

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

18/06/2026

# Wanna Get

Par Parov Stlar

*Album : Single Collection 2*

No question about it, Queens represent!

Say what? Queens represent!

Come on, come on! Queens represent!

Come on, Lost Boyz, LL Cool J

**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**

By age 19 Tyheim is turned out  
He ain't talkin' 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  
I guess he should of never hustled at all

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My man Tay-Kwan like the chicks a lot  
Even when he hustled he kept them in his spot  
He liked to fuck a lot and make the rubber pop  
5 baby mothers, 1 live on my block  
Shinin' in the club, chickens showin' love  
Cash flow 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 ridiculously

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Yolanda's always got a scheme  
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, ain't 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

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**Get paid mommy, come on, come on**

**Get paid daddy, come on, come on**

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Niggas they wellin' they just don't know

It be LL and 83rd rockin' the show

Now niggas they front, they just don't know

But niggas wanna stick they ball in that hole, peace

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