

Tru "Another Day, Another Dollar"

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[Master P]

Yeah, T-R-U, all about the paper chase
Young Silkk, 'bout to take y'all foos on a journey

[Silkk the Shocker]

Seems it's a trip what niggas 'll do
For a grip in this day and age
See I be tryin' to get paid and
Keep my game sharper than a fade (like that)
Ridin' through the hood in somethin' tight
Like the Coupe that's dropped
Have them niggas starin' while they glarin'
When I hit tha block(woo shit)
On my way to check me a motherfuckin' grip
It's about that time
I got my hand upon my nine
Plus my money be on my mind
Stay away from these niggas
That be shady like a tree
I try to show 'em love
And get ta thinkin' they can be me
But a nigga I'll blast you
If I have to(why?)
Because cash rules(damn)

[Chorus]

[Silkk] x2

Another day another dollar
I'm all about that money an power
And if ya feel me then holla
If you can't you's a coward
I'm all about tha dollar bills that I make
It's a day another dolla
Another dolla another day

[Master P]

Dolla dolla
Dolla dolla dolla bill y'all...x3
Dolla bill y'all
Dolla dolla bill y'all
Dolla dolla dolla bill y'all

[Silkk the Shocker]
Bitch I'ma G nigga like all tha way
So nigga they betta just fall away
(talkin' gangsta shit)
And still cross-over like Hardaway
I do more pimpin' than Scottie
A nigga fuckin' violent,
Plus i'm silent, so you know a nigga a 'bout it
(whassup, whassup)
And some of these niggas show
They don't understand
Cause if I don't die or
Go to the pen(uh huh)
Shit huh, I'ma be tha man(damn)
And I be quick to hop in
Some gangsta shit(like that)
See if I had a quarter
For ever nigga told me they gonna major
Shit, I be rich
Kinda had flow ons
Them gold thangs spinnin' like some diamonds
With my clique right behind me
Nigga you know, just where to find me
Just tryin' to get a buck,
Comeup on the cut before the taz hit
But I been in this game so long
Shit, I done mastered it
By any means
The more fiends, the more green I have
I just kick back
And watch them, go out and get tha cash
And then I laugh(ha ha ha ha)
I'm just all about my paper

[Chorus]

[Silkk the Shocker]
I stay TRU to tha ghetto
Even if I make a mill'
Cause that's the only place I can go
When I'm broke and I keeps it trill
You besta believe
How I be about my mail(what?)
Whether it be sun out,
Rain, snow, sleet, or hail
You know I gots to, watch my back
And be 'for shure black
(they can't fuck with you)
Beacuse it's a proven fact(what?)
That some of these hoes jack(tell 'em)
I stay posted and be major

They trip
Cause how can I have a grip
And only be a teenager
You know they can't fade me
But they will try(nah they can't fuck with you)
Even though I wear a vest
And two straps you know I'ma still die(damn)
But until then I'm 'bout my paper black
Cause ain't no turnin' back
And ain't no savin' that(savin' that)
Can't take nothin' with me
So I guess I'll be a dead G
And ain't need for cryin' over me

[Chorus]

[Master P]
Heh, young Silkk
T-R-U, heh, we 'bout that money
Tha paper chase you know what I'm sayin'
Breakin' bread, it's all real
We all 'bout tha motherfuckin'
Dividends, dollars, mulah, money, cabbage
Or whateva the fuck you wanna call it

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