

# The Dollar

Bilal

I walk the streets to see a homeless man  
With his outstretched hands  
You know he want somethin' to eat  
Or maybe another bag of meth for his head  
But he want the dollar, the dollar, the dollar

On my way home, I like to go past  
All the nice neighborhoods  
See all the big houses  
Costs money everywhere  
And I want the dollar, the dollar, the dollar

Ooh, it's my lucky day  
Now that I can chase that man away  
I feel like I can do anything  
Oh

Ooh, it's my lucky day  
Now that I can chase that man away  
I feel like I can do anything  
Darlin', I can buy everything

Gave back my soul, so fresh, so clean  
Smiling those pearly whites  
Then waited till I was fast asleep  
To rob me in the middle of the night  
For the dollar, a dollar, that dollar

With a little bit of money in one hand  
Contract in the other  
He wanted it so bad  
He'd enslave his own brother  
For the dollar, a dollar, the dollar, yeah

Ooh, it's my lucky day  
Now that I can chase that man away  
I feel like I can do anything  
Darling, I can buy everything

Ooh, it's my lucky day  
Now that I can chase that man away  
I feel like I can do anything

Yeah, your life has no meaning at all  
And it's all set up for you to fall  
That'll make you believe  
Oh, don't you believe it, no, no

Yeah, your life has no meaning at all  
And it's all set up for you to fall  
Why don't you believe it  
Man, don't you believe it, no, no, yeah