

## LL Cool J F/ The Lost Boyz

### "Wanna Get Paid"

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Intro: LL Cool J & >The Lost Boyz

No question about it  
Queens represent! >EEEEUUUuuhhh!  
Uh! say what?  
Queens represent! >YYEEEEAAHHHH!  
Come on!  
Get down baby, down down down down now!  
Queens represent!  
Are you down now  
Lost Boyz, LL Cool J > Are ya's down now

Chorus: The Lost Boyz  
You wanna get paid? You wanna get laid?  
Pimp Yearlings in 360 ways  
Live your life in an ill real way  
Got 6 rides in your little drive-way  
You get mad puff-lie all day  
Make plans with your crime family  
Get money money, take money money  
Get money money, take money money

Verse One: LL Cool J  
By age 19 Tyheim is turned out  
he ain't talking much, keep a dutch in his mouth  
cop the aberrettes  
Orange and Blue  
Laced the Gore-tex, stepped with his crew  
Black superstar, Jesus piece  
Who he prayin' to? God or the Beast  
Some bust blocks, feared on the block  
Traded in the trucks for a silver drop top  
Drug money flowin' . . . . .  
Jealousy is growin' . . . . .  
Paranoia got him second guessin'  
D-T's on his back got him stressin'  
He was at the light blazin' up traum  
Around the corner came a tinted out Yukon  
Ten slugs in the door made him fall  
Guess he should of never hustled at all

Chorus

Verse two: LL Cool J

My man Tay-Kwan like the chicks alot  
Even when he hustled he kept them in his spot  
He liked to fuck alot and make the rubber pop  
5 baby mothers  
1 live on my block  
Shinin' in the club  
Chickens showin' love  
Cash bubblin' from pimpin' and drugs  
He a real pretty cat  
He get from his moms  
Back in the seventies, she was the bomb  
His games top notch, and he don't stop  
He hit a reverends daughter in a church parkin' lot  
Tay-Kwan is sick, heartless with chicks  
He liked to beat 'em up, make 'em suck dick  
Met a little shorty, brought her back to Queens  
Honey got the virus, you know the routine  
Not only did he walk away with the HIV  
Her man's jealous, jooked him rediculously

Chorus

Verse Three: LL Cool J

UH UH UH UH UH UH UH UH  
Yolanda's alway's got a sceam  
Credit cards in ATM machines  
Used to make coats, holdin' work got arrest  
Honey made sons pockets bleed to death  
She a vet, yet she look innocent and sweet  
When she wet, aint no controllin' the heat  
For baguettes she give love to ill thugs  
Age of 15 she learned to pump drugs  
Then she got pregnant, abandoned the kid  
Met this drug kid, set him up and slid  
Now she 23 full blown in the mix  
Sizin' up wits than more cliques is gettin' chips  
She down for whatever, as long as it pays  
She tipped off the kids and got Tyheim blazed  
She was in the same Yukon, laughin' with the thug  
He said thanks for settin' Tyheim up  
Take a slug

Chorus

Outro: LL, The Lost Boyz

LL Cool J:

Get paid mommy, come on, come on  
Get paid daddy, come on, come on (repeat 4x)

The Lost Boyz:

Nigga's they wellin' they just don't know

It be LL and 83rd rockin the show

Now nigga's they front, they just don't know

But nigga's wanna stick they ball in that hole

Oh oh oh oh oh, UH uh uh uh oh

Uh uh oh, uh oh oh oh !

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