

## Curren\$y

### "Get Paid"

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[Intro]

Yeah, Jet life  
Jet set nothing less

[Verse 1: Trademark]

I'm talking oceans in the back, front reserved for  
Porsche's  
Highed up focused on my fortunes  
A real G I'm tryna ball, I want it all f\*ck a portion  
Money in my pocket, more stacks than a fortress  
Up early every day I'm trying to flip I need more of it  
Gotta get it now will I see tomorrow I ain't sure of it  
Overdue it's 'bout that time I deserve a lick  
I'm trying to see something slick I really came from  
nothing though  
Still I stand tall pockets thick, fitted sitting low  
Twisting with my chick out the manor in front it gettin'  
gold  
She ain't a gold digger but love how daddy get this  
dough  
Real n\*gga hear it in my words plus my actions show  
Nothing less I'm a Jet so I'm sending threats  
To these suckers hating on my name cause I'm next  
Protected by the planes, JLR family crest  
Mama fall back from them lames and fly with the best

[Hook]

Yeah, get paid, get paid, my n\*gga get paid  
Paid, get paid, get paid, my n\*gga get paid  
Paid, get paid, get paid, my n\*gga get paid  
Paid, get paid, get paid, my n\*gga

[Verse 2: Curren\$y]

Never under estimate the other guys greed  
Game given from a snake indeed, I still take heat  
Keep the force what you stuck adhesive  
F\*ck with the real n\*ggas see how we do it  
Baby girl them your people  
Well lose them dudes your home girl and them cool  
We makin' moves like when throwback rap albums had  
interludes

We used to chill at the crib waiting for homie  
To bring them instrumentals through  
Mixtape rap your way to a million dollars I did it partner  
Too much of a scholar to ever live in squalor  
Scissors beats paper unless we talking 'bout them  
paper dollars  
I'm in there like I live there  
What took you so long baby girl I been here, tryna leave  
your man  
He a square huh, I don't even know if it's fair ma  
F\*ck it though you living in the same world I'm in,  
dirty but that money make it spin

[Hook]

Yeah, get paid, get paid, my n\*gga get paid  
Paid, get paid, get paid, my n\*gga get paid  
Paid, get paid, get paid, my n\*gga get paid  
Paid, get paid, get paid, my n\*gga

[Verse 3: Young Roddy]

I hustle hard 'til I'm dead or locked behind bars  
I'm a Jet member way about a different set of laws  
Roddy trap hard ain't no time for f\*cking off  
It's a scary game but am I scared not at all  
I'm hoping that this high don't ever come down and fall  
Cause them days with no weed way tougher than them  
all  
Still spitting these trill bars free of charge  
And them n\*ggas don't give a f\*ck, they cold hearted  
That's cold blooded especially in New Orleans  
Just trying to make it out this maze that I been lost in  
I rep my set from the stage to the coffin  
School of hard knock I learned to read between the  
margins  
But real sh\*t so many problems I deal with  
And I thank God for Mary Jane, that good piff  
Bet I won't quit stacking my bread flipping my chips  
I double count my paper then I dip, Jets fool, I bet I do

[Hook]

Yeah, get paid, get paid, my n\*gga get paid  
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