

## 20 Dollars To My Name

Snoop Dogg

Damn a nigga only got 20 dollars shit  
Check this out

Nigga 20 dollars to my name  
Deep in this dice game  
I dust off my knees  
I fucked off two g's  
Nothing left to do, but buy some shells for my glock  
Why? so I can rob every known dope spot  
I'm having hard times, grit, and grind  
Shit I'm trying to get mine  
Ain't nothing to lose plus I'm living on the frontline  
It's a cold twist the way that shit goes  
Gotta keep your hands on some motherfuckin' fatty yo  
And keep a down bitch for when your money run out  
And get you gun out  
And shoot'em up till they come out  
I'm blowing in the wind  
It feels good my friend  
Silkk brought the Gin & Juice and my nigga chipped in  
I'm amongst killers with a dub in my pocket loc  
A drug dealer at the same time i love to smoke  
But if I wasn't in this rap game  
Would a nigga Snoop Dogg have 20 dollars to his name

Now 20 dollars to my name in this game of drugs  
And the only thing we now is gan bangers and thugs  
If my yale don't sell how shall we proceed  
Because we can't slang the urb, cause we smoke too much weed

I got 19 dollars and 50 cents up in my pocket with what?  
With this automatic rocket  
Gotta have it to pop it, unlock it, and take me up a hostage  
Let'em now this itch of my finger is worsen than jock itch  
Extended glock clips allow me to cop chips  
Erasing cops tips and sisters that pop lip, stop this  
Cold blooded killing for ??? this  
Soda couldn't rock this  
chop a shelf when i drop this  
My ??? can't chop this  
The hunger that I hold  
Setting here wondering should I take it from his soul  
See this here with a hole  
Allowed that silencer to blow  
And took motherfuckin' lives for less than twenty before

Now with this last 20 dollars I might buy me some douja  
Because that weed from Magnolia still have a nigga sober  
I seen my nigga nigga from way way back  
Me and him used to jack and rock a rental cadillac  
He sees my nick, he sees my grill, he says I'm flossin  
He sees my wrist, he says damn nigga you flossin  
And I'm bossin, and tossin'em up at the same time  
So if you thinking about with me it'll be your death in ???  
And why put your life in danger over 20 dollars, that's all I got  
And my weed habit is so close to smoking powder it ain't worth being  
shot

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Now look, I'm fresh up out of jail it feels goo to be on the outside  
I had 120 dollars, but i spent a 100 on my ride  
Now the only thing I got left is 20 dollars to my name  
Nigga want front me some motherfuckin' caine  
I told him weed charge it 2 the game  
Nigga now now I gotta be on some murder one shit  
Some slum shit  
Some out the projects dumb shit  
some weed and blunt shit  
Some I don't give a fuck shit, where it from shit  
Some penitentiary solitary confinement never see no motherfuckin' sun  
shit  
Now I got 20 dollars to my motherfuckin' name, and I gotta get more  
So I tell nigga hit the floor I'm about to pull a motherfuckin' kick  
door  
Now whether it's rapping, or jacking, kidnapping, or gun totting  
Y'all call me down??? do get scared I ain't flipped till my guns smoking  
It be a hustle just to eat  
And it be hard on these streets  
Gotta get my hustle on  
Got 20 dollars y'all now that shit don't last long picture this