

# Paychecks

Ghostface Killah

It's all right yeah!  
Hold up, gots to boost those tray ups  
Think I'm playin' pa, reach and get glazed up  
Face all sprayed up, on the floors  
The left side of your cheek, go ahead and pick that face up  
Of course I'mma fuck with ya'll niggas, ya'll pussy (yeah)  
Ya'll niggas know how Pretty Toney get down  
Made The Post in '98, fuck an album, when I need CREAM  
It's on, nigga, faggots, better check out their accountants  
When I hung around broke niggas, and broke bitches  
You know what that means, it equals no riches and  
I can't have that, I got a lot of wiz'es  
They spoiled, told 'em they don't have to move drizzers  
Whatever they see, is none of they business  
I do what I do, to get that spinach  
Whether it's kill 'em, spray 'em, play 'em, all on the streets  
I weigh 'em, saute 'em, Ghost and Kay Slay 'em

This kid about his papers, paychecks  
Thinkin' you can pay me now, any bear feelings, just say it  
Go 'head brother, just as fast as you front  
It be an honor just to lay you down  
[Trife Da God]  
The first check I ever got  
Son I spent it up top, blowin' a cop, cop, cop, cop, cop...  
I had 2 Cent, plus my car fare home  
It wasn't even Broadway until I got those stones  
I was sixteen, shit, I barely knew what a gram was  
Studied Scarface, so I knew what the plan was  
To get that CREAM, and serve them fiends  
Around the same time my nigga Buck converged with Beans  
Two way team, posted up on the benches  
Wit a magnet for a stash, that I kept hid under the black fences  
Jakes shootin' through the middle, like Kerry Kittles  
I was baggin' up small hittin' fiends, with very little  
Though they switched nickels on niggas, and pointed out bitches  
In the precinct got the snitchin', so they hit 'em off with something decent  
Avoid the sweeping, them boys is beastin'  
On point, but I'm kinda paranoid when they creepin'

Faggot ass niggas, when I ride get the fuck out the way  
When I see jewels, all I know is take  
I'm like a seed at a birthday party, all I want is cake  
In other words, papes, sellin' herbs and tapes  
Movin' birds and weight, through suburban states  
God damn it, I told ya'll niggas  
This is a Theodore stickup  
Wake ya bitch up, watch the fifth pick up!

Yeah, you heard what the bitch said  
When we wasn't makin' too much muthafuckin' CREAM and shit  
We was beatin' the shit out of niggas  
Takin' their little Summer Youth shit  
Buyin' beer and weed and shit  
Shakin' niggas upside down on some cartoon shit  
Change fall all out of their pockets and shit  
Yellin' and tellin' the cops, fuck ya'll niggas!

This is Theodore, bitch