

C Note

"Paid N*gga"

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Turn me up, turn my mic up
Turn my mic up, turn my mic up
Turn my mic up..

[Hook x2]

I'm a paid nigga, live my life
On the streets, from the cradle to the grave nigga
I'm a made nigga, got no time for you bitches
And you bustas, I'm a paid nigga

[C-Note]

I'm a paid nigga, living laid nigga
Candy sprayed Escalade, valet nigga
Slamming foreign do's, jamming foreign hoes
See me spo'ting nothing but ice, man I'm feeling cold
I'm a South boy, you run your mouth boy
40 caliber'll, take a nigga out boy
Still pimping, platinum albums we shipping
Got them girls in the club, steady stripping
We still gripping grain, we still swang and bang
Got that new Hummer 2, with that wide frame
Kicking like Shenobi, niggaz say they know me
I be balling like I'm playing, next to Shaq and Kobi
Nigga pass the do-di, cause mayn I'm going off
Just spent a quarter mill, on that new house
This the new South, coming with the blue frost
First nigga, in the hood with the blue mouth

[Hook x2]

[C-Note]

Still living lavish, still got to have it
Just like a fat rabbit, gotta have them carrots
Three in my ear, twenty on my arm
Ten in my teeth, fifteen on my charm
Johnnie hooked me up, labels look me up
The way we shine down South, got em shaken up
Burberry Jags, Burberry rags
4-4 mag, make my Burberry sag
Steady dropping heat, niggaz can't compete
Got the new Navigator, with the fold out seats

Banging Chris beats, flowing on a platinum mic
I'm in the studio, staying up all night
Back to back nigga, platinum tracks nigga
Gotta stack mo' figgas, like my name was Jigga
I keep shit knocking, so quit baller blocking
Trying to stack mo' paper, then the Johnnie Cochran

[Hook x2]

[C-Note]

Look at the Benz look at the house, Gucci seats Gucci
couch
Man I think I'm balling out, the way my screens be
falling out
Like them diamonds I be shining, like the Clipse it got
me grinding
Bet this year I'll make a mill, way before I get the deal
Wood wheel gripping steel, coming down with the
bumping grill
Blowing kill we keep it trill, I know they hate but we keep
it real
I'm a G I know, and my trunk on glow
And if them boys want a show, I'm ten G's or mo'
Stacking paper tall, as if them scrapers dog
What you want I got it all, I'm making paper dog
Stack them D's (stack them D's), sell em cheap (sell em
cheap)
Never tell, is the code of the streets
I'm a paid nigga, sitting on blades nigga
Got the crib with the maid nigga, automatic shades
nigga
Made nigga, never been a slave nigga
I'm a brave nigga, pop trunk wave nigga

[Hook x2]

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