

# I'm So Paid (Ft. Young Jeezy & Lil Wayne)

Akon

Rubbing' on that Italian leather  
Dem' konvict jeans on!  
Ay yo Weezy! You Ready?  
Yeah! I get it in 'till the sunrise  
Doin' 90 in a 65  
Windows rolled down screaming "Ahhh!!!"  
Hey-ey-ey... I'm so paid  
Number one hustla gettin money  
Why do you wanna count my money?  
I'ma hustla don't need them! One of ya'll ya see! I'm so paid  
I see police on the crooked I  
Doing a 100 on the Interstate 95  
My shawty leanin' blasting that Do or Die  
Pushin' that motherfuckin' wood cuz we certified  
Got a system that'll beat and knock your wall off  
Got a pump under my seat, the sawed-off  
Got a bunch of goons, hoping they never call off  
I'm a sniper sitting on the roof already saw y'all  
It ain't too much to put a strain on me  
That's the reason why I had to put the blame on me  
I rather have them dollar bills rain on me Then let them haters come and make the name of me  
That's why? I get it in 'till the sunrise  
Doin' 90 in a 65  
Windows rolled down screaming "Ahhh!!!"  
Hey-ey-ey... I'm so paid  
Number one hustla gettin money  
Why do you wanna count my money?  
I'ma hustla don't need them! One of ya'll ya see!  
I'm so paid I am the boss it only takes one call  
For a driver to hit you up and drop you off that's all  
Guess what I won't be taking that fall  
Homie I got cake that's what I'm paying them for (aha!)  
Ain't that funny?  
Cuz niggas want war but ain't got money  
Cuz I've seen them all talking 'till they start gunnin'  
Quicker than Usain Bolt the fastest thing running Yeah! Akon! Weezy!  
Block oil holdin' down Jersey  
Devine making sure we gettin' it up front  
My little brother Boo got that vision bake it! I get it in 'till the sunrise

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I'm so paidOh-oh  
Big money Weezy  
White wife beater with the sig underneath it  
How do I feel bitch I feel undefeated  
Snap my fingers disappear from the precinct  
Yeah!  
I'm ballin' we ball out  
Ball 'til we fall until the ball bounce  
I send some niggas with guns to y'all house  
Only to find out you live in a doll house  
Damn!  
But I thought you was tough though  
We, carry choppers on our necks call it cut throat  
We, bury cowards on the set that they come from  
We, know magic turn weed smoke to gun smoke  
We, bomb first when we ride  
You, in a hearse when you rideAy-yay  
I put my shoe down baby  
And I'm holding down Young Mula baby!  
That's why?  
I get it in 'till the sunrise  
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Why do you wanna count my money?  
I'ma hustla don't need them! One of ya'll ya see!  
I'm so paid

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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