

Get Paid

Styles P

Can Holiday get some of this motherfucking paper around here please?

Shit, I'm fucked up

I ain't the lyin' type

Can I get paid

I'm just tryin' to make some cash

I'm just tryin' to make some cash

I told you I ball for dope

I'm in a Caucasian Jag wit a bag knockin' hauler notes

Spendin' 200 G's in the fall for coats

You could call me a lot of things but don't call me broke

And I told you I bust my steel

I stay cuffed in the bullpen like P you bout to fuck up your deal

But I told you I make my bail

I'm at home in the alcohol bath tryin' to shake the jail

And I'm pickin' up my automatics, automatically

I got a bad habit, makin' people mad at me

Dog, I'm just tryin' to get paid

Cop some jewels too, act like a fool too, run and get laid

Ten million for the crib put the gun on the maid

Weed on the chefs, so I can get high with the meal

Got to get my head right 'fore I fly to Brazil

Make my sheets outta hundreds so I can lie in a mil, what up

[Chorus]

Can I get paid

I'm just tryin' to make some cash

I'm just tryin' to make some cash

Can I get paid

I'm just tryin' to make some cash

I'm just tryin' to make some cash

Dog, you'd be pleased to kick it

I'ma call up my NBA niggas get some season tickets

Catch me in the skybox in any arena

I won't be happy til I cop my niggas 50 medinas

But I'm tryin' to be realistic, and I get really twisted

So I'm settlin' for seventy beamers

Somebody call Bill Gates, tell him meet with the streets

One on one so I can get some real cake
Tryin' to see my shit in the Forbes, Trump tower for 'self
So you know I'm still pitchin' the boy
And the niggas need lottery numbers
Charge this ? freak DeCalis and Hummers
Blow smoke in the sky till the Air Force come
Cop 50,000 pair of Air Force Ones
And if I can't live it up, then I'm runnin up
In the record label tellin everybody give it up, what up

[Chorus]

I kill lemonade peeps
It's Holiday with the fruit punch Ferrari and the lemonade seats
Face look really Aggy, jeans really baggy
Fitted hat, white T and some Bruno Maglies
Doublin' and flippin'
You understand I need a house so big I need a shuttle to the kitchen
That's why I keep the 45 government edition
Sofa costs a hundred, so do the love seat
The big screen is crazy and I'm lovin' the conditions
I got a vision and it's cash involved
Can I get paid, or you get sprayed
It be the only damn question that I'm askin' y'all, what up

[Chorus]

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