

## Get paid

Tq

[Napolean:] Yeah, from the bottom  
For the depths, for the bottom  
We come from there, but we still here  
We still breath, so long as we got air in these lungs  
We gonna get something, no matter how, no matter what  
Listen

[Young Noble:] Yo, my whole block family, we all argue and fight  
But if you not family, keep talkin' aiight?  
Will you get them Nikes? Oh you like them yeah?  
They looking good on me, you wanna cop a pair  
Though it takes some time, we still love everybody  
Them like my thug sisters, so I'm fuckin' every mommy  
Everybody know my face, everybody know my name  
As I walk through I heard em sayin' ''Noble do his thing''  
I'm flowin' through this game like I'm slidin' on ice  
Brought these niggas insane like I'm slidin' the dice  
Applyin' the wife, but ain't nobody dyin' tonight  
We fryin' the rice, dinner on the steps tonight  
I bet your life I just might stretch your wife  
Stretch your dime, stretch your doe, and stretch your time  
It might sound short, then I'll stretch the rhyme  
Nothin' but another day, know I ain't gonna lie

[Chorus]

[TQ:] I still remember when a nigga didn't have a thang  
Curb surfin' on the corner each and every day (every day)  
For all the people 'cause I never find a better way  
Ain't gonna stop me from hittin' when I see some paper (I'm gettin' it nigga  
)  
Somebody tell me what's the price for a better day  
But it don't matter, I'm gonna get mine anyway  
But in the scene It's like I still hear my feet the same  
Can we get paid? just wanna get paid

[EDI Mean:] Man I wasn't born with it  
But I'm gonna get it  
Let it be known I'm on a mission  
From boss livin', no bullshittin'  
And I don't sit around niggas who don't want nothin'  
And I don't kick it with these bitches who always want somethin'  
I'm my own man, own plan, been that way  
Lost my father, shit got harder man, and since that day  
I never ever really trust the world again  
Age ten, feel frustration  
No patience when it all forego  
Fuck takin' it slow  
I'd rather take it and blow  
I still roll daily  
Only stoppin' for my babies  
I'm a hard luck nigga  
Keep your guard up nigga  
Large cut getta  
I gotta have my piece  
I'll chop it up with ya man  
But I gotta have my piece  
You cannot be mad at me

I'm game tight on all sides  
Obstacles cannot damage my pride  
I manage to ride, but be it wasn't easy  
Young struggler, livin' for the love of us  
Outlaw

[Chorus]

[TQ:] I still remember when a nigga didn't have a thang  
Curb surfin' on the corner each and every day (every day)  
For all the people 'cause I never find a better way  
Ain't gonna stop me from hittin' when I see some paper (I'm gettin' it nigga  
)  
Somebody tell me what's the price for a better day  
But it don't matter, I'm gonna get mine anyway  
But in the scene it's like I still hear my feet the same  
Can we get paid? Just wanna get paid

[Kastro:] I'm bluntin', so I'm strapped, and I'm starred and cautious  
Ain't nothin' but a day at the office  
I stand-alone so I cut my losses  
And sometimes I drink until I feel nauseous (ha)  
It's not easy, believe me, it's no fun  
Still I chase my paper, till I can't run  
And I was still just a kid till I had one  
If not for bad luck, I probably wouldn't have nothin'  
It's two G's and I just can't quit yet  
Through all they mind so I just can't sit back  
I stand strong so you know I don't get checked  
The born Outlaw so you know I ain't wit' that  
My younger days in the day tryna figure out  
A million ways to get paid in a bigger amount  
It ain't a mystery, it's elementary  
Cash rules, and that's the way it was meant to be

[Napolean:] (?) Eat now, I'm kinda low in the pockets  
House lookin' like shit, volts is climbin' out the sockets  
But that's how it is in twenty-three a.m.  
Brick City, N-J  
Besides Cali, it's the home of the A-K  
I'm paid to roll, was raised to roll  
But at least in my heart, I've always felt alone  
I stayed strong through all the times I supposed to  
I pray to God daily, you barely when you supposed to  
Close to the money 'cause it's close to my heart  
In my life, death ain't nothin' but a walk in the park  
Hard times gettin' sweeter now  
I guess Allah must have blessed us 'cause we eatin' now  
Come on

[Young Noble:] Reminiscing of the days we was broke man (broke man)  
We still missin' tryin' to get it, it's a sure thang (sure thang)  
The forecast for today said it's gonna rain (gonna rain)  
([TQ:] Can I get paid)  
Heat showers on the block, still we gonna hang (gonna hang)  
Live yours, and you know I'm tryin' to live mine (live mine)  
Get yours, 'cause I ain't tryin' to give mine (give mine)  
Everybody comin' out at the same time (same time)  
Nothin' but another day, know I can't lie  
([TQ:] Can I get paid)  
Reminiscing of the days we was broke man (broke man)  
Heat showers on the block, still we gonna hang (still we gonna hang)  
([TQ:] Can I get paid)