Get Dis Money

Slum Village

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey
What you say, get dis money
If they say what you gon' do today, just say
Hey I wanna get paid, pay day, pay day, pay dayHey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey
What you say, get dis money
If they say what you gon' do today, just say
Hey I wanna get paid, pay day, pay day, pay day
Pay day, pay day, pay dayWe dedicate this to these people out here gettin' bank
Where the oops you lose the money it's reality
Never front on a click that you can't evaluate
See I got things out here I need to situateI got a fresh ass car on some gloss paint
People walking down the street until they feet stank
I got accountants out here handling big thangs
As I slip into the crib wit the sashay
Have my room wit the shark wit the big tank
Don't get mad 'cause I'm doing things you just can'tHey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey
What you say, get dis money
If they say what you gon' do today, just say
Hey I wanna get paid, pay day, pay day, pay day
Pay day, pay day, pay dayMy man you need to get back like the rebate
And bid he need to step up like the home plate
My man now what you know about the great lakes?
We contemplate on gettin' money like a sweepstakesSippin' dark grapes, party in the dark shade
You see a nigga cold chillin' like a Marl-ey Marl
And bid his ride like a Harley
Money make, a Ric, a Ric-o Suav-eHey radio play the S like arcades
Everyday the holiday so nigga stay paid
Celebrate the holidays wit the money
Ain't about to wait so nigga stay awayHey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey
What you say, get dis money
If they say what you gon' do today, just say
Hey I wanna get paid, pay day, pay day, pay day

Pay day, pay day, pay daySomebody said that radio would never ever play
Some of that Detroit, motor city for play
Honestly earning my dough, keepin' it real y'all
Countin' my cash, just showin' you how the boss ballI never thought that we would make it up this far
Grippin' my cream color Cadillac, north star
Detroit motor city finest is who we are
This is for my ladies who get out, chill at the bar
This is for my ladies who get out, chill at the barWhen I was a young boy chillin' in my daddys nuts
All I could hear was a rhyme and dope cuts
Growin' up thinkin' I was nothin' but a glut
Another day, another buck, another slut
All I wanna do is get paid Oak Town don't stopHey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey
What you say, get dis money
If they say what you gon' do today, just say
Hey I wanna get paid, pay day, pay day, pay dayHey, hey, hey, h-hey, hey
What you say, get dis money
If they say what you gon' do today, just say
Hey I wanna get paid, pay day, pay day, pay day
Pay day, pay day, pay day, pay day, pay day, pay day
Pay day, pay day, pay day

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