

# Gimme That

Paul Wall

I Need My Money  
I Need My Cash  
I Need My Money  
I Need My Cash  
I Want It Right Here In My Hand  
Or That's Your Ass  
I Need My Cake  
I Want My Bread  
If I Don't Get Im Gunna Bust You  
In Your Head  
I've Been Hustlin On The Grind  
Slow Motion On The Krete  
Posted On The Corner  
In My Kicks And Starch Creased  
Chasin A Meal Ticket  
So It's Shortage On The Sleep  
I'm Addicted to Fast Money  
So Theres Boughta Be Us A Steep  
Peep The Way a Hustler Move  
Out earnin My Keep  
But Speak about my Profit  
and take smoke up Out The Heat  
You Playin Hide And Seek  
But Them Games Need ta cease  
If You Rather We Make peace  
Then You Break Me Off A Piece

I Need Every Piece Of My Cash  
Put That Paper In My Fist  
Better Give Me My Interest  
Or You Be ceasin To exist

I'm Tired Of All That Runnin  
Time To Man Up And Pay  
I Need Retribution Now Or You'll Be In For A Bad Day

I Need My Money  
I Need My Cash  
I Want It Right Here In My Hand  
Or That's Your Ass  
I Need My Cake  
I Want My Bread  
If I Don't Get Im Gunna Bust You  
In Your Head  
I've Been On The Grind  
Chasin' Paper All Over The Texas State  
From Dallas To San Antonio My Resume' Is Great  
I've Been Holdin' My Weight  
For That Paper I Can't Wait  
Give Me Every Dollar You Owe Me  
Partner Don't You Dare Be Late  
And Look  
Make No Mistake  
I'm So Serious About My Paper Stackin  
So Get It Straight  
I'm So Serious About This Pistol Packin  
No Slackin

Don't Come Up Short  
On Not A Single Penny  
Yeah I Got Plenty  
Bout You Owe Me O So Many  
Gimme Them Benjamins  
And Grants  
Gimme Them Jacksons  
And Them Georges  
Either You Gunna Bring Me This Bread  
Or Get Lit Up Like Torches

I Need My Money Now Partner  
Come Up Off Of My Cake  
Betta Hook Me Up Like Bait  
Or You'll Be Floatin' Off In The Lake

I Need My Money  
I Need My Cash  
I Want It Right Here In My Hand  
Or That's Your Ass  
I Need My Cake  
I Want My Bread  
If I Don't Get Im Gunna Bust You  
In Your Head  
I'm on tha grind increasin the stock  
with 6 o's in tha stash spot  
wit my mind on cash hand on glock  
gettin money evading cops  
Milk n honey I need that guap  
all that runnin it's time to stop  
gimme that bread or get this lead  
all that cash that big ol knot  
you owe me but you be actin like you don't know me  
but the next time I see you  
ya better have somethin fo me  
I'm hustlin I'm grindin and I'm stackin up that paper  
I'm a bread breaker baby cake chaser money maker  
My mind up on them dollas you neglectin' to pay  
any means by every way I need my paper today  
so gimme your watch gimme your car  
even your socks or your shoes  
it's time for you to pay your dues  
or you gon' lose pardna

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Gimme That