

I Get Paid (feat. Nipsey Hussle & Gi Joe)

J. Stone

No question about it
Queens represent!
Uh! say what?
Queens represent! Yeah
Come on!
Get down baby, down down down down now!
Queens represent!
Are you down now
(Are ya's down now)[Chorus]
You want to get paid? You want to get laid?
Pimp Yearlings in 360 ways
Live your life in an ill real way
Got 6 rides in your little drive-way
You get mad puff-lie all day
Make plans with your crime family
Get money money, take money money
Get money money, take money money By age 19 Tyheim is turned out
He ain't talking much, keep a dutch in his mouth
Cop the aberrettes
Orange and Blue
Laced the Gore-tex, stepped with his crew
Black superstar, Jesus piece
Who he prayin' to? God or the Beast
Some bust blocks, feared on the block
Traded in the trucks for a silver drop top
Drug money flowin'
Jealousy is growin'
Paranoia got him second guessin'
D-T's on his back got him stressin'
He was at the light blazin' up traum
Around the corner came a tinted out Yukon
Ten slugs in the door made him fall
Guess he should of never hustled at all[Chorus]My man Tay-Kwan like the chicks a lot
Even when he hustled he kept them in his spot
He liked to fuck a lot and make the rubber pop
5 baby mothers
1 live on my block
Shinin' in the club
Chickens showin' love

Cash bubblin' from pimpin' and drugs
He a real pretty cat
He get from his moms
Back in the seventies, she was the bomb
His games top notch, and he don't stop
He hit a reverends daughter in a church parkin' lot
Tay-Kwan is sick, heartless with chicks
He liked to beat 'em up, make 'em suck dick
Met a little shorty, brought her back to Queens
Honey got the virus, you know the routine
Not only did he walk away with the HIV
Her man's jealous, jooked him rediculously[Chorus]Yolanda's always got a scream
Credit cards in ATM machines
Used to make coats, holdin' work got arrest
Honey made sons pockets bleed to death
She a vet, yet she look innocent and sweet
When she wet, ain't no controllin' the heat
For baguettes she give love to ill thugs
Age of 15 she learned to pump drugs
Then she got pregnant, abandoned the kid
Met this drug kid, set him up and slid
Now she 23 full blown in the mix
Sizin' up wits than more cliques is gettin' chips
She down for whatever, as long as it pays
She tipped off the kids and got Tyheim blazed
She was in the same Yukon, laughin' with the thug
He said thanks for settin' Tyheim up
Take a slug[Chorus]Get paid mommy, come on, come on
Get paid mommy, come on, come on
Get paid mommy, come on, come on
Get paid mommy, come on, come on
Get paid mommy, come on, come onNigga's they wellin' they just don't know
It be LL and 83rd rocking the show
Now nigga's they front, they just don't know
But nigga's want to stick they ball in that hole

Songwriters

RUSSELL W. SIMMONS, LAWRENCE SMITH, MAUREEN ELIZABETH REID, JAMES TODD

SMITHPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>