

# Getting Paid (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

## Trae tha Truth

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Intro - Trae Tha Truth]  
We blowing money bitch  
I grow up, I grow up, getting paid  
I grow up, I grow up, getting paid [Chorus - Trae Tha Truth (Wiz Khalifa)]  
We don't even count the money no more we just blow it  
(We spend it all up)  
We don't even count the money no more we just throw it  
(And make them pick it all up) [Verse 1 - Trae Tha Truth]  
Money strapped to my waist  
Somewhere in the whip I'm in with no bass  
Flooded the trap I need a new place  
Money got to go I told them there's no space  
Never love hoes, hoes I don't chase  
Only wear Locs the same as my race  
All I know is stunt, make a hater feel like shit to the point that he's in another place  
Real talk  
I-I-I ain't the one but I lean on haters, looking so clean on gator  
Try to jack me, I guarantee I'll put the beam on haters  
Hood nigga, when I come to this I'm stocked up  
Shit on my wrist trying to light this block up  
Nigga said I got a dope man swag, took a look at these jewels  
Every one of them rocked up  
And we still on the corner packed in  
H-Town president something back then  
Hope the slut that I'm with got insurance so  
She know I'm about to run up on her back end  
Like a set of bad tires, she was getting plugged  
We can take it to the streets, take it to the club  
I don't rubber band shit I got trash bags  
Other niggas make it rain, I'ma make it flood  
When I ain't going to talk shit I'ma talk bread  
If a hater don't like it, tell them to drop dead

I'm in the hood like a fresh set of projects  
Where they either rock blue or they rock red  
I'm the king of the streets  
Ain't nobody finna take away what I came to get  
Audi R8 that I came is sick  
With interior the color of a all white brick[Chorus X2][Verse 2 - Wiz Khalifa]  
Big weed in my joint, diss me there's no point  
Little guy but still all my niggas got big heat, they on point  
Rolling up while I drive, engine be in the trunk  
Decided in 2005 that I can fuck any bitch that I want  
Oh, and, and, and I ain't trying to stunt  
This a two seater my bitch can't help but ride up in the front  
Balling, most niggas won't try to pick them up  
Throwing so much money you even try to pick some up  
You trying different stuff, look at how I block them out  
Smoke like a Cali nigga, even when I'm in the South  
And when, when, my car come out the whores come out  
Don't even get on Twitter no more because I'm what your bitch talking about[Chorus X2]

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