

Crawford Michael**"Paid N Full"**

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[HAVOC]

Yeah

In the year 1986

Havoc & Prodeje had a masterplan

To put South Central on the map

And stay strapped

And peel your cap if you trip

And make much snaps

Like the song say

Our main goal is to stay paid n full

[PRODEJE]

Thinking of a master plan

Cause ain't nothing but sweat inside my hand

So I dig into my pocket all my money is spent so I dig deeper

But still comin up with lint so I

Start my mission, leave my residence

Thinkin how could I get some dead presidents

I need money, I used to be a stick-up kid

So I think of all the devious things I did

I used to roll up, this is a hold up

Ain't nuthin' funny stop smilin'

Be still, don't nothing move but the money

But now I learned to earn cause I'm righteous

I feel straight so maybe I might just

Search for a 9 to 5, if I strive

Then maybe I'll stay alive

So I walk up the street whistling this

Feeling out of place cause man, do I miss

A pen and a paper, a stereo, a tape of

Havoc, Prodeje and a nice big plate of - fish

Which is my favorite dish

But without my money it's still a wish

Cause I don't like to dream about gettin' paid

So I dig into the books of the rhymes that I made

To now test to see if I got pull

Hit the studio cause I'm paid in full

Chorus...

Bustin rhymes in the S.C. streets now I'm paid in full
Bustin rhymes in the S.C. streets now I'm paid in full
Just ride
For my homies on the east and the west side puttin' it
down
Just ride
For my peoples on the north and the south side puttin'
it down

[PRODEJE]

I gotta stack a end, kickin' with the G's
16 switches 64 on gold D's
Havoc & the Prodeje figure we was ????
But truce never stop even though we still rollin
S.C. streets, we ain't playa-hated
The rest try to scramble, we'll never tolerate it
Cause it's just two players out the cut to get funky
And kick you in the ass like a donkey
G's make the world go round, I'm talking 6 figure digits
The stuff that makes the Big Willie ????
The illegitimate, mindless ????? I'm payin' all the ????
Rollin' through the hood in Armani
The young John Gotti be parlaying, packin 44's
Swervin' through yo' hood, smashin' those
Bustas, who thought I had a minimum flow
But on a scale from 1 to 10 I'm like a 9.0

Chorus...

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