Paycheck

The Pathetics

[Intro: girl]It's all right -- yyyyeaaaaaaaaah!
[Ghostface Killah]Hold up, gots to boost those tray ups
Think I'm playin' pa, reach and get glazed up
Face all sprayed up, on the floors
The left side of your cheek, go ahead and pick that face up
Of course I'mma fuck with ya'll niggas, ya'll pussy (yeah)
Ya'll niggas know how Pretty Toney get down
Made The Post in '98, fuck an album, when I need CREAM
It's on, nigga, faggots, better check out their accountants
When I hung around broke niggas, and broke bitches
You know what that means, it equals no riches and
I can't have that, I got a lot of wiz'es
They spoiled, told 'em they don't have to move drizzers
Whatever they see, is none of they business
I do what I do, to get that spinach
Whether it's kill 'em, spray 'em, play 'em, all on the streets
I weigh 'em, saute 'em, Ghost and Kay Slay 'em
[Chorus 2X: Ghostface Killah]This kid about his papers, paychecks
Thinkin' you can pay me now, any bear feelings, just say it
Go 'head brother, just as fast as you front
It be an honor just to lay you down
[Trife Da God]The first check I ever got
Son I spent it up top, blowin' a cop, cop, cop, cop, cop...
I had 2 Cent, plus my car fare home
It wasn't even Broadway until I got those stones
I was sixteen, shit, I barely knew what a gram was

Studied Scarface, so I knew what the plan was
To get that CREAM, and serve them fiends
Around the same time my nigga Buck converged with Beans
Two way team, posted up on the benches
Wit a magnet for a stash, that I kept hid under the black fences
Jakes shootin' through the middle, like Kerry Kittles
I was baggin' up small hittin' fiends, with very little
Though they switched nickels on niggas, and pointed out bitches
In the precinct got the snitchin', so they hit 'em off with something decent
Avoid the sweeping, them boys is beastin'
On point, but I'm kinda paranoid when they creepin'
[Ghostface Killah]Faggot ass niggas, when I ride get the fuck out the way

When I see jewels, all I know is take
I'm like a seed at a birthday party, all I want is cake
In other words, papes, sellin' herbs and tapes
Movin' birds and weight, through suburban states
God damn it, I told ya'll niggas
This is a Theodore stickup
Wake ya bitch up, watch the fifth pick up!
[Chorus 2X][Outro: Ghostface Killah]Yeah, you heard what the bitch said
When we wasn't makin' too much muthafuckin' CREAM and shit
We was beatin' the shit out of niggas
Takin' their little Summer Youth shit
Buyin' beer and weed and shit
Shakin' niggas upside down on some cartoon shit
Change fall all out of their pockets and shit
Yellin' and tellin' the cops, fuck ya'll niggas!
This is Theodore, bitch

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