

Pay Day

Classified

Don't act surprised, I got soul like Jackson 5
Class get it in with the classic vibe, I'm a four course meal ain't no appetizer

Word, everybody gotta pay up
Forget the everyday stress for a minute
We bout to celebrate like we're in the 9th inning
Two outs and bout to win the penant
I'm waiting on my pay day like I'm living in my heyday
19 in the club like JJs drink it up like mayday mayday
If I keep going this way I need AA today
But I'm feeling good and it tastes great
Finally got paid not a day late
Some work all day in a job they hate
So that they could play all night anyplace they like
And it's Pay day, pay day
Whether its 9 to 5 I do it writing rhymes
I just gotta survive to get by
Till its pay day and it's pay day
I've been going all day all night all week
Waitin' on a dream and a cup of coffee
Get in like,

The same old thing And I've been waitin' all week on this paycheque
'Cause I hate debt, and I got bills to pay before the day sets
Trying to keep right but I stay left I ain't checking out
But need a rain check, and my girl wants a brand new pay up
So I guess I gotta buy another outfit
And both kids roll out their own kicks
I stretch money like aerobics, love getting paid but hate getting taxed
Love getting laid but hate chasin' ass
You can't have one without the other, ask a friend
You either work it out before you cash it in Pay day, pay day
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The same old thing When this pay cheque comes I'mma give her
A little harm to the lungs and the liver
Under the sun with a blunt on the river

I give it my all I don't under deliver, feelin' like I'm about to slow down but I get up
We live it up, we don't ever die down
Ready for it all, see it in my eyeballs
Till I fall then I'mma stand my ground, I work hard for the pay off
Play hard before I had a day job
I get it in like cool hands Luke, till it blew in my face like blue man group
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Waitin' on a dream and a cup of coffee
Get in like,
The same old thing

Songwriters

BRIAN ARTHUR PELRINE, DAVID CHRISTENSEN, JORDAN RALPH CROUCHER, JOSEPH
FRANCISCO SERRA, LISA SCINTA, LUKE DONALD BOYD, MARK RICHARD PELLIZZERPublished by
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