

Trae Tha Truth "Getting Paid"

Visit "[Getting Paid](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro - Trae Tha Truth]

We blowing money bitch
I grow up, I grow up, getting paid
I grow up, I grow up, getting paid

[Chorus - Trae Tha Truth (Wiz Khalifa)]

We don't even count the money no more we just blow it
(We spend it all up)
We don't even count the money no more we just throw
it
(And make them pick it all up)

[Verse 1 - Trae Tha Truth]

Money strapped to my waist
Somewhere in the whip I'm in with no bass
Flooded the trap I need a new place
Money got to go I told them there's no space
Never love hoes, hoes I don't chase
Only wear Locs the same as my race
All I know is stunt, make a hater feel like shit to the
point that he's in another place
Real talk
I-I ain't the one but I lean on haters, looking so clean
on gator
Try to jack me, I guarantee I'll put the beam on haters
Hood nigga, when I come to this I'm stocked up
Shit on my wrist trying to light this block up
Nigga said I got a dope man swag, took a look at these
jewels
Every one of them rocked up
And we still on the corner packed in
H-Town president something back then
Hope the slut that I'm with got insurance so
She know I'm about to run up on her back end

Like a set of bad tires, she was getting plugged
We can take it to the streets, take it to the club
I don't rubber band shit I got trash bags
Other niggas make it rain, I'ma make it flood
When I ain't going to talk shit I'ma talk bread
If a hater don't like it, tell them to drop dead
I'm in the hood like a fresh set of projects

Where they either rock blue or they rock red
I'm the king of the streets
Ain't nobody finna take away what I came to get
Audi R8 that I came is sick
With interior the color of a all white brick

[Chorus X2]

[Verse 2 - Wiz Khalifa]

Big weed in my joint, diss me there's no point
Little guy but still all my niggas got big heat, they on
point
Rolling up while I drive, engine be in the trunk
Decided in 2005 that I can fuck any bitch that I want
Oh, and, and, and I ain't trying to stunt
This a two seater my bitch can't help but ride up in the
front
Balling, most niggas won't try to pick them up
Throwing so much money you even try to pick some up
You trying different stuff, look at how I block them out
Smoke like a Cali nigga, even when I'm in the South
And when, when, my car come out the whores come
out
Don't even get on Twitter no more because I'm what
your bitch talking about

[Chorus X2]

Visit [Trae Tha Truth](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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