the rocks you rock

How I'ma cop all them yachts ya got?

You get props on the bop-she-bop

Let's keep it all the way Nappy, when you hot you HOT!

Burn up a dime, sell a nickel at the corner

Throw a penny in the jukebox, damn it's outta order

Spinnin air, fumes blowin, silver spoons (Rick Shroeder)

The dollar value gets shorter as you get older

Hey come here for a minute

Don't tell nobody I told you but uh...

The dollar value gets shorter as you get older

[Chorus]

[R. Prophit]

Aww, y'all boys done up and done it, spun it, flaunt it

Jump my motorbike doin about a hundred, one gun and

I'm blunted

Everybody fend for they self - they tell me strong-arm

while it's only ten on the shelf (watch out! watch out!)

Like this, Galloping Ghost flow ferocious

Break down bones like osteoperosis (ohh!)

Prophit's in a coma, back stuffed with explosives

Postage to the White House, fuck all that bullshit

It's kinda funny, everybody love money to death

Not that, 3% control America's wealth

Need some help? Look at yourself, sure ya do

Y'all feel like "fuck the world?" me too

(?), can't get rich being complacent

Know ya gotta rebel when ya can't make a payment

Water like ice cubes for big faces

Face it, we're livin with racists, outrageous

Wild, host-ile, shake up stages, contagious

Young baby don't have patience, what my name is?

R. Prophit (yes sir?) sing the cadence

[Chorus]

Dime, quarter, nickel, penny...
Dime, quarter, nickel, penny...
Dime, quarter, nickel, penny...

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