

Scarface, Gotta Get Paid

...Scarface ad libs...

..."let me spit some game to ya"...

[Verse 1]

You gotta war on drugs
well every other day a nigga dies
you showed yours, now let me show you mine
bring the six o'clock news
and let me walk 'em in my shoes
through what you call the inner city
and what I call the blues
I'm broke here, and I ain't waiting on a call
from a resturaunt to bust tables
when Petie's got a job
making 35 a week and all he do is run the streets
this nigga always caked up
chromed out and draped up
constantly telling me we need to get this paper
I'm getting skinny and it's he who get my weight up
straight up
and plus I'm tired of missing meals
so I paid the man a visit...

[Petie] "What's the goddamn deal?

It's good to see you dog
I thought you might've choked up
respect and money, well I can get you both of 'em"

[Face] ...I went inside, watching him break it down
when he was finished he handed a nigga nine
a nine milimeter, nine zips
said if I sold each one for nine, I'd have grip
I hesitated, I ain't never sold a stone
I done seen it fuck the hood up
plus all my niggaz gone
and they ain't never coming out
so with that in consideration
I took the package and bounced
I'm headed home, dazing out in a zone
eyes on my luggage, I'm abouts to get it on
get to the house, spread it all on the couch
getting this bank what it's about

[Hook]

That's how a nigga made
they got a nigga paid
I'm a muthafuckin' jacker not a slave

Get money everyday
it ain't no other way
that's how it is until they put me in a grave

[Verse 2]

I'm in the living room looking at the news
got a razor and some zipper baggies
about to do the fool
cutting hundred dollar slabs
wholesaling niggaz halves
getting money like a muthafucka
servng niggaz bags
got the blocks all blowed up
the whole hood smoking
got a pistol I ain't shot yet

so dude's wide open for it
I'm just a youngster, I ain't done it, but I will
'cause I was taught you got to get it
so I get it how I live
Finna get my ma a crib, she ain't working
so I'm forced to win the bread for the household
'cause dad was no support
often in and out of court, caught a case out of town
got a body on his conscience, but nobody made a sound
he was going through the motions
he gonna probably beat the case
still I get down on my knees
and beg the Lord to let him raise
get up and get my workers out
supply 'em with the goods
give instructions to the goons
to come up out the hood
I ain't gotta pay the fronters
so I'm finally finna raise
'cause the bottom line is this homie
you gotta get paid

[Hook]

That's how a nigga made
they got a nigga paid
I'm a muthafuckin' jacker not a slave

Get money everyday
it ain't no other way
that's how it is until they put me in a grave
I never learned a trade
I fuck with chess and spades
the only other game a nigga learned to play was
working hopping yay
'cause kissing ass was gay
I'm on my business, I want money like I'm jade

[Verse 3]

I'm the nigga in the hood
these little homies wanna be like
I got when shit was good
but now-a-days off in this street life
these niggaz switch it on you
quick to put you in the crosses
now he standing in your crib
and got a pistol in your mouth
that's your muthafuckin' boy
he popped you and popped your broad
now he headed to the closet
and he about to take it all
so watch your muthafuckin' friends
'cause them the ones that sell you out
ain't no future in being loyal
when niggaz see you want the top
jealous hearted muthafuckas
always quick to say you hating
I don't want another homie dog
he swallowed that and chased it
you can make it like I made it
I think it's best you do it dolo (solo)
that way niggaz can't say shit about you
when talking to the po-po
oh yo, you know that dude that fronted me my come up
I caught him coming out the neighborhood
and had him done up

that's why I'm skeptic
when it comes to different faces
'cause I know I got it coming
but 'til then, I'll get my bank, shit

[more ad libs]

..."fuck you think this is?"...

..."more food for thought"...

..."that's how this shit go
muthafucka been foolin' you, fuckin' with you
all your muthafucking life
and he the muthafucka talking to the people
you know...get that nigga ass outta here"...

..."I ride by my muthafucking self"...

..."look for me"...