

Gettin' Paid

Lil' Keke

Got my mind on this money, cause I gotta stay paid
Running into fakers on my journey, everyday
Just because, they see a nigga riding high
They think that I be slipping, and I don't know why
I got this money in my pocket, making moves everyday
Laughing at these haters, waving money in they face
Even though I know, they really wanna ride
I pay em no attention, and they don't know why

Hit em up get em up, early in the morning
I'm smoking pine and writing rhymes, while niggaz still yawning
By noon I'm out the do', twenty inches to the flo'
Although bidness been slow, this mouthpiece fa sho
And I know that no hoe, can interfere with this cash flow
That ass we can bash, like grass begin to grow
Zero once mo', had to show up and po' up
Unexpectedly blow up, then proceed to sew up
Bitches throw up they sick, far gon on my dick
I was treated like shit, until I dropped my first hit
Southside baby, won't you scream it if you mean it
I done been there done that, 22 young I done seen it
Got some plex go on bring it, rap star but I can sing it
Twenty G's a show, with eight mo' I can swing it
Moving ki's and G's, on down to C.D.'s and LP's
Clocking nothing but thee's, doing this thang with ease I'm getting paid

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This the space age playa, let's drift into places
Where gangstas turn stars, on the regular basis
You don't work you don't eat, lesson one on the street
I'm the only man in my mama's eyes, I gotta be on feet
But my mystery is complete, in this life long miracle
I must confess I been blessed, just to be so lyrical
Smoking blunts and pulling stunts, bitch I'm cold as a blizzard
I get in to fit in, then blend in like a lizard
It's the wizard, steady waving my wand
Be calm in the presence, of the hard headed don
Switched up on haters, grabbed the sto's and theaters
Put the steak on a plate, large estates with the acres
Put the punks in the trunks, put the frauds with the fakers
Got my grind on, shine on with my paper
How can you escape the, lyrical impact
That's coming through your chest, your head and your back
It's a fact that I stack, count mills to be exact
Rap game hall of fame, nothing but awards and placks
So where the haters at, so I could squash the chit-chat
Born and raised to break hats, and stay strapped with my gat
Cream mats in the Lac, chromey 4's be turning
Money earning my concerning, plus the weed I'm burning

I'm confirming the commission, while you suckers get played
Jam Down it's for real, forever get paid we getting paid

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It's so hard to get rich, but easy to be broke
And these toss up's and cross up's, mo' niggaz get smoked
I'm at the end of the road, transacts for do'
When there's a will there's a way, dear God I hope
My career don't slow, or fall to something negative
Proposition and mission, is to be an executive
Cool calm and collected, intellectually respected
The body to the rap game, I slowly dissect it
I select the category, lyricists
Ain't no changing us, dangerous serious
I know ya curious, furious with your trigga
Your army's busters ball, Jam Down is paid niggaz yeah we get paid

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(2x)