

# Paycheck

## Ghostface Killah Feat. Trife Da God

[Intro: girl]It's all right -- yyyyeaaaaaaaaah!  
[Ghostface Killah]Hold up, gots to boost those tray ups  
    Think I'm playin' pa, reach and get glazed up  
    Face all sprayed up, on the floors  
The left side of your cheek, go ahead and pick that face up  
Of course I'mma fuck with ya'll niggas, ya'll pussy (yeah)  
    Ya'll niggas know how Pretty Toney get down  
Made The Post in '98, fuck an album, when I need CREAM  
It's on, nigga, faggots, better check out their accountants  
    When I hung around broke niggas, and broke bitches  
    You know what that means, it equals no riches and  
        I can't have that, I got a lot of wiz'es  
They spoiled, told 'em they don't have to move drizzers  
    Whatever they see, is none of they business  
        I do what I do, to get that spinach  
Whether it's kill 'em, spray 'em, play 'em, all on the streets  
    I weigh 'em, saute 'em, Ghost and Kay Slay 'em  
[Chorus 2X: Ghostface Killah]This kid about his papers, paychecks  
    Thinkin' you can pay me now, any bear feelings, just say it  
        Go 'head brother, just as fast as you front  
        It be an honor just to lay you down  
    [Trife Da God]The first check I ever got  
Son I spent it up top, blowin' a cop, cop, cop, cop, cop...  
    I had 2 Cent, plus my car fare home  
        It wasn't even Broadway until I got those stones  
        I was sixteen, shit, I barely knew what a gram was

    Studied Scarface, so I knew what the plan was  
        To get that CREAM, and serve them fiends  
    Around the same time my nigga Buck converged with Beans  
        Two way team, posted up on the benches  
    Wit a magnet for a stash, that I kept hid under the black fences  
        Jakes shootin' through the middle, like Kerry Kittles  
        I was baggin' up small hittin' fiends, with very little  
    Though they switched nickels on niggas, and pointed out bitches  
In the precinct got the snitchin', so they hit 'em off with something decent  
    Avoid the sweeping, them boys is beastin'  
        On point, but I'm kinda paranoid when they creepin'  
[Ghostface Killah]Faggot ass niggas, when I ride get the fuck out the way

When I see jewels, all I know is take  
I'm like a seed at a birthday party, all I want is cake  
In other words, papes, sellin' herbs and tapes  
Movin' birds and weight, through suburban states  
God damn it, I told ya'll niggas  
This is a Theodore stickup  
Wake ya bitch up, watch the fifth pick up!  
[Chorus 2X][Outro: Ghostface Killah]Yeah, you heard what the bitch said  
When we wasn't makin' too much muthafuckin' CREAM and shit  
We was beatin' the shit out of niggas  
Takin' their little Summer Youth shit  
Buyin' beer and weed and shit  
Shakin' niggas upside down on some cartoon shit  
Change fall all out of their pockets and shit  
Yellin' and tellin' the cops, fuck ya'll niggas!  
This is Theodore, bitch

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>