

Don Trip

"Dollar After Dollar"

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With this shit I'm the best you ever knew
Cuz I go do the shit that the best could never do
Compare me to the best, oh, except I never lose
And no new niggas get accepted to the crew
No new niggas no exception to the rules
Always with this shit, I only got one move
I only got my weapons with intentions to use
So if you see that red dot I suggest you to move
And pray to god that I miss
101 rounds all I need is one hit
Sorta like rap, all I need is one hit
And I'm one hit away from never touching another brick
I don't get to see my son my baby momma full of shit
I wish I could trade her in for a bitch that doesn't bitch
But that shit doesn't exist, therefore all I can do is wish
And if all I get is 1, I'm not wastin' it on no bitch
I don't got no girlfriend but I would like a girl friend
That would like a girlfriend, hope she freaky like Lynn
Now I know you remember Lynn from Girlfriends where
you been, shorty?
If you're like Lynn, we can kick it like Ken
Or Ryu, or Chun-Li, or Bruce Lee, or Jackie Chan
Nasty like canned ham, sweet like candied yams
Put her on candid cam god damn, my damn
Party like a rockstar bet she fuck my whole band
And yall niggas all talk, Rush Limbaugh
And I'm fly, top rope, chris benoit
And I'm workin out, no gym card
Yeah I'm doin numbers, no SIM card
Shoutout to Paul Pizzle, nigga pimp hard
Me and my nigga go back like rental cars
I got plenty heart that don't belong to any broad
But they keep my name in they mouth like dental floss
I been a star like Tony Dorsett
I'm dope boy paid and altiod fresh
So if I got a issue, bring it to your doorstep
I'm a Eastside G, don't you ever forget
She say money make her come faster than a corvette
I told that bitch how much I make, now she nuttin on
herself
I told that bitch how much I made, now she jumpin out

her dress
I told that bitch it ain't for her, now she naked and
upset
Boy you niggas broke and you never gon' be shit
Now you wanna rob me but you never see me flinch
Shinin too bright you fuck niggas can't see Trip
And the clip got enough shells to leave you seasick
I got game like that playstation 3 shit, Nintendo wii shit,
xbox three-six
NBA 2k two hundred and three shit
Run up in yo spot and give your bricks away for free
shit
I'm the shit so just ask your baby moms
No she is not my baby but she suck me like a thumb
She just call me Don, she say I'm the bomb
So I explode all over her face but she will leave
unharmd
No wife for me sweetheart I'm scorned
But I guarantee the stress shall not affect how I
perform
School of hard knox, eastside dorm
And if you ain't in this fraternity it's too late to join
Till death do us part, for sickness or thru health
No vows, no dress, no rings, no veil,
No farm, no cows but the dope come in bails
And I ain't no clearance rack but we got everything for
sale
School you like Owens, not Lemoyne, but Terrell
In other words I'm playing for the Bills, yeah
Necklace sick, my watch so ill,
My brothers find any excuse to pop pills
Meanwhile I'm ballin' I'm pure from the base line
Naw I ain't rich yet but success takes time
And the watch I check the time on will make a nigga
blind
So I never check my watch if it's during day time
Full time grind it aint never break time
And I still stand up when the beat breaks down
It's always game time
I'll see you next week, same place same time

NOTCH

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