

Kevin Wei "Dollar Signs"

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(Hook/Chorus - Kevin Wei)

Dollar signs, money, cash, currency (yeah)
What it's all about in the industry (tell em)
Stack checks, cars, chains, and clothes (oh!)
Where did all the real music go? (huh? ha!)
Dollar signs (x2)
It's all they see in their enterprise
Dollar signs (x2)
It's all we see at the end of price
Dollar signs!

(Verse 1 - Shado)

Every artist brings a story to the table
We brothers, can and able disabled inside this fable
Question...What's satellite without the cable?
this competition revolving around itself enables
us to change the game with a flame that never burns
out
bringing rage to the bangs that never turn out
testing range in a cage will never work out
but I'm insane in the brain with a chain that lurks out
to catch you, soon to be tattooed,
everything is now seeming to smell like some cat food
fishy, all i see is broken dishes in the kitchen
Lil mama in the corner scream and twisting
now you can see me doing everything I've wished for
got rid of the fakes, now all i have is kinfolk
all I'm hearing now are questions like "Who's this"
but don't worry I'm just laying down the blueprint

(Verse 2 - 1Chance)

If you got it then it's easy to get caught in the hype
But if you don't, then you're only living through the
lyrics you write
Fellas get on the mic, and spit a mean story in the
booth
And tell you all types of things, but you don't hear the
truth
But they don't need it as long as they making revenue
That's the reason keeping it real is something they
never do
Brainwashed in the video clips, got people really

thinking that they that rich
You see the gliss and the glam, and then you listen to
the story they speak
It don't match; you getting paper but you be on the
street
Slinging the grip and the heat, that's all fake, it ain't no
debate
And those the guys that these people like to over rate
If you're creative with a message in your rhymes
And you're whack and then they ain't showing no
respect to your design
They swear at your behind, but I'm far from that -- I
keep it real and I go hard with raps

(Verse 3 - T.Y.J. (The Young Jordan))

You taking bout your cash, you talking how you got
fame
Light me up and I will spit it with a hot flame
I be popping, I be bursting like I hit a vein
And I be flying in the sky, I'll passing planes
All you rappers got no attitude
And I be stuck within the rap like I'm made of glue
I will bite your heads off like I'm making stew
You gotta look at rap from another point of view
I'm really motivated that is what I'm made of
Put my heart in this game, yes I got love
You guys are all fake scripted, movie scene
And I be repping for my brothers and all of my team
Making enemies and that is how I cause trouble
I take my own risks and I don't need a stunt double
You say you're getting money, you say you're getting
sex
It ain't nothing if you really getting no respect

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