

## **George Fame & Alan Price**

### **"Dollaz, Drank, and Dank"**

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[Kokane talking]  
Fuck you, fuck you  
Now I lay em' down to sleep  
fuck you, fuck you

[Verse 1]  
It goes down like this  
Slingshot so I can't miss  
Known to put em all in a twist  
Khop[chop] C.G, top mack shop hitting C  
Bank shot top of the key  
Hit you in the gut with this he-re  
No you can't touch this he-re  
Come run with one young musketeer  
And smoke one four the broke one  
Blow one for the poor one  
Grab your cups pour the potion  
From the get go, my shit flow  
Like the bombay tweed wit a sisco  
And at the disco  
I want you movin in your chucks  
Sliddin in your gators  
High heels and pumps  
Enemies and haters  
Shake the beams and the pistols wit it  
I'mma go on and grab the sticky green  
With the crystals in it  
Do your thizzle wit it  
Just how you want to  
And everybody gone do  
And can't no nigga do it like this nigga do

[Chorus]  
I love my cheese, I got to have my cheddar  
I love my drank, but on the rocks is better  
Don't love no hoes, cuz they full of drama  
I love my weed, I love marijuana

[Verse 2]  
It go red light, flashlight, hit the black light  
Known to keep the sack tight

Get your act right  
Whether in your 750's  
Riders on your back slowing down for train tracks  
Push it back on the map  
Been a long time coming  
In the cut long time gunning  
Heat keep huming  
Pass it to the point guard rookie  
Out to stash chips last cookies  
Then mash to the backyard boogie  
Spending huns on my loved ones  
Give a dose back  
With the haterism hold that  
You can find me in the back  
Where they blows at  
Off the yack and the prozack  
Where the homies and the hoes at

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Now gone and give her two thumbs up  
For this little one cunt  
Young runt  
And give me two more for the funk  
Bang the trunk out the window halfway  
Roll em up hot-box  
Roaches in the ashtray  
Head steady nodding  
Feeling old school, steady mobbin  
Mouth full of cotton  
So gone and bend a corner with me  
We could ride to the store  
Me young bandit, if you aint know  
I been young super nigga  
Even before Cube scooped a nigga  
Way back had the hay-sack  
And had a pocket full of loot  
Bump with the douche  
Work in the hood  
Heata in the bush  
And I used to hold a sack  
Till a nigga got rich like Quaterbacks  
Now I throw the sac  
It's either that or blow a sack  
Still keep in tact  
An in a quater sack  
Making transactions [Huh]

[Repeat Chorus 2x]

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