

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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