

Wanna Get Paid (feat. Lost Boyz)

LL Cool J

No question about it, Queens represent!
Say what? Queens represent!
Come on, come on! Queens represent!
Come on, Lost Boyz, LL Cool J You wanna get paid? You wanna 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 talkin' 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
I guess he should of never hustled at all You wanna get paid? You wanna 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 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 flow 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 ridiculously You wanna get paid? You wanna 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 Yolanda's always got a scheme
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 You wanna get paid? You wanna 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 Get paid mommy, come on, come on
Get paid daddy, come on, come on
Get paid mommy, come on, come on
Get paid daddy, come on, come on Get paid mommy, come on, come on
Get paid daddy, come on, come on
Get paid mommy, come on, come on
Get paid daddy, come on, come on Niggas they wellin' they just don't know
It be LL and 83rd rockin' the show
Now niggas they front, they just don't know
But niggas wanna stick they ball in that hole, peace

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>