

Payroll

Curren\$y & Young Roddy

Uhh Cadillac Seville, mama what it is
Green peanut butter interior love get in here
Bitch get it in got a whiff of this shit uncle Snoop sent for Christmas
Twist this, girl said she would come with you but she didn't
Home girl slippin', she missed it
Fuck her we livin' it - butler's were I'm livin' in
No busters my niggas all of us authentic
I show you how to play the strings like guitar center
Thunder shook the ground when the gods enter
My car make the same sound when I start my engine
Pardon me as I write over the margin
Open up the market look what I started
Theatre in my house home box office
And that Chevy rollin' out like the red carpet
Hoes out tonight I wipe down my Ferrari
Same old shit I'm talkin' goin' down everyday in New Orleans Never been paid to give a fuck
Might as well blaze another one
Started out three niggas became a business
On my king size mattress lay my mistress
First nigga from my set to make history
I got a picture on my wall of a Bentley
Picture my father was a hustler that's what's in me
Picture how I used to pedal work on my ten speed
Plus the rent's due I gotta make the ends meet
But I gotta show I gotta buy that Fendi
Or purchase louis they tell me don't be stupid
So in my Nike Airs I grind 'til I'm gucci
Plus the hurricane made me out to be a looter
The place I call home turned me into a shooter
Yeah but hip hop enabled me the future
Cuz I get focused, spit like I'm toothless
But all that fake shit got me ruthless
Like fuck you, pay me, I don't give a fuck sue me
I'm trying to make some bread for my junior
Smellin' like a pound of that exclusive
I never got paid to give a fuck
So I might as well blaze another one
Life, I rep that shit fo' life
I never got paid to give a fuck
So I might as well blaze another one

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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