

## Shorty

### "Dollars and Sense"

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(Do you have any idea who you're talkin to?)

[ VERSE 1 ]

The name of the game is gettin paid, gettin paid is the name  
But there's some niggas out there doin some fucked up things  
You shot another nigga for nothin  
If I'ma shoot a muthafucka I'ma shoot his ass for somethin  
Asked him did he have some money, he said no  
He said the reason he shot him cause he was a straight up hoe  
The nigga stepped to you and you wasn't goin for it  
So you killed him and got shit to show for it  
Before you was a broke muthafucka, check it  
But now you'se a broke muthafucka with a murder record  
Did a killin just to prove you was a down nigga  
But any nigga can pull the muthafuckin trigger  
If you wanted to prove you can go  
You shoulda put the muthafuckin gun away and went toe to toe  
But you'se a hoe, you couldn't go, so you shot first  
Send another nigga ridin away in a hearse  
And the judge gave you life on your first offense  
But if it don't make dollars, man, then it don't make sense

[ VERSE 2 ]

I'm standin on the corner, tryin to feel my money clip  
Hopin that one of these geekers don't start to trip  
From down the street comes Baby G  
The muthafucka always wants somethin for free  
The nigga asked me to see a dime  
Dig it, I had the feelin I was gonna get jacked all the time  
He snatched my dimes and tried to make the block  
I squeezed my trigger and let off six or seven shots  
Been knowin G ever since he was a little baby  
He started smokin and the muthafucka went crazy

Man, I hate it had to end that way  
But fuckin with my money, G, you know I don't play  
Why can't you fools just take a hint  
Cause if it don't make dollars, man, it just don't make  
sense

[ VERSE 3 ]

He wants to be a big man, got everybody thinkin he's in  
control  
Out there frontin just to impress them hoes  
Talkin like he got it goin on so much  
Not knowin he was settin himself up  
Claimin he's the biggest on the block  
Say he's movin ki's when he's really sellin rocks  
Big talk from a small time sucker  
Got everybody watchin him, includin them undercovers  
Got them white folks thinkin he's a kingpin  
And they wanna send his ass to the federal pen  
All that talk got his ass thrown smooth in jail  
Now he's tryin to tell the truth, about how much he sells  
But them white folks ain't even listenin, gee  
To them you're just one more nigger off the street  
They gave him cases he ain't have nothin to do with  
And now he realize his frontin don't pay shit  
Now all he can do is reminisce  
Cause if it don't make dollars, fool, it just don't make  
sense

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