

Style Council

"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
Doublin 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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