

# 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, chrome 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 triggas  
Your army's busters ball, Jam Down is paid niggaz yeah we get paid

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(2x)