

# Paid In Full

Dame D.O.L.L.A.

(Hold up)

They can't do it the way I do it  
Move 'round this bitch fluid  
Birkin bags and feet up on the wood when I get to it  
Levels to this game, you know the name, a chess player  
I got 'bout as much fold in me as I got chest hair, that's none, nigga  
You bum niggas best bow down  
Only real when we chow down  
I can't think of any time a lame been in our powwow  
We thoroughbred, from a king line, that's big thanks to Uncle O  
Get the bills like Buffalo, what we got, we hustle for  
I bleed the game and breathe the game  
Lillard U don't breed the same  
You IG, no ID, that's a whole crisis, Jesus chain  
I tweaked the lane, made All-Stars and max money  
I pay M's in tax money  
Got no friends, nigga act funny  
All my dogs on path, but they ain't rich, we tryna build that  
Motherfuckers sad, painting "if"s and I don't feel that  
Never keep it real, but turn around and say it's real rap  
Ain't nothin' I ain't skilled at, layers when I peel back, bitch

This that meet me outside, this that family 'til I die  
This that MJ 45, run the bases and I'm back  
This that travel, never pack, fill the jet with Louis bags  
This that happy that they mad, we too rich out here to flash  
This that I been up for days, too many memories I gotta save  
This that hope these niggas play, bein' dumb don't make you brave  
Built a house, look like a maze, I just met another maid  
Gang fightin' over the bill, everybody gettin' paid  
Everybody gettin' paid  
Everybody gettin' paid  
Everybody gettin' paid  
(Uh, uh, look)  
Everybody gettin'—

Please excuse the way I enter, got four kids out the placenta  
Of the woman who's the center of all that's within me  
Most you ho niggas agenda that you showcase from your finsta  
Hit my ear and get dismembered, you hoes can't offend me  
I was bred for this, Igbo mama taught etiquette  
Libido high as Everest, my seeds grow for the betterment of  
Every nigga who come lack from or your pops was wack  
Or you pack a MAC in the back of the Ac', just tryna get your lil' paper to  
stack, look  
Most my bars really soliloquies in hopes to set my niggas free  
Before they let they trigger squeeze and end it all  
Before one-eight was down on bended knees and Dave Chappelle befriended me  
I felt within the enemy, I'd been a star  
Planetarium, I can become if niggas need some space  
Quarter-million honorarium to see me face-to-face  
Bury me in a solarium-style casket just in case  
They need to see what it look like when the realest niggas decay

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Everybody gettin' paid  
Everybody gettin' paid  
Everybody gettin'—  
Everybody gettin' paid  
Everybody— (Hold up)