

Tryin' to Get Paid (Chopped & Screwed)

Paul Wall

I'm on the grind, tryin' to make paper stack up
An' if I slip an' fall, then I get back up
A two piece, any hater that wanna act up
An' if boxin' don't work, a glock got my back up pimpin'
Talkin' down is a thing of the past
Instead of trippin' off of me, you should be gettin' your cash
I got a lotta paparazzi tryin' to see through my glass
Well, peep game, I'm 'bout to teach class, listen to me
I'm a hustler with only one thing on my mind
An' that's gettin' all that's mine while I'm in my prime
Whether it's legal or a crime, the police still blind
'Cause I'm quiet an' hush-hush like a mime
I'm gon' shine but not 'til the appropriate time
So I nickel an' dime, every lick I find
If I fall in a bind, my inventory still fine
I never let a slump influence the way I grind, baby
All day an' every night, I think about one thang
Stackin' my change an' that ain't never gon' change
I got plans for runnin' game until the money is drained
Puttin' rocks in my ring an' ride a drop on swangs
Steady hustlin' on the grind, out here doin' my thang
I'm just tryin' to maintain how many licks I could stang
But these boys who talkin' loud, they ain't got nothin' to say
But I ain't worried, I'm just tryin to get paid
I'm on the grind, I hustle everyday, all day
I'm tryin' to shine with muscle an' show off parquet
I lost time in the struggle, so I grind always
'Cause on my mind, I'm makin' up for lost pay
I'm usin' my past for inspiration, when I was broke
I had dreams an' aspirations influenced by hope
I get up, get out an' get it while I can
'Cause I might get jammed
Life don't always go the way that you plan
Instead of duckin' the undercovers or snorin' under covers
I'm climbin' out the underground, increasin' my numbers
24/7, I grind, ain't no time for sleep
'Cause if you snooze you lose
An' if you sleep, you won't eat, pimpin'
I go an' get it, bein' broke, I ain't with it
A different hustle every minute, if I said it, I did it
I can't let no critic influence my mash for paper
I grind major, I'ma sign later, holla, playa
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I'm on the grind, I worked for everythin' that I got

I go an' get it while it's hot, I'm on the block nonstop
'Cause I remember when I didn't have diddly squat
An I'm not tryin' to make a U-turn from the top pimpin' It ain't no time for relationships
'Cause 99 percent of dips will try to take your chips
Ain't no slippin' in my pimpin' or slackin' on my mackin'
These boys lazy, Cadillac'in' while I'm greenback stackin' 'Cause while they in they bed catchin' they Zs
I'm in the streets tryin' to catch me some Gs
I gotta go an' get all that I'm worth 'cause bein' broke hurt
An' I ain't got time for shootin' the breeze, check me out I hustle like a fiend 'cause I'm addicted to cash
I can't let my window of opportunity pass
It really ain't no tellin' how long my money gon' last
So I mash an' get it fast, first class for real All day an' every night, I think about one thang
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Songwriters

Paul Slayton Published by
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