

Havoc & Prodeje

"Paid N Full"

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[HAVOC]

Yeah
In the year 1986
Havoc & Prodeje had a masterplan
To put South Central on the map
And stay strapped
And peel your cap if you trip
And make much snaps
Like the song say
Our main goal is to stay paid n full

[PRODEJE]

Thinking of a master plan
Cause ain't nothing but sweat inside my hand
So I dig into my pocket all my money is spent so I dig deeper
But still comin up with lint so I
Start my mission, leave my residence
Thinkin how could I get some dead presidents
I need money, I used to be a stick-up kid
So I think of all the devious things I did
I used to roll up, this is a hold up
Ain't nuthin' funny stop smilin'
Be still, don't nothing move but the money
But now I learned to earn cause I'm righteous
I feel straight so maybe I might just
Search for a 9 to 5, if I strive
Then maybe I'll stay alive
So I walk up the street whistling this
Feeling out of place cause man, do I miss
A pen and a paper, a stereo, a tape of
Havoc, Prodeje and a nice big plate of - fish
Which is my favorite dish
But without my money it's still a wish
Cause I don't like to dream about gettin' paid
So I dig into the books of the rhymes that I made
To now test to see if I got pull
Hit the studio cause I'm paid in full

[Chorus...]

Bustin rhymes in the S.C. streets now I'm paid in full
Bustin rhymes in the S.C. streets now I'm paid in full
Just ride
For my homies on the east and the west side puttin' it
down
Just ride
For my peoples on the north and the south side puttin'
it down

[PRODEJE]

I gotta stack a end, kickin' with the G's
16 switches 64 on gold D's
Havoc & the Prodeje figure we was?
But truce never stop even though we still rollin
S.C. streets, we ain't playa-hated
The rest try to scramble, we'll never tolerate it
Cause it's just two players out the cut to get funky
And kick you in the ass like a donkey
G's make the world go round, I'm talking 6 figure digits
The stuff that makes the Big Willie?
The illegitimate, mindless? I'm payin' all the?
Rollin' through the hood in Armani
The young John Gotti be parlaying, packin 44's
Swervin' through yo' hood, smashin' those
Bustas, who thought I had a minimum flow
But on a scale from 1 to 10 I'm like a 9.0

[Chorus...]

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