

# Getting Paid

## Trae tha Truth

[Intro - Trae Tha Truth]

We blowing money bitch

I grow up, I grow up, getting paid

I grow up, I grow up, getting paid[Chorus - Trae Tha Truth (Wiz Khalifa)]

We don't even count the money no more we just blow it

(We spend it all up)

We don't even count the money no more we just throw it

(And make them pick it all up)[Verse 1 - Trae Tha Truth]

Money strapped to my waist

Somewhere in the whip I'm in with no bass

Flooded the trap I need a new place

Money got to go I told them there's no space

Never love hoes, hoes I don't chase

Only wear Locs the same as my race

All I know is stunt, make a hater feel like shit to the point that he's in another place

Real talk

I-I-I ain't the one but I lean on haters, looking so clean on gator

Try to jack me, I guarantee I'll put the beam on haters

Hood nigga, when I come to this I'm stocked up

Shit on my wrist trying to light this block up

Nigga said I got a dope man swag, took a look at these jewels

Every one of them rocked up

And we still on the corner packed in

H-Town president something back then

Hope the slut that I'm with got insurance so

She know I'm about to run up on her back end

Like a set of bad tires, she was getting plugged

We can take it to the streets, take it to the club

I don't rubber band shit I got trash bags

Other niggas make it rain, I'ma make it flood

When I ain't going to talk shit I'ma talk bread

If a hater don't like it, tell them to drop dead

I'm in the hood like a fresh set of projects

Where they either rock blue or they rock red

I'm the king of the streets

Ain't nobody finna take away what I came to get

Audi R8 that I came is sick

With interior the color of a all white brick[Chorus X2][Verse 2 - Wiz Khalifa]

Big weed in my joint, diss me there's no point

Little guy but still all my niggas got big heat, they on point  
Rolling up while I drive, engine be in the trunk  
Decided in 2005 that I can fuck any bitch that I want  
Oh, and, and, and I ain't trying to stunt  
This a two seater my bitch can't help but ride up in the front  
Balling, most niggas won't try to pick them up  
Throwing so much money you even try to pick some up  
You trying different stuff, look at how I block them out  
Smoke like a Cali nigga, even when I'm in the South  
And when, when, my car come out the whores come out  
Don't even get on Twitter no more because I'm what your bitch talking about[Chorus X2]

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

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