

Ghostface Killah, Paychecks

(featuring Trife)

"It's alright ----- yyyyeaaaaaaaaah!" - sample

[Ghostface Killah]

Hold up, got's to boost those tray ups
Think I'm playin' pa, reach and get glazed up
Face all sprayed up, on the floor
Left side of your cheek, go ahead and pick that face up
Of course I'mma f**k with y'all niggaz, y'all pussy
Ya'll niggaz know how Pretty Tony get down
Made the potion '98, f**k an album, when I need CREAM
It's on, nigga, faggots, better check out their accountants
When I hung around broke niggaz and broke bitches
You know what that means, it equals no riches and
I can't have that, I got a lot of wizards
They spoiled, told 'em they have to move drizzers
Whatever they say, is none of their business
I do what I do, to get that spinach
Whether it's kill 'em, spray 'em, play 'em all on the streets
I wouldn't saute 'em, Ghost and Kay Slay 'em

[Chorus 2X: Ghostface Killah]

This kid about his papers, paychecks
Thinkin' you can pay me now, any bear feelings, just say it
Go 'head brother, just as fast as you front
It be an honor just to lay you down

[Trife]

Aiyo, aiyo
The first check I ever got
Son I spent it up top, blowin' a cop ---
I had 2 Cent, plus my car fare home
It wasn't even Broadway until I got those stones
I was sixteen, shit, I barely knew what a gram was
Studied Scarface, so I knew what the plan was
To get that CREAM, and serve them fiends
Around the same time my nigga Buck converged with Beans
Two way team, posted up on the benches
Wit a maggot for a stash that I kept hid under the black fences
Jakes shootin' through the middle, like Kerry Kittles
I was baggin' up small hittin' fiends, with very little
Though they switched nickels on niggaz, and pointed out bitches
In the precinct got the stichin', so they hit 'em off with something decent
Avoid the sweeping, them boys is beastin'
On point, but I'm kinda paranoid when they creepin'

[Ghostface Killah]

Faggot ass niggaz, when I ride get the f**k out the way
When I see jewels, all I know is take
I'm like a seed at a birthday party, all I want is cake
In other words, papes, sellin' herbs and tapes
Movin' birds and weight, through suburban states
God damn it, I told y'all niggaz
This is a Theodore stickup
Wake ya bitch up, watch the fifth pick up!

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Ghostface Killah]

Yeah, you heard what the bitch said
When we wasn't makin' too much muthaf**kin' CREAM and shit
We was beatin' the shit outta niggaz
Takin' their little Summer Youth shit

Buyin' beer and weed and shit
Shakin' niggaz upside down on some cartoon shit
Change fall all out of their pockets and shit
Yellin' and tellin' the cops, f**k y'all niggaz!
This is Theodore! Bitch!