

Tryin' to Get Paid

Paul Wall

I'm on the grind, trying to make paper stack up
And if I slip and fall, then I get back up
A two piece, any hater that wanna act up
And if boxing don't work, a glock got my back up pimping
Talking down, is a thing of the past
Instead of tripping off of me, you should be getting your cash
I got a lot of paparazzi, trying to see through my glass
Well peep game I'm bout to teach class, listen to me
I'm a hustler, with only one thing on my mind
And that's getting all that's mine, while I'm in my prime
Whether it's legal or a crime, the police still blind
Cause I'm quiet and hush-hush, like a mime
I'm gon shine, but not till the appropriate time
So I nickel and dime, every lick I find
If I fall in a bind, my inventory still fine
I never let a slump, influence the way I grind baby

All day and every night, I think about one thang
Stacking my change, and that ain't never gon change
I got plans for running game, until the money is drained
Putting rocks in my ring, and ride a drop on swangs
Steady hustling on the grind, out here doing my thang
I'm just trying to maintain, how many licks I could stang
But these boys who talking loud, they ain't got nothing to say
But I ain't worried, I'm just trying to get paid

I'm on the grind, I hustle everyday all day
I'm trying to shine, with muscle and show off parque
I lost time in the struggle, so I grind always
Cause on my mind, I'm making up for lost pay
I'm using my past for inspiration, when I was broke
I had dreams and aspirations, influenced by hope
I get up get out and get it, while I can cause I might get jammed
Life don't always go, the way that you plan
Instead of ducking the undercovers, or snoring undercovers
I'm climbing out the underground, increasing my numbers
24/7 I grind, ain't no time for sleep
Cause if you snooze you lose, and if you sleep you won't eat pimping
I go and get it, being broke I ain't with it
A different hustle every minute, if I said it I did it
I can't let no critic, influence my mash for paper
I grind major I'ma shine later, holla playa

I'm on the grind, I worked for everything that I got
I go and get it while it's hot, I'm on the block nonstop
Cause I remember, when I didn't have didly squat
And I'm not, trying to make a U-turn from the top pimping
It ain't no time, for relationships
Cause 99 percent of dips, will try to take your chips
Ain't no slipping in my pimping, or slacking on my macking
These boys lazy Cadillac'ing, while I'm greenback stacking
Cause, while they in they bed catching they Z's
I'm in the streets, trying to catch me some G's
I gotta go and get all that I'm worth, cause being broke hurt
And I ain't got time for shooting the breeze, check me out
I hustle like a fiend, cause I'm addicted to cash
I can't let my window, of oppritunity pass

It really ain't no telling, how long my money gon last
So I mash and get it fast, first class for real