

Don't Pay 4 It

DJ Khaled

Say I ain't trying to pay, for it
Man I'm too playa for that
Too many bitches in the world right now
That'll fuck around and pray for that
Say I ain't trying to pay, for it
I don't pay for no pussy
I won't pay for no pussy
And I ain't buyin' no Gucci
Say I ain't trying to pay for it
I'm a motherfucking G
And I should make these bitches pay me
Say I ain't trying to pay, for it
Hell naw man I'm too throwed
Niggas stay getting shows
Make a lot of money, never trick to these hoes

Pay for that, not me, no hell
Y'all the one that bring the c-notes out
This is K.O.D., now they wait on me
Cause if I do not arrive, there wouldn't be no show
Wale, Wale
Hear you talking, but I cannot stay
Chicks evolve but I cannot stay
I spit the raw, I leave a gay bitch, late
Turn your date to a lake, turn your 8 to a great
Turn a nine to a damn! without paying for the date
Throw the bait, ain't no John
You done broke the safe just to get those broads
You been playing the Uno but you getting no drawers
And I poke her face and let her hold no cards
I ain't even tripping, or paying these women
Got plenty fish in that ocean and my rod game is so vicious
And my sharp show is at 4: 15, can I use the rip in 5: 15
Now I 62 cause I get the loot, and she's gon' kiss the ring but no wedding

Clap that ass, bitch, turn up
Nigga kill the pussy, call it murder
Swerve in the Murcielago
Me without a foreign car, man that's unheard of
In the Maybach, king with my feet up
Curtains drawn, bitch scream when you see us
High give me lead up, work toward nigga
2500 for the sneakers, dope ass nigga, no beeper
I was 16 with a Beamer
Glock with the watch on Aquafina
Niggas going, hyena
Getting pussy posted up at the deener
Now we pull up, post in Medinas
With light-skinned bitch like Gina
Aston, Martin
Man I'm motherfucking cold like Kesha
Stop signs, Simon says
We don't give a fuck, we run them
Like Tommy Young, been barely men
Man broke niggas, we don't live with them
I don't fuck around, I just fuck her friends
Got eagle doors on that brand new Benz

And a threesome with two twenty twins
I'm rich, bitch

(Bitch I'm Mack Ma-I-I-I-ine)
Trick what? Lace who?
Baby girl, that ain't what Maine do
Before I chase you, I replace you
Before I break you off, I'm a break you
Matter of fact, fuck you
Got a hundred chicks on my tour bus
Asian chicks, they adore us
I'm feeling like the nigga on the chorus
(Got this drank in my cup
And I'm 'bout to roll up)
Man this bitch talking too much, dawg
(I done came down, hold up)
Heard a nigga say pimping was dead
I showed them my watch and corrected them quick like, "Nah, niggas you're scared"
Now go get you some bread
See it's...
(Money over bitches, and bread over bed
Tell a bitch that I know Khaled, and she take it to the head)
Shit
Shit, one go to store for me
Got another one that's trying to ho for me
Hopefully, she bring more hoes to me
And reverse the game and make em bring dough to me

[Hook]