DJ Clue F/ Lord Tariq % Muggs ''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 Т 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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