I Don't Like to Dream About Gettin' Paid

Tha Dogg Pound

Verse One: Dat Nigga DazWorking LA
tryin to get paid tha right way
but somehow the right way don't pay
I'm comin home late every night
gotta struggle an fight
wit tha baseheads on tha late night hype
tryin to creep in tha house
through tha cut
for what
so I won't be seen by none of the homies
but tha homie Nate Dogg spots me
and say Yo what's happenin
No you don't know me no more
when ya pass me tha satin
I said ah naw it ain't like that G
I'm trying to go straight
and have a J-O-B
you need to quit that faggot ass job
that's what he said
showed me his grip and took some satin to tha head
Damn that nigga had at least two G's
and he was clockin it wit so much ease
I told him I was gone so I'm headin in tha house
everybody knocked out
so I'm locked out
I go back to tha front
where my homies is hangin at
they offer me a cabby sack
so I can start slangin dat
they say you ain't a hustler
I say don't doubt it
Hold dat thought
and I'll think about it
because
Chorus: Nate Dogg(I've been dreamin to long, to long, to long)
I don't like to dream about gettin paidVerse Two: Dat Nigga DazThe thought's complete so let me take a seat
since I was born and raised on tha streets
I quit tha job I had
caught myself a sack
went from a double of fifty into a ceno stack
within a week but my peak wouldn't reach

I was gettin too known on tha north side of Long Beach
Niggas got to trippin and I thought I heard it
so I went to tha hood
on Twentieth and Murder
I came up quick with some homies dat I knew from way way back
and bid my sack
or maybe it's seven
or was it eight hundred strong
In other words Daz had it goin on
I bought myself a bucket
That's right a bucket bitch
who you fuck in my car on my dick
My lifeself switched a bit
but my attitude didn't
I told all my old bitches good riddance
cos when you got money hoes come automatically
and no hoes don't do nothing but cause some static see
I went from khakis to guess braids to a fade
I'm not Special Ed but I had it made
livin tha life of a baller care free
havin bitches dyin to sleep wit me ya see
But I went bankrupt from all the spending and gamblin
business was gettin slow
and I wasn't handlin
mine tha way I was supposed to
Now I'm broke and on a jack mission
so don't get close to
tha D-P-G gang cause we scandalous when we broke
We get tha doggs in in us
we get ta actin like some
ChorusVerse Three: Nate Dogg, KurruptLast night I had a dream
felt so good it had to be
me and my homies were gettin paid
man oh man we had it made
some homies want to roll wit me
some homies claim insanity
well if you want to set trip I will
if you don't want to drop be stillDamn
I can't believe this
but you can best believe this
today
I'm on another mission to get paid
serve what I can serve right (right)
so my pockets will stack up
nigga don't trip
nigga back up (hold up)
I gots to react off the first impulse I find
but my mama thinks I should take my time
and work for mines

but how much work would it take
and how much money would I make
wait
theres somethin I gotta think about
but I ain't got that much time
moms want a nigga out tha house
I ain't gettin no younger
I'm only gettin older
I'm only
thinking about what my mama told me
Now I'm a Dogg Pound gangsta for life
and the fact that I'm out to get paid twice
I ain't nuttin nice
down to slang or pull a heist
jack or break mutha fuckas on the dice
That's real
Now what should I do
Just chill when it's time to peel caps and adapt to kill
I've concealed tha concealed
so I've maintained for tha salary
and my mentally is raw from tha door
I go hard from tha door
up against all odds
always down to squab
Dogg Pound for life
I survive til 95
day after day makin hits wit D-A-Z
ta get paid yeah yeah yeahChorus
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