

Basket Case **"Pay Day"**

Visit "[Pay Day](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Talking: Mikey Styles]

Yeah, yeah

Right about now. We going to vibe you se. Ghetto
celebrity, part two.

This is how we do.

[Mikey Styles]

1997, Mikey Styles, rap artist

Composing, not a biter like some kids wish

Open speakers blasting

Get a good night's kiss

Rock a bye baby type

'Cause you know this track is hype

It's off the hook, out of sight

I'll try my best to enlight

My potholes to a len

Built 'em real nice, real bright

I roll some twilight

When it was my night

While some MCs can't rhyme right

I be at a concert near you, rushing through

With my crew, them money dealing, chain snatchers

Polo gear fly from head to toe they got stolen

It's up at Metropolis, want to stop our partying

We blessed it back on the O.Z. with chicks from

Thailand

They go me playing superstar there for a second

It's aight though

I get swifter yo

You know how I go

Think big, ???? for a big prize

Soon we'll have an enterprise, live like big guys

For now hustling is the key

Success will wait for next G

Droppin' a gem for your system, so rack ya party

Peace to my mommy, G.O.D. bless me

[CHORUS: Mikey Styles]

Breaker 1-9, breaker 1-9, may day

Call for backup it's pay day

Breaker 1-9, breaker 1-9, may day

Call for backup it's pay day

Breaker 1-9, breaker 1-9, may day
Call for backup it's pay day
Breaker 1-9, breaker 1-9, may day
Call for backup it's pay day

[Mikey Styles]

It's time we connect son
Let's have a piece of them chips
No BBQ pringles, straight up some rap shit
Bussin' through like the blue top form
Some niggas be sounding busted
I think they mommy's lying
I kick that b-boy poetry
'Cause that's whose run the streets
Run the jeeps, 'cause my whole community
Guy wearing camoflague army, Timbs tres chic(?)
'Cause we bent sipping brandy, my look frenzy
Got this ???? king size
Laced it with the illy, now we all low eyes
Bumping Notorious Hypnotize
In the rental, we ride
Twisting some M-39's, and freeze land
You better freeze man
better understand, recognize what I'm saying
I'm rapping for me, but a the same time I trying to
reach you, B
And all your crew, smoking mad trees
Free day, chilling downtown (chilling downtown)

[CHORUS]

[Mr. Q]

Here's the last chapter
Watch the super duper come around
Used to live uptown 'cause 97 I don't fake nothing
Bust rhyme for fun
But I be the one coming straight from the underground
So, look I'm bitter son
With your whole fashion, bring the new stuff
'Cause we got enough
But if you can't let me fucking up the program
I'll show you who's the man
For the business, me and my nigga Mikey
Straight from the East, go no love for them wanna bes
'Cause we strickly, down for the real things here
Basket Case, name of the crew and we're dangerous
Try to dis us, you get fucked at the same time. Pay day

[CHORUS]

[Mikey Styles]

Got to be twisting something
While these beats be pumping
I'm going to take you in
Fake guys get scared
Is there a heaven out there or hell down there?
Not quite sure, that's why I'm guzzling beer
When I'm getting mad jumpy
I don't really care, I don't really care, I don't really care
You know what I'm saying
You know what I'm saying, this is to the zoo

Visit [Basket Case](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.