

## Styles "Get Paid"

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

Holiday, get some of this motherfuckin' paper around here please?

Shit, I'm fucked up, I ain't the lyin' type

Can I get paid?

I'm just tryin' to make some cash

I'm just tryin' to make some cash

I told you, I ball for dope

I'm in a Caucasian Jag wit a bag knockin' hauler notes

Spendin' 200 Gs in the fall for coats

You could call me a lotta things but don't call me broke

An' 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

An' 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 an' 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?

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

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 an' 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  
An' the niggas need lottery numbers  
Charge this some more and the guys freak DeCalis an'  
Hummers

Blow smoke in the sky 'til the Air Force come  
Cop 50,000 pair of Air Force Ones  
An' if I can't live it up, then I'm runnin' up  
In the record label, tellin' everybody, ?Give it up?, what  
up?

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

I kill lemonade peeps  
It's Holiday with the fruit punch Ferrarri an' the  
lemonade seats  
Face look really aggy, jeans really baggy  
Fitted hat, white T an' some Bruno Maglies

Doublin' an' 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  
The sofa costs a hundred, so do the love seat

The big screen is crazy an' I'm lovin the conditions  
I got a vision an' 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?

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

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

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

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

---

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