

# 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 away  
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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