

Get Paid (Feat. Young Roddy And Trademark)

Curren\$y

Yeah Jetlife
Jet setting nonetheless
I'm talking oceans in the back
Front reserved for porches
Highed up focused on my fortunes
A real G I'm tryin' ball
I want it all
Fuck a portion
Money in my pocket
More stacks than a fortress
Up early everyday I'm trying to flip
I need more of it
Gotta get it now
Will I see tomorrow
I'm not sure of it
Overdue is about that time
I deserve a lick
I'm trying to see something slick
I really came from nothin' though
Still I stand tall pockets thick
Fitted sitting low
Twisting with my chick
Out the manor in front of getting gold
She ain't a gold digger
But love how daddy get this dough
Real nigga hear it in my words plus my actions show
Nothing less I'm a jet so I'm sending threats
To these suckas hating on my name cause I'm next
Protected by the planes
J-L-R family crest
Momma fall back from them lames and fly with the best
Get paid
Get paid my nigga
Get paid
Get paid my nigga
Get paid
Get paid my nigga
Get paid
Get paid my nigga
Get paid
Never underestimate the other guys greed

Game given from a snake indeed
I'll still take heat
Keep the force with you
Stuck adhesive
Fuck with the real niggas see how we do it
Baby girl, them your people
Well lose them dudes
Your home girl and them cool
We making moves like when throwback rap albums had interludes
We used to chill at the crib
Waiting for homie to bring the instrumentals through
Mixtape rap your way to a million dollars
I did it partner
Too much of a scholar
To ever live in scwaler
Scissors beat paper unless we talking bout them paper dollars
I'm in there like I live there
What took you so long baby girl
Ive been here trying to lose your man hes a square huh
I don't know if its fair ma
Fuck it though you living in the same world im in dirty
Let them money makers spinGet paid
Get paid my nigga
Get paid
Get paid my nigga
Get paid
Get paid my nigga
Get paid
Get paid my nigga
Get paidI hustle hard til I'm dead or locked behind bars
I'm a jet member will brought by a different set of laws
Roddy trap hard ain't no time for fucking off
Its a scary game but am I scared, not at all
I'm hoping that this side don't ever come down, and fall
Cause them dates know that we way tougher than them all
Still spitting these trill bars free of charge
And them niggas don't give a fuck they cold hearted
That's cold-blooded especially in New Orleans
Just trying to make it out this maze that I've been lost in
I rep my set from the stage to the coffin
School of hard knocks
I learned to read between the margin
Real shit so many problems I deal with
And thank god for Mary Jane and that good piff
That I won't quit stacking my bread sippin' my chips

I double count my paper then I dip

Jets fool

I bet I doGet paid

Get paid my nigga

Get paid

Get paid my nigga

Get paid

Get paid my nigga

Get paid

Get paid my nigga

Get paid

Songwriters

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