

Got To Get It

Paul Wall

I gotta get it, I gotta grind
I'ma put it down, I'ma get mine
But you gotta get it, but you gotta grind
I'ma put it down, gotta get mine

I gotta get mine, gotta, gotta get mine
I'ma put it down, I gotta get mine
gotta, gotta get mine, gotta, gotta get mine
I'ma put it down, I gotta get mine

I'm on the road to success, I strive to be the best
I never settle for less, if I'm broke I cant rest
A hustler in the flesh, and I'm smoking on the best
Cuz I deal with lots of stress, out here on this paper quest

I'm making progress, and I'm blessed oh yes
And I'ma get it to my last dying breath, then its in peace I rest
I'm working with that bread like a chef when he cook
Now I'm back to flipping paper like I'm reading a book

Staying real with your partners that's a real good look
But when your cash stash low all your boys get shook
I been searching for that paper like its Natalie Holloway
8 days a week, and I grind on holidays

There aint no excuse for these boys to be broke
I know some hustlers in wheel chairs, we get it til we crock
From south po, to south postal I gotta stack them C notes
So listen up close, say I gotta get it

I gotta get them dollar signs, all of every kind
Partner, I need mine even them nickels and them dimes
I'm out on the grind, staying every lick I find
Going get it myself, there aint no time to try and stand in line

I never fall behind, and yeah I'm full of that purple slim
But I aint dead yet, I'm just fine
I'm still in my prime , so I pack atleast a nine
Cuz haters trying to block my shine, like mini blinds (I gotta get it)

As long as opportunity knock, I'ma get that gwop
And give it all that I got until my coffin drop
The sun rise I'm the first hustler on the block
And when the sun set, I'm still out here on the clock

I'm trying to hustle for them tickets like a traffic cop
I gotta hustle and get it partner I never stop
I take that paper real serious like Dwight shoot
Stacking up loot all around the 16 route

I know the world in a recession, but I'm still progressing
Take heed to my confession, never fall to oppression
I learn from life's lesson if you keep on pressing
You'll eventually end up on top like salad dressing

I'm never second guessing, like bye bye faith
And however long the race gotta maintain pace

When the haters fall to waist, then my god grant grace
No matter what odds I face I'ma be in first place

They hustle and the haste to feed expensive taste
But me, I got grind out there on that paper chase
They turn they back on clements, but I'm still gon ride
Too many fish up in the water trying to float with the tide

No matter how high the gas price I'm still gon drive
Quite crying and complaining partner swallow your pride
While you blaming everybody for your same bad luck
I'ma be on the come up, sun down to sun up... I gotta get it