

2Pac F/ Russell Simmons**"Dollar Bill"**

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[Tone]

Unstop-able, Trackmasters, Rockland, come on

[Foxy]

Na-na so sick, make your toes twitch

Get up in yo' ass and ride that shit

Oh yeah, dare you act shady with the first lady?

Let's go half on this baby

Inner thighs thick so when we fuck you must put me in a
swiss ho'

Room 704, fuck they mad at me fo'?

Skin copper, na-na stay proper, who could stop her?

Nuthin'. Hey, do a somersault

All that platinum shit you bought?

Nigga, fuck you thought, it ain't my fault

Keep the wrist rocky, attitude cocky

Next time you see me, address me like, "Miss Foxy"

It's for the wrist? Cop it. If it's a six? Drop it.

Thongs with topless, how you like that Robbie?

Ain't nothing sweet, you know my style, doggy style

>From the back, in the back, hit it like that

[R]

1 - The dolla bill

[Foxy]

Nuthin' but stacks get you anything

Anywhere, as a matter of fact, dollar bill

[R]

Say what you want baby

While you be stalling at the lights

We be dippin in Mercedes

[Foxy]

Dollar bill

[R]

Can get us from here to Rio

In two hours first class still time to take a shower

The dollar bill

[Foxy]

Where ever we be it's VIP stats, no doubt

So what y'all cats know about that

[R]

Say lady, I'm liking what I see
Come on and talk to me baby, baby, baby
Can't you see one night is all I need
We'll go somewhere and be
Talkin' about your future plans with me

[Sparkle & Cynthia]

I would do anything
To have you in my life, that's right
We can take a flight out of here, go anywhere

[R]

Uh uh, I got proof rims on the V-12
Make you raise the roof, no gold in the tooth
Put some in the vault CD's overseas
Private lofts, I'm you haters holocaust
Ain't my fault I rap, then still made a mill'
But it's my fault I got my own label deal
Vacation in Japan while you wish for Bennihana's
On the way to pick up Madona, the ill na-na

[Foxy]

Now you know the na-na plays with the big boys,
aye'day
>From the six coupe to the big Royce, can you handle
that?
A lotta sass and ass with that
And I'm strickly for the dough
So, fuck you think I'm here fo'?
Princesses in a row, row platinum status
Ice lace to pink face
Then I back the faggots
See me rocking aye'thang from Mongolians to Persians
Y'all still learning, I got 'em swervin', through a sermon
And there's nuthin' you can tell me 'bout these cats that
I
Don't even ram through a plan, too much stack
Must I continue this?
Might be a couple of cats that I miss
We could skip the french kiss, take it straight to the
wrist
And it gets no iller than this
Na-na engraved on canary ice, see me wear it twice
Did y'all niggas hear me right?
Me and Kelly put the lock down on New York to Chitown
His town to my town, for the dollar bill

Repeat 1

[Tone]

Tell me who dat said dat we couldn't rock
I roll the dice, bet the dots say we won't stop
I roll from Chitown to Cali, hit your block
I bless the day that R&B music meet hip hop
You haters thought that Kelly couldn't keep it hot
Even when I'm in your face, y'all see me not
Sportin' nothing but the rocks, navigators on the block
Merridian CD's with five TV's
College honeys follow in your GS3
We on the way to IHOP, coming from the spot
Niggas in the lot jammin' to the knock
Y'all mad cuz you can't get what we got
Who's the number one contender, January through
December?
Cut your forest down while you niggas screamin'
Timothy
Sophia know me from the beach house in Miami
Banks know me, so I could give a damn about the
Grammies

[R]

The dollar bill
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all
The dollar bill
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all
The dollar bill
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all
The dollar bill
Dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all, dollar bill y'all

The dollar bill, Track Masters, Rockland

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