

I Paid My Dues

Rappin' 4-Tay

Testing one, two, three, four
Rapping 4-tay, Rag Top records, nineteen-ninety-six
West up, let's do this Yeah 4, you done finally got that parole call
Yeah man, that was long coming trying get that, man
I understand that 4, but a lot of people don't know
What you've done been through bro'Man, a brother done been in this rap game for ten years, man
I've been from hell and back, you know Frank
But what's gon' have to do
Is lay it down and lace it up like a shoestring
Okay, like this here Allow me to take you back down memory lane
When a player was so young in this rap game
Yeah, if you had a fight you best to knock a sucker out
Because moms wouldn't about to let you in the house Yeah, we had to throw em' in the days
Didn't have glock, never seen a twelve gauge
Wasn't no banging n' gang affiliated deaths
Brother had to go to school in the days to get a rep Always wanted to bust a gang of these raps
And be the first player to put Frisco on the map
So add this to the list of them hits that be knocking for the new year
I'ma vet in this rapping industry, you wet behind the ear Shit, I even caught the San Quinton blues
Used to rock that motherfucker every night, I paid my dues I talked the talk, but now I'm walking the walk
What up, fool, huh yeah, yeah, what, what I'm from the west but I don't ride the saddle
Used to do a lot of battle
But you money are make your trunk rattle
Ever since the solar system, boys clubbing house parties Rap contests at Booker T'S, man it was everybody
Snatching it taking it swoop on stuff all the way home
Once me and O' hit the jets, man we was gone
Up the stairs to the vacant house, that's we're we practice at We didn't have a studio so man we had to work
with that
No reel to reels, no mic, just the radio
Paper and oen and I was in, the heart of the ghetto
Trying to pursue my dream, trying to make things right I posted up at other people's shows begging to get the
mic
I was kicking down doors, posted up, like the 49 years
All I wanted to do was bust a rap before the headliners
They pushed me to the left, I said alright, that's cool
Now you call my booking agent, everyday, I paid my dues I talked the talk, but now I'm walking the walk
What up, fool, huh yeah, yeah, what, what The difference is you're talking about the game you see I'm living in
And all my folks R.I.P, I'LL see you in a minute
Before I cut I got's to shock it 'cause I'm still pissed

For my mistakes, court dates and the time I missed
A lot of deputies in correctional facilities
I kept they ass up all night, but now they feeling me
From banging on the walls and busting raps off the top ten
Bet you never though I be the entertainer of the year
But why not, 'cause I've got, what it takes to represent
Crowd could be a hundred thousand, I'm never hesitant
Just ask Franky J. to drop me an old school beat
Them funky instrumentals kept me of the streets
They kept me motivated, I was always underrated
I bet my real folks wasn't surprised when I made it
Plus I gave them digits back to the parole board
So now I'm cool, I'd been paid my dues
I talked the talk, but now I'm walking the walk
What up, fool, huh yeah, yeah, what, what

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