

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