

**Baz Luhrmann****"Get Paid"**

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Can Holiday get some of this motherfucking paper  
around here please?

Shit, I'm fucked up

I aint the lyin type

[Brodhead Kids]

Can I get paid

I'm just tryin to make some cash

I'm just tryin to make some cash

[Verse 1]

I told you I ball for dope

I'm in a Caucasian Jag wit a bag knockin hauler notes

Spendin 200 G's in the fall for coats

You could call me alotta things but don't call me broke  
and I told you I bust my steel

I stay cuffed in the bullpen like P you bout to fuck up  
your deal

but I told you I make my bail

I'm at home in the alcohol bath tryin to shake the jail

and I'm pickin up my automatics, automatically

I got a bad habit, makin people mad at me

Dog, I'm just tryin to get paid

Cop some jewels too, act like a fool too, run and get  
laid

Ten million for the crib put the gun on the maid

Weed on the chefs, so I can get high with the meal

Got to get my head right 'fore I fly to Brazil

Make my sheets outta hundreds so I can lie in a mil,  
what up

[HOOK: The Brodhead Kids]

Can I get paid

I'm just tryin to make some cash

I'm just tryin to make some cash

Can I get paid

I'm just tryin to make some cash

I'm just tryin to make some cash

[Verse 2]

Dog, you'd be pleased to kick it

I'ma call up my NBA niggas get some season tickets  
Catch me in the skybox in any arena  
I won't be happy til I cop my niggas 50 medinas  
But I'm tryin to be realistic, and I get really twisted  
So I'm settlin for seventy beamers  
Somebody call Bill Gates, tell him meet with the streets  
One on one so I can get some real cake  
Tryin to see my shit in the Forbes, Trump tower for 'self  
so you know I'm still pitchin the boy  
and the niggas need lottery numbers  
Charge this ?? freak DeCalis and Hummers  
Blow smoke in the sky till the Air Force come  
Cop 50,000 pair of Air Force Ones  
and if I can't live it up, then I'm runnin up  
in the record label tellin everybody give it up, what up

[HOOK]

[Verse 3]

I kill lemonade peeps  
It's Holiday with the fruit punch Ferarri and the  
lemonade seats  
Face look really aggy, jeans really baggy  
Fitted hat, white T and some Bruno Maglies  
Dublin and flippin  
You understand I need a house so big I need a shuttle  
to the kitchen  
That's why I keep the 45 government edition  
sofa costs a hundred, so do the love seat  
The big screen is crazy and I'm lovin the conditions  
I got a vision and it's cash involved  
Can I get paid, or you get sprayed  
It be the only damn question that I'm askin y'all, what  
up

[HOOK]

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