

# I'm So Paid

## Lil Wayne, Young Jeezy & Akon

[Intro]

Rubbing' on that Italian leather  
Dem' Konvict jeans on!  
Ay yo Weezy! You Ready?  
Yeah!

[Chorus:]

I get it in 'til sunrise  
Doing 90 in a 65  
Windows rolled down screaming Ah!!!  
Hey-ey-ey... I'm so paid  
Number one hustler get money  
Why do you wanna count my money?  
I'm a hustler don't need them! One of them you all see!  
I'm so paid

[Verse 1]

I see police on the crooked I  
Doing a 100 on the Interstate 95  
My shawty leanin' blasting that Do or Die  
Pushin' that motherfuckin' wood cause we certified  
Got a system that ll beat and knock your wall off  
Got a pump under my seat, the sawed-off  
Got a bunch of goons, hoping they never call off  
I'm a sniper sitting on the roof already saw you all  
It ain't too much to put a strain on me  
That's the reason why I had to put the blame on me  
I rather have them dollar bills rain on me  
Then let them haters come and make the name of me  
That's why...

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I am the boss it only takes one call  
For a driver to hit you up and drop you off that's all  
Guess what I won't be taking that fall  
Homie I got cake that's what I'm paying them for (aha!)  
Ain't that funny?  
'cause niggas want war but ain't got money

'cause I've seen them all talking 'til they start gunning  
Quicker than Usain Bolt the fastest thing running  
Yeah! Akon! Weezy!  
Block oil holdin' down Jersey  
Divine making sure we gettin' it up front  
My little brother Boo got that vision bake it!

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne Verse 3]

Oh-oh,  
Big money Weezy  
White wife beater with the sig underneath it  
How do I feel bitch I feel undefeated  
Snap my fingers disappear from the precinct  
Yea!  
I'm ballin' we ball out  
Thoughts of before until the ball bounce  
I send some niggas with guns to you all house  
Only to find out you live in a doll house  
Damn!  
But I thought you was tough don't  
We carry choppers on our necks  
Call it cut throat  
We, bury powers on the set that they come from  
We, know magic turn  
Weed smoke to gun smoke  
We, bomb first when we ride  
You, in a hearse when you ride  
Ay-yay  
I put my shoes on baby  
And I'm holding down Young Mula baby!  
That's why...

[Chorus]

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