

Public Enemy "Paid"

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VERSE I (MELQUAN)

Spinach flips my lips
Sit on top of crystal bottle tips
Sippin ready to flip do a hit
On a rapper that a serpent
Counterfeit criminal fakin jacks
Luxury in his raps not facts
If a camouflage large niggas
Keep it on the low black
No raps or Kodak just stacking cheese
Freezers packed

Full of human bodies executed vicious
Reputed business German lugers
Lift spitting & twist just

Flesh confronted nobody want it son
I eclipse with flowin showing IÂ'm wicked
Lyrics murderin myths with

No remorse a different flow continuous
Blends with no resemblance
Money & power till itÂ's vengeance

VERSE II(KENDU)

I caught you peekin around the corner
Tryin to see if we left yet
We staked out your shit last night
Feeling the vibe for death
To make you strangle on you blood fluid.
You know it
Sleep walking with the machete saying
Them dogs
Make me do it, true it
Mr. Machete telling you bitches IÂ'm ready
Never nervous behind the barrel
Trigger finger.
Stay steady
So buckle up
Cause itÂ's the only way to survive the ride
Down to the Y we havin a party inside
I dedicated this to all you insects

Who deep on buggin me
Pushing my panic button, needin trauma
Unit recovery
My tracks be fat got them attracting like
Crack
Even P.E. be saying you bring that beat back
Come one come all my shit be smoking like
Echo sauna
The underground went with digital
Humpin around if you wanna
So toe to toe or pussy to dick
Head chicken heads practice on carrot
Sticks
Or let you doo doo hole spread eww
Yâ'all niggers chill cause we went there too
Change this shit from the ruffside
And weâ're paidâ...

VERSE III (CHUCK)

One of the seven they
Couldnâ't hang
Stepped to the six
The last brother alive
Of the startin five-one of the ones
But you look donâ't acknowledge
The mix with a quickness
Suckers fall and crumble
To the sickness(sickness)
Of not baggin themselves
Your lil ass go figure
Why ya pants be saggin
Stare at my audacity
I ainâ't from the city(strong 1)
I ainâ't from around here
Freestyle whatâ's the use
Record companies get the money
Give you juice, and end up cutting
Your ass loose-cut off
While you style for free
They talk wild for a fee
Getcha ass souped
While you never ever recoup
Catchin wreck wit no check
Theyâ'll never give ya respect
Ya blackself(my brother)
Getcha self some real yelp (yeah)
Accountant, sharp
Businessman
Whoâ'll sit down & show ya
Instead a some rich bitch lawyer
Who swear that he know ya-he donâ't

Know ya as long as
Other folk in rap
Got it made
Fuck freestyle
I wanna stay paid (paid)

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