

## Stroke 9

### "Another Dollar"

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AKA John Mickens (8X)

I'm the king.  
I floss rings, the new John Mickens  
Uhh, I'm stayin' rich and keep the haters bitchin  
from New York to Richmond, my shine is sickenin  
Ice drips, frost bits, or forfeit shit  
I got to rewrite this mackin' game, baby  
Layin' in the barber shop, knowin' haters is shady  
Maybe, they sex young chicks and whips  
but i got lesbo combos ridin' stick-shifts  
for no chips, I'm seein' 4 to 8 lips  
let me tell ya 'bout my life-style, playas and chips, sick  
Mr. Smith, the rarest breed  
separate the dimes from 'hoes like chronic seeds  
miraculous  
lyrical swiftness  
practice this, stop bein' actresses  
on mattresses with your legs up in the air  
splash the crisp.. John Micks, a millionaire

Anutha Day ... anutha Dolla

My fortune 500 is fully funded  
Joints I pumps, gives my pockets the mumps  
I'm the glossiest and the costliest  
feel the force of this  
lyrical arsenist  
Hotter .. than a yacht with rottweillers  
chicks in choppers with they thong sittin' proper  
the crisp poppa bringin' drama like soap operas  
the show stopper if u playas don't flow proper  
I'm the jiggiest, bitch, shit the wittiest  
wonderin' why cats front on who's the williest  
Chill, relax, you cats will fall  
10 mill, 10 plaques upon my wall  
You stall, mix large, I see y'all  
Mash ya like roaches then cop diamond broaches  
Supercalla - nevermind the alladocious  
Sin the fellas, get blazed and you can quote this

Anutha day ... anutha dolla

I'm the MC that you strive to be  
competition is dead, cuz ain't none of y'all live as me  
Handsome moody, I keep it raw, baby  
so save all the goodfella shit for Scorsece  
So iced up, they call me Mount Everest  
the many get honey ways draped over my headrest  
I run game from Fort Green to Maine  
I keep ya head noddin' like dope is in your vein  
Hail to the King Cajone .. jing-a-ling  
I buy ya clicks loyalty with one pinkie ring  
Gotta be above average to grow cabbage  
I wreck havoc, do damage  
don't have it  
uh huh .. techniques up to par  
yeah you, get ya black ass looped like Mardi Gras  
Chick soup too  
Hittin' me off in yo' car  
Blaze her in the alley cuz she actin' bourgeoise

Anutha day .. anutha dolla

Ahhh man ... it's hard bein' the King, baby  
but someone's gotta do it, haha

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