

## **Chuck D f/ Kendu, Melquan**

### **"Paid"**

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[Verse 1: Kendu]

I caught you peekin around the corner  
Tryin to see if we left yet  
We staked out your shit last night  
Feeling the vibe for death  
To make you strangle on you blood fluid.  
You know it  
Sleep walking with the machete saying  
Them dogs made you do it, true it  
Mr. Machete telling you bitches I'm ready  
Never nervous behind the barrel  
Trigger finger stay steady  
So buckle up  
It's the only way to survive the ride  
Down to the Y we havin a party inside  
I dedicated this to all you insects  
Who deep on buggin me  
Pushing my panic button, needin trauma  
Unit recovery  
My tracks be fat got them attracting like crack  
Even P.E. be screaming you bring that beat back  
Come one come all my shit be smoking like echo sauna  
The underground went with digital  
Humpin around if you wanna go  
Toe to toe or pussy to dick  
Head chicken heads practice on carrot  
Sticks  
Or let you doo doo hole spread eww  
Y'all niggers chill cause we went there too  
We change this shit from the ruffside  
To the shithole crew  
And we're paid

[Chorus] x4

--Goodness gracious-- --> B.I.G.  
--Gettin' money--  
--Tha papers-- --> B.I.G.  
--Gettin' money--  
--Get paid-- --> B.I.G.

[Verse 2: Melquan]

Spinach flips my lips  
Sit on top of crystal bottle tips  
Sippin ready to flip do a hit  
On a rapper that a serpent  
Counterfeit criminal fakin jacks  
Luxury in his raps ain't facts  
If a camouflage large niggas  
Keep it on the low black  
No raps or Kodak just stacking cheese  
Freezers packed  
Murdered human bodies executed vicious  
Reputed business German lugers  
Lift spitting & twist just  
Flesh confronted nobody want it son  
I come correct  
Connect vocabulary that burry your rep, yep  
Son slaughter rip shit  
On tracks that I eclipse with  
Flowin showing I'm wicked  
Lyrics murderin myths with  
No remorse a different flow continuous  
Blends with no resemblance  
Money & power till it's vengeance

[Chorus] x4

--Goodness gracious-- --> B.I.G.  
--Gettin' money--  
--Tha papers-- --> B.I.G.  
--Gettin' money--  
--Get paid-- --> B.I.G.

[Verse 3: Chuck D]

One of the seven they couldn't hang  
Stepped to the six  
The last brother alive  
Of the startin five-one of the ones  
But you look don't acknowledge  
The mix with a quickness  
Suckers fall and crumble  
To the sickness (sickness)  
Of not baggin themselves  
Not braggin helps  
Your lil ass go figure  
Why ya pants be saggin  
Stare at my audacity  
I ain't from the city (strong ile)  
No pitty no tears  
Cause I ain't from around here  
Freestyle what's the use

Record companies get the money  
And give you juice, and end up cutting your ass loose  
(cut off)  
While you style for free  
They talk wild for a fee  
And getcha ass souped  
While you never ever recoup  
Catchin wreck wit no check  
They'll never give ya respect  
Ya blackself (my brother)  
Getcha self some real yelp (yeah)  
Accountant, sharp businessman  
Who'll sit down & show ya  
Instead a some rich bitch lawyer  
Who swear that he know ya-he don't  
Know ya as long as  
Other folk in rap  
Got it made  
Fuck freestyle  
I wanna stay paid (paid)

[Chorus] x7

--Goodness gracious-- --> B.I.G.  
--Gettin' money--  
--Tha papers-- --> B.I.G.  
--Gettin' money--  
--Get paid-- --> B.I.G.

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