

Pay Tha Rent (feat. Young Jeezy & Yo Gotti)

Juvenile

Hook: Young Jeezy

You love that hood that you represent
You bought that work and now that money spent
A nigga owe you need every set
My niggas hustle hard just to pay the rent
My niggas busting just to pay the rent
Cause bitches nothing we need err set
We re-up nigga or we spend
My niggas hustle hard just to pay the rent

Verse 1: Juvenile

NO's my birthplace, third water my T-shirt
Im uptown on them high blocks
Where them fiends walk til feet hurt
It's DJ in rebirth, fed boys on steak out
No hard heels just Chuck Taylors
In case something might break out
Right now is grow season
Watch how it's gonna play out
Last night two teenagers got killed up in Jose house
Feel like there's no way out
Guess I gotta just stay down
Playing ball and sell dope
And the project's is my playground
D bought a new condo
He ain't even sleep in his own bed yet
His girl all in his ears talking bout bills that ain't been paid yet
Taught her how to be cool with it
Real niggas ain't bad at it
These motherfuckers who owe me
I'm chopping off their heads next

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Verse 2: Young Jeezy

I go back like throw backs
Nigger Michael Jordan, nigga '96
Streets is dry, I came through
Lebron James, game six
Bright lane right behind the pack
Two cars back on my main driving
Pulling him over they found the bricks
Ain't worried about it cause my man lie
I'm on two way, pay to fire
Said I'm in the street no B by
Why they call it white president
Niggas all I see is this green God
Nigga I ain't going to my mama house
Tired being my mama mouse
So tap room be re'd up

You don't need last for half hour
Tap for they owe me
DEA they want me
Still serve the whole hood half the town
Nigger damn right, the big homey
Treat the projects like my compound
Bag landed nigga touchdown
They was going for the touchdown
Nigger cask up before they touched down

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Verse 3: Yo Gotti

It's summer town my air broke
My house like 400 degrees
Money long, my bills high
So I'm still flipping money in these streets
Juvenile, I've been wild, big pistols, coke piles
Old Chevy, big wheels
Tight motor, gun loud
No know hard
You a bitch nigga
Ten bricks you a rich nigga
Part time, I rap nigga the other time I hit niggas
Can't shake my problems
Low key I'll be robbing
Waving the choice
Cause I fell in love real revolver
Ain't leaving no shells
Ain't going no jail
I ain't leaving no in this industry
Everybody go to hell
Everybody had a struggle
Everybody had a hustle
This everybody who you're fucking with
Nigger why the fuck you coughing?
If the shoe fit, word
Ain't nothing out here word
Made a living off bird word
Nigga that's on my word
I'm from retracing palmer
That shit go hard like the Caddie go
Used to dream bout a million
But I woke up and got it though

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