

# Paycheck

FIDLAR

Cold sweat, the summer's gone,  
Wake up, nobody's home.

I got trouble my way, I guess I'm here to stay,  
Somebody told me to leave 'cause I ain't looking so great.  
Somebody's running out, I'm shooting everything,  
Until I saw on TV, why did I give it away?

Busted, now it's all about  
Making, why you're coming around?

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