

## Paid For (Bitch I Own You)

Juicy J

I gotta diamond in the back like them old school niggas  
Still living off all my old school figgas  
In that candy paint dripping off that Chevy 6-5  
Niggas call it pimping, why  
Cause that bitch paid for, paid for, paid for  
Bitch I own you, bitch I, bitch I own you  
Bitch I own you, bitch I, bitch I own you  
Bitch I own you, bitch I, bitch I own you

Hold up fool, roll up boo  
Spitta high enough to see over what them lil boys is up to  
Pull my car to the Starbucks  
Scoop that hot chocolate up  
Not the one in a cup  
The one with the nice legs and the Pam Grier strut  
You'd swear I had her cryogenically froze  
Naturally fine body like dancers from Solid Gold  
And I don't need a thermometer to tell me that I'm cold  
Strain Andromeda, Kush, King cold cell  
Got the 84 with the broken speedometer  
On a previous cut you may have heard me rhyming of  
Now if you would be kind enough to louden that loudness up  
Fish bowl Chevy clouding up  
Can't see my interior  
But I know is someone in here  
Gas station light bright  
Get my car a check before we're out for the night  
Flawless on my car shit, clear coat fresh  
Right from under the faucets  
Jets... Yes

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I'm riding throwback, Bobby Womack  
I'm feeling this moment is a Kodak  
I been had millions, You should know that  
I been had killers, Keyser Söze  
Candy painted, The neighbors gon' hear me wanging  
The color of it's purple and that's what I'm gon' be drinking  
They call me Juicy J, a nigga with many hoes  
I run right through em, you niggas be paying tolls  
Yo bitch gone wild, more miles on that pussy than my car do  
Let my homies ride her like a carpool  
I be so high with these chicks I don't argue  
I hit 'em with that dick, stick it deep like a harpoon

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