

Slave to the Dollar

R. City

I'm a slave to the dollar
To the dollar, to the dollar
Rock City
Right About Now

I'm a slave to the dollar
Man ah man never had that's why we die for the dollar (Yea-aye)
Cheat and rob and lie for the dollar (whoa-oh)
Just let it kill dem kill dem all it kill dem

Ugh, spending this bread getting to my head
Fuck what yall said man I want a lot of money
Every red cent that I go get
I ain't gon lie man it make these hoes love me
I ain't had nothing if I ever want something
I'mma have to go get it and I just might buss it
Buss it buss it buss it buss it buss it
(woo hey huuh)

They all got a problem when you came from the bottom
And ya moved in their building then they asking you some questions
See it's alright when ya skin lil light
But they really don't like when you're my complexion
I don't really care I just let lil man swing
On top the chandeliers and I wish they say sum'n
Sum'n sum'n sum'n sum'n yuh can't do me nothing wah
You need a couple hundreds just to get a couple grand
Cause you wanna make a milli so you hit the ground running
Anybody tell you it's the root of all evil
Man lemme tell you something man them niggas just frontin'
Ya got one life and ya live it twice
Whether wrong or right man ya better just spend it
Spend it spend it spend it spend it
Ya can't take it with ya better spend it

I'm a slave to the dollar
Man ah man never had that's why we die for the dollar (Yea-aye)
Cheat and rob and lie for the dollar (whoa-oh)
Just let it kill dem kill dem all it kill dem
I'm a slave to the dollar
Man ah man ah work real hard for the dollar
We even risk it all for the dollar
Man ah man ah hustle and ah hustle for a milli on de corner

Housing

Yaow, look I just wanna live I don't need the money
Nigga yea right who the fuck am I kidding
You know I gotta stunt and get a lil fresh
For them hoes guess I'm a slave to the women
Pull up to the club with me and all my niggas
So whoever's at the front better not be trippin trippin
Trippin you just a door man mufucka stop trippin (woo)
Liste, first class flight different girl every night
Least once in my life I can say that I did it
Living in the hood and you're broke so ya move that dope
Now the police paying you a visit
Work real hard still can't get job
One way or the other mufucka I'ma get it get it get it
Either I'ma die trying or I'ma get it forget it
Raised in the trap but I made it out of that
And I ain't looking back nigga I ain't stopping
I ain't never had so as soon as I get it
You know I'mma hit the mall nigga time to go shopping
Say that I'm black and I don't know how to act
Well my nigga just for that I'm about to get it poppin'
Poppin' poppin'
Get dis muduscunt rocking

I'm a slave to the dollar
Man ah man never had that's why we die for the dollar (Yea-aye)
Cheat and rob and lie for the dollar (whoa-oh)
Just let it kill dem kill dem all it kill dem
I'm a slave to the dollar
Man ah man ah work real hard for the dollar
We even risk it all for the dollar
Man ah man ah hustle and ah hustle for a milli on de corner
Alright alright alright alright alright
Alright alright alright
Alright alright alright alright alright
Man ah man ah hustle and ah hustle for a milli on de corner

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>