# Everlast, Money (Dollar Bill)

Dollar, dollar bills.
Deutch, marks, franks, yens, and pounds.
I rock the jocked up sounds from Devenshire Downs.
Out the Fordham Road, up top in the boogie.
I be loyal to my peeps, like Buddha stud-doogie.
Never very bad news, payin' crazy dues.
I'm billowin' out crews and tamin' mad shrews.
Like Bill Shakespeare, the fakes will disappear.
The flavor in your ear is strong like Everclear.
200 proofs so put the match to the roof
And set this b***h on fire.
Get rich, the empire's about to strike back.
If you rock the mic wack.
And that's the way it is, cuz yo, it's like that.

Money Money Y'all
It be the root of all evil.
Money Money Y'all
It makes you popular with people.

I go back to the 80's
Like 3 times a lady,
when it was ***** for free and crack for currency.
It just occured to me, it's time for surgery.
I remove MC's like tumors. The lies and the rumors.
Got me thinkin of this dub, by Timex Social Club.
Yo, word to my mama.
I'm high off the trauma.
Whitey Ford gets deeper than the subway trains.
And I serve lazy fools like fast food chains.
All pain no gain, makes the brain insane.
Life in the fast lane.
The flakes, the cash gains, for real.

Dollar bill y'all. Dollar bill y'all.
Dollar dollar dollar dollar bill y'all.

It takes money...
to get that fly a** ho.
It takes money...
to see me rock a live show.
It takes money...
To get that last bag of smokes,
cuz the county took it from you when that a** was broke.
Hey yo, I'm about to g-off, just like my name was Eddo.
Black kids call me whitey... spanish kids wetto.
White kids call me king of this b-boy thing.
If it's broke, then fix it. If it's wack, you mix it.
Can't none of you MC's ever **** with these.
You be crazy on my ****, like some p**no chick.
For the style that I'm blessin, ain't no second guessin.
Kid, heed the lesson. Subtraction, addition.
Reward for submission.
Ain't no debate.
I won't stop till I'm eatin off a platinum plate.
I want the stocks and bonds, plus the real estate.
I want the iron gates, and low interest rates.
Plus a fly little spot to bring all my dates.
A little stash of the cash put aside in a safe.
For when times get lean,
Y'all know what I mean.

Money Money Y'all
Some be callin' it cream.

Money Money Y'all
Some be callin' it fame.
Money Money Y'all
But once I get it, i'm J.

I want cash and checks, I want diamond rings.
I want jewels on my neck and mad fly things.
I want a stack of fat chips, so I can go on long trips.
I want to sail the Bahamas on my own cruise ships.
I want acres of land. I want papers in hand.
I want stocks and bonds. All pros no cons.
Hey, if it smells funny, then back it up honey.
I want money y'all. I need the money y'all.