

# 5150

## "Steady Stayin' Paid"

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"Feindin' like a bitch, To stay in the game  
Hustlin' n strain, I was up  
But now I'm long came"

I was flippin', lost my sack  
Now I'm tryin' to get back  
I can't resort to the jack  
Because I'm known for that  
But I'm a gangsta  
An ace at all tricks of the trades  
Since I was young  
(My occupation was 'steady stayin' paid')

So I ...(?)  
And come up with a master plan  
Oh yeah I know I'll rob the house across my (?)  
Hell muthafuckin' yeah, That's a cool come up  
There's hella weed and money  
Plus the people is old as fuck

I seen that old muthafucka take his ass to work about  
10  
That's when my pimp ass gangsta plan

Had to kick in  
So I approach with slow speed and hella keyed  
(Pervin' off the dank, yeah I'm thinkin' bout some  
money)  
Kicked in the door with no time to be wasted  
The first thing I seen was the old bitch ...(?)  
Put the pistol to her head and she pointed to the next  
room  
Opened the door  
I seen hella money and loot

(Where the money at bitch, don't make me do a 2-11  
and a 187 [bang])

Shot the bitch in the face  
Then I ran straight to the back  
I throw in a fist with the muthafuckin' money sack  
Jumped in the Lac

Put the peddle straight to the floor  
Two beeps on the horn  
([beep beep])  
Now I'm outtie, ho

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