

Haystack "Dollar"

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We gonna break this down and roll a blunt

YEAH

Since the seventh grade I was told I would never excel

Hopeless, I would either be dead or in jail

Destined to fail

But I done came to far to turn back

Just poor white trash from the wrong side of the tracks

I learned to add and subtract

And I never went back

To that lil' school I had been sent to

Find some shit I could get in to

Been through more by the time I was eighteen

Then most people go through before they thirty

I'm from the motherfucking dirty (dirtyyy)

Trouble-maker, hard-headed motherfucker

In one ear and out the other

I got a brother named bubba

Different daddy same mother

Remind me of when I was younger lil' bad
motherfucker

My told me son it's time to settle down

Momma your baby's a player and I get around

I be up all night gone on that Hennessey and weed

The only thing that helped me deal with all this jealousy
and greed

If I had a dollar for all of y'all

That wanna see me in my grave

I could just pack up and move away

And spend the rest of my days getting paid

If I had a dime for every time

Somebody tried to insult my game

I'd be in the islands doing fine

Counting money sipping some champaign

Wooo, inhale the weed smoke, ease my tension

I was a bad boy, in and out of juvenile detention

I grew up making bargains to get back on the streets

I concentrated on paper just to get back on my feet

I'm money minded, saw my people progress

Paranoid, I'm underneath a bullet proof vest

Staying stressed, peeping out the curtains knowing
death is certain

I know them killers is lurking

Ha, Ha, Smirking when I ride by they broke ass

I aint stunting 'em, cause they aint making no cash

I'm gonna let them royalty checks accumulate

We so good with it there's nothing you can do but hate

If I had a dollar for all of y'all

That wanna see me in my grave

I could just pack up and move away
And spend the rest of my days getting paid
If I had a dime for every time
Somebody tried to insult my game
I'd be in the islands doing fine
Counting money sipping some champaign
Whooo
I gotta be thinking I'm get my ass killed
Filled with strap kneel
Cause over the passed years it's bad here in Nashville
This one's for the homies that lost they life up on the
battle field
Way before the record deals we pack steal, that's real
Dropped a CD at every jackhead club
Out to get me thinking I'm a million dollar motherfucker
But at night I can't sleep, I toss and turn
Visions of Benz's be bought and money being burned
I might not hit the billboard but I'm keeping it crunk
And I get much love in Beechwood and lil Will's trunk
You know no eastcoast to westcoast may not see that
I get big love where I be at, Bitch believe that
So many setbacks I got to try to overcome
I take another sip of liquor just to keep me numb
I know these haters love to catch me straight buck me
and laugh
While that AK 47 shell cut me in half

Yeah, then you woke up you hater
Why don't you do something with your life
Get money boy, get up off yo ass
Stop hating on me and mine and get ya own
That's what the hell you need to do
Bring the hook back boy
If I had a dollar for all of y'all
That wanna see me in my grave
I could just pack up and move away
And spend the rest of my days getting paid
If I had a dime for everytime
One of y'all tried to insult my game
I would just
First thing you know, Stak'll be a millionaire
What couldn't I do if I had that
(Ha, ha, ha, ha ha)

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