

## 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