

## Les Miserables

### "I Don't Like to Dream About Gettin Paid"

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Verse One: Dat Nigga Daz

Working LA  
tryin to get paid tha right way  
but somehow the right way don't pay  
I'm comin home late every night  
gotta struggle an fight  
wit tha baseheads on tha late night hype  
tryin to creep in tha house  
through tha cut  
for what  
so I won't be seen by none of the homies  
but tha homie Nate Dogg spots me  
and say Yo what's happenin  
No you don't know me no more  
when ya pass me tha satin  
I said ah naw it ain't like that G  
I'm trying to go straight  
and have a J-O-B  
you need to quit that faggot ass job  
that's what he said  
showed me his grip and took some satin to tha head  
Damn that nigga had at least two G's  
and he was clockin it wit so much ease  
I told him I was gone so I'm headin in tha house  
everybody knocked out  
so I'm locked out  
I go back to tha front  
where my homies is hangin at  
they offer me a cabby sack  
so I can start slangin dat  
they say you ain't a hustler  
I say don't doubt it  
Hold dat thought  
and I'll think about it  
because

Chorus: Nate Dogg

[I've been dreamin to long, to long, to long]  
I don't like to dream about gettin paid

## Verse Two: Dat Nigga Daz

The thought's complete so let me take a seat  
since I was born and raised on tha streets  
I quit tha job I had  
caught myself a sack  
went from a double of fifty into a ceno stack  
within a week but my peak wouldn't reach  
I was gettin too known on tha north side of Long Beach  
Niggas got to trippin and I thought I heard it  
so I went to tha hood  
on Twentieth and Murder  
I came up quick with some homies dat I knew from way  
way back  
and bid my sack  
or maybe it's seven  
or was it eight hundred strong  
In other words Daz had it goin on  
I bought myself a bucket  
That's right a bucket bitch  
who you fuck in my car on my dick  
My lifeself switched a bit  
but my attitude didn't  
I told all my old bitches good riddance  
cos when you got money hoes come automatically  
and no hoes don't do nothing but cause some static  
see  
I went from khakis to guess braids to a fade  
I'm not Special Ed but I had it made  
livin tha life of a baller care free  
havin bitches dyin to sleep wit me ya see  
But I went bankrupt from all the spending and gamblin  
business was gettin slow  
and I wasn't handlin  
mine tha way I was supposed to  
Now I'm broke and on a jack mission  
so don't get close to  
tha D-P-G gang cause we scandalous when we broke  
We get tha doggs in in us  
we get ta actin like some

## Chorus

## Verse Three: Nate Dogg, Kurrupt

Last night I had a dream  
felt so good it had to be  
me and my homies were gettin paid  
man oh man we had it made  
some homies want to roll wit me

some homies claim insanity  
well if you want to set trip I will  
if you don't want to drop be still

Damn  
I can't believe this  
but you can best believe this  
today  
I'm on another mission to get paid  
serve what I can serve right [right]  
so my pockets will stack up  
nigga don't trip  
nigga back up [hold up]  
I gots to react off the first impulse I find  
but my mama thinks I should take my time  
and work for mines  
but how much work would it take  
and how much money would I make  
wait  
theres somethin I gotta think about  
but I ain't got that much time  
moms want a nigga out tha house  
I ain't gettin no younger  
I'm only gettin older  
I'm only  
thinking about what my mama told me  
Now I'm a Dogg Pound gangsta for life  
and the fact that I'm out to get paid twice  
I ain't nuttin nice  
down to slang or pull a heist  
jack or break mutha fuckas on the dice  
That's real  
Now what should I do  
Just chill when it's time to peel caps and adapt to kill  
I've concealed tha concealed  
so I've maintained for tha salary  
and my mentally is raw from tha door  
I go hard from tha door  
up against all odds  
always down to squab  
Dogg Pound for life  
I survive til 95  
day after day makin hits wit D-A-Z  
ta get paid yeah yeah yeah

Chorus

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