Back in the days we used to hit Pitkin Av Knapsack strapped on my back cause everything got bagged In sight, when I got put out put up a fight Then I took flight, all you seen was a streak of light Ghost, you didn't catch me if you wanted to I broke, it's time to catch some wreck, where's my crew? Hit up the ball (?), fill up the pad with ease Pump shit on the block and make at least two q's Sometimes I even hit the pocket, I got knocked One time, two times, shit, they couldn't stop it I had to make my loot, I had to make my dough So I took my 'Lo and Guess, then bumped the rest On the ave, it's all about the green And niggas who make mad green know what I mean So if you in the house and you know what it's about Gettin paid, come on, let me hear you shout

Make money, money, make money, money, money (4X) Take money, money, take money, money, money (4X)

I got to get paid, and I mean quick fast And if it ain't the cash then that ass get blast Livin in New York nowadays is like damn Cause if you're broke nobody wants to be your man Especially the girls when it come to gettin game You got to have the loot plus the gear to maintain I can't take the heat, there's a strain on my brain And when my pockets are broke my heart feels the pain I gotta get a grip cause I might just flip I'm thinkin of a vic, where's my crew and my clip? It's a jack, take your fuckin hand off the wheel Turn around slowly, bitch, you know the deal (Shorty, you crazy) Nah, I need dough And I'ma do what I gotta do, where's my flow? I wanna grab the mic, flip the script and get paid But if I puff a daydream, damn, I'm gettin played Word to my meals, no frills, gotta go And if you wanna bump makin dough let me know I rather get paid with the paid program You can keep your fame and fuck who's the man I scheme and I scheme till I go get the green And if you want a scene of the money fiend Niggas (?) hit the screen Everybody in the house, if you want dough You gots to let me know

I'm gettin kinda old, now my moms wanna flip
Up out the crib, damn, I gotta hit a fuckin lick
The house ain't clean and the rent's overdue
I hear the same line, yeah, "I do it all for you"
You do it all for me but all I want is my own
I wanna represent, so I keep shit known
That I'm for the dough and nothin but the dead pres
Fuck Uncle Sam and the bullshit he says
You got to get paid says the man on the corner
See a fly shortie lookin good, push up on her
Now I'm like the man cause I bring home the bacon

Shit is mad real, kid, ain't no move-fakin
On the streets of New York, whatever you talk
It seems like only poor people eat pork
Word to my herb, make your loot in the spot
If you wanna get paid, let me see you lick one shot

[ CHORUS ]