

Apathy, The Buck Stops Here

"I-I-I, I-I-I-I, I get the paper so, I don't care" <- Milk-D

(Verse 1)

You ever have a dollar sittin' in your pocket?
Pull it out and take a deeper look at this object
Think of all it's seen, from the jeans of crack fiends
To doctors' Docker pants, stop to glance, see what I mean?
Same dollar bill that's stuffed in a stripper's thong
Could be the same dollar bill that's out shoppin' with your mom
Same dollar bill buyin' drugs for junkies
Is the same dollar bill for your kid's lunch money
Think about it, a dollar bill slips through stores
Everybody's touched one, whether rich or poor
You probably got a dollar in your birthday card before
But days before, it coulda been used to pay for whores
Still can't see it? Let me set you straight
The dollar grandmothers place on collection plates
Politicians roll for blow on Election Day
Hold to their nose until 5-0's investigate
It's underneath pillows when kids lose their teeth
The reason why crews'll beef and lose their teeth
It fuels deceit, breathe it in deep, the dollar's oxygen
Imagine seein' life through the eyes of George Washington

(Chorus) (Milk-D samples)

"I get money, money I got"
"I get money"
"I get money, money I got"
"I get the paper so, I don't care"

(Verse 2)

Handed to a man in the corner store for lottery
Taken from that man in the store in a robbery
Given to some kid on the block for a rock
Which is stacked in the pile and gets rolled up in the knot
Then it's given to a man in a van for a Glock
But that man in the van just got caught by the cops
So it's given to the cops so the man isn't locked
Then the cops split it up so the cash isn't hot
The dollar bill's just a small percentage of the whole
It's better to spend that excess cheddar slow
Keep it very basic, gotta be sure to cover your bases
Pull it from the money clip, a tip for the waitress
The waitress is an actress, she wants to be famous
Her teeth are fucked up, so she goes to get braces
She screams for a taxi, hops in the back seat
The cab has an accident and crashed on the back street
She's flung to the concrete, her purse explodes
Leavin' several single dollar bills scattered in the road
A breeze lifts a dollar in the air where it's blown
In front of a child's home, where she plays alone
Now she walks down the street, happier than before
Ringin' bells on the door when she enters the store
And with a smile from the clerk when the transaction's done
In steps a man with a gun...

(Chorus) (Milk-D samples)

"I get money, money I got"
"I get-get, mo-mo-mo-money I got"
"I get money, money I got"
"I get the paper so, I don't..."