

# Gotta Get Paid

Scarface

"let me spit some game to ya"...

You gotta war on drugs  
well every other day a nigga dies  
you showed yours, now let me show you mine  
bring the six o'clock news  
and let me walk 'em in my shoes  
through what you call the inner city  
and what I call the blues  
I'm broke here, and I ain't waiting on a call  
from a restaurant to bust tables  
when Petie's got a job  
making 35 a week and all he do is run the streets  
this nigga always caked up  
chromed out and draped up  
constantly telling me we need to get this paper  
I'm getting skinny and it's he who get my weight up  
straight up  
and plus I'm tired of missing meals  
so I paid the man a visit...

"What's the goddamn deal?  
It's good to see you dog  
I thought you might've choked up  
respect and money, well I can get you both of 'em"

...I went inside, watching him break it down  
when he was finished he handed a nigga nine  
a nine milimeter, nine zips  
said if I sold each one for nine, I'd have grip  
I hesitated, I ain't never sold a stone  
I done seen it fuck the hood up  
plus all my niggaz gone  
and they ain't never coming out  
so with that in consideration  
I took the package and bounced  
I'm headed home, dazing out in a zone  
eyes on my luggage, I'm about to get it on  
get to the house, spread it all on the couch  
getting this bank what it's about

That's how a nigga made  
they got a nigga paid  
I'm a muthafuckin' jacker not a slave

Get money everyday  
it ain't no other way  
that's how it is until they put me in a grave

I'm in the living room looking at the news  
got a razor and some zipper baggies  
about to do the fool  
cutting hundred dollar slabs  
wholesaling niggaz halves  
getting money like a muthafucka  
servin' niggaz bags  
got the blocks all blowed up

the whole hood smoking  
got a pistol I ain't shot yet  
so dude's wide open for it  
I'm just a youngster, I ain't done it, but I will  
'cause I was taught you got to get it  
so I get it how I live  
Finna get my ma a crib, she ain't working  
so I'm forced to win the bread for the household  
'cause dad was no support  
often in and out of court, caught a case out of town  
got a body on his conscience, but nobody made a sound  
he was going through the motions  
he gonna probably beat the case  
still I get down on my knees  
and beg the Lord to let him raise  
get up and get my workers out  
supply 'em with the goods  
give instructions to the goons  
to come up out the hood  
I ain't gotta pay the fronters  
so I'm finally finna raise  
'cause the bottom line is this homie  
you gotta get paid

That's how a nigga made  
they got a nigga paid  
I'm a muthafuckin' jacker not a slave

Get money everyday  
it ain't no other way  
that's how it is until they put me in a grave  
I never learned a trade  
I fuck with chess and spades  
the only other game a nigga learned to play was  
working hopping yay  
'cause kissing ass was gay  
I'm on my business, I want money like I'm jade

I'm the nigga in the hood  
these little homies wanna be like  
I got when shit was good  
but now-a-days off in this street life  
these niggaz switch it on you  
quick to put you in the crosses  
now he standing in your crib  
and got a pistol in your mouth  
that's your muthafuckin' boy  
he popped you and popped your broad  
now he headed to the closet  
and he about to take it all  
so watch your muthafuckin' friends  
'cause them the ones that sell you out  
ain't no future in being loyal  
when niggaz see you want the top  
jealous hearted muthafuckas  
always quick to say you hating  
I don't want another homie dog  
he swallowed that and chased it  
you can make it like I made it  
I think it's best you do it dolo (solo)  
that way niggaz can't say shit about you  
when talking to the po-po  
oh yo, you know that dude that fronted me my come up

I caught him coming out the neighborhood  
and had him done up  
that's why I'm skeptic  
when it comes to different faces  
'cause I know I got it coming  
but 'til then, I'll get my bank, shit

..."fuck you think this is?"...

..."more food for thought"...

..."that's how this shit go  
muthafucka been foolin' you, fuckin' with you  
all your muthafucking life  
and he the muthafucka talking to the people  
you know...get that nigga ass outta here"...

..."I ride by my muthafucking self"...

..."look for me"...