

I Need A Dollar

Chris Webby

I need a dollar, dollar, a dollar is what I need
Well I need a dollar, dollar, a dollar is what I need
Said I need a dollar, dollar, a dollar is what I need
If I share with you my story, would you share your dollar with me

You see I'm broke, I'm not tryna brag
About money, cars, hoes, jewelry and swag
About to be the first dude with the game in the bag
Who still lives home with his mom and his dad
Screw takin' a cab, I'll save my dough
And get to joggin', yeah my funds are that low
My car's dented up with some dirty ass rims
My left headlight is duct-taped in
You think I'm jokin'? I wish
But I've also accepted the fact life is a bitch
And I ain't here to complain
Yo I'm just sayin' that uh I'll take your dollar even if it's change
Cause I've given you nothin' but free music
When I do release an album you can buy, please do it
Now there's a fan base followin' this character
About to show the world how to make it in America

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You see it don't matter, nationwide everybody heard of me
Cause my wallet still lacks American currency
Dudes be like "Yo you're not broke son; you're famous"
Huh, and I'm still unsigned you ignoramus
Boston's makin' money like Billy Costigan
While Webby's in CT grindin' for Washingtons
But it's straight yo, I'm havin' a great time
And I realize some of these things take time
But I put out more hits than A-Rod
And gotta work a seven-dollar an hour day job
Don't have the money, but I have the skills
And respect that's worth more on the real, I'm the real deal
Soon enough I'll have my fill and pay off all these late lawyer bills
About to have a mil in the stash, for real it's a fact
Need bills to the max, TiVo bring it back

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Eh, Webby I got you bro
Pittsburg in this bitch, Mac Miller
Aight look, I start my name with a capital "M"
You missed the start of the show, but you catchin' the end
MC's up in my cypher, come and show me love
Say, "Mac look at you kid, you really growin' up"
Before I ever had a video to look at
A bunch of weed and mixtapes fillin' up my book bag
Doin' it, feelin' it, keepin' it real

One in a million, needin' a feel
Bringin' the stage, whippin' em aways
Kid be livin' in the City of Steel
There's a hundred billion rappers in the world
Yeah I'm one of many, get this money better understand me
No plan B, bitches no panties
Bunch of hoes tryna Facebook fan me
Platinum record, I get a Grammy
California Kush and parties in Miami
Got the game by the titty, she my nanny
Thumbs up motherfucker, aha

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