

# Dollar Signs

Young Scooter

Dollar signs, dollar signs,  
Dollar signs, dollar signs.  
Looking at the ground, seeing dollar signs,  
Look up in the sky, seeing dollar signs.  
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Wake up in the morning, money on my mind.  
From the streets, you know I'm never on time  
Bails and bricks, I got that all the time  
Disrespect the streets, this shit will take your shine.  
You ever see Js on the lunch line  
All my trap houses got open, son.  
I know some rap niggas that ain't got a dime,  
Couldn't take the pressure when it's crush time.  
You rappin lies, you rappin lies.  
I read your contract and you ain't make a dime.  
I made my contract, so all my money mine,  
The jugg hoe's where I resign.

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See, we're talking dollar signs, this what I do by two some  
Anyone can't hang around me unless you can shoot some  
House plus money, that's a pile cake,  
Tell 'em got that f'ing thing, so don't get pancake.  
Listen, in the clubs we're on reload,  
And the kicks come from relo, never text a bitch, she in though  
Remember the spot in pink city next to C bone  
Everytime you look up, bitch, I get my cook up.  
We can put the eye down, get the pirate patch  
Put the gun in the sense like you would shoot that bitch  
Always buy, never renting,  
And murders this shit, yeah, you got a percentage,  
You know this.

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Look up in the sky, got it raining money,  
Don't hold your ass down, you might miss something  
I started as a boss, I never been around him

My daddy was on dope, my mama was a hustler.  
My little brother gone, I got all the custom,  
I can see it in your face that you ain't got no money,  
Anybody get it when I rap it, dummy.  
Sex, money, murder, I salute my homies,  
But I don't gang bang, I got this bigger on me,  
I know I look like money, don't you run up on me.  
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It's good to run six, man, it's grind time.

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