

O.G. Ron C & Bro. Wood

"In Money We Trust"

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(feat. Bun-B, Chamillionaire, Slim Thug)

[Bun B]

Now if you got it on yo mind
I can get it off your chest
Take it out yo mouth and I'm gon' take care of the rest
No stress, just do-do, when I'm jumpin' out the 4-door
Smoke 'll hit you like judo when you walk up to the yuko
When I let the top down, sippin lean still ballin'
TV's in the visors so the screens still fallin'
Niggaz grab hustlin' I ain't finna break my neck
I make some paper off this flow, but I got rich off
respect
Ask anybody who know me about my seeds
Westside 9th street, I came up amongst the G's
Crack game in 88, it took over shit I was there
I stood on southern through texas and got my share
And my nina on my waist, dope up in my jaw
One eye for them fiends, one eye for that law
Niggaz crooks as niggaz soft, so my rep is hard as
steel
Big Bun muthafucka, representin' for the trill

[Chorus: Chamillionaire]

If you haters you gon' like us
If you like us you gon' hate us
But, one thing you can say is we some serious paper
chasers
Cuz, friends turn to haters
And, some turn to traders
But my money never change us (mhum)
So in Money We Trust
[repeat]

[Chamillionaire]

Wipe the mirror cuz there's a compare of eyes in a
colored face
Can they see why he love to chase
green fetti in a gutta place
He grew up so he love the taste
For diniro's he love disgrace

Denies that he's tellin' a lie lookin' right in his mother's
face
Can't reside, in his brother's 'states
But out ridin' on dub's he take
What's hidin' above his waist, and go ride out some
other fake
He's claimin' that he's real, but when he's not on that
camera
He rather gets something fully colds, like he's copyin'
Santa
When he's not on that camera, he's talkin' like he cock
with his grammar
But he will not cock go pop, at the top of his hammer
Money's the reason why rich people get red-dots on
they flannels
While bank-tellers gotta get down on the floor like they
Banner
Gotta spot in that 'Bama, and also gotta spot in that
channel
Few people know I gotta spot to stash that knot in
Atlanta
Don't trust the chick I with, she fine and mixed with
another race
But here's the combination to my safe, if I'm sent to
another place

[Chorus: Chamillionaire]
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[repeat]

[Slim Thug]
Alot of brauds say when Slim got a lil change he
changed
I ain't go lie yeah I changed, but it was for the better
mayne
When I was broke ain't have to worry bout gold-diggin'
hoes
When I was broke I ain't have to worry bout jackers
tryin' to get my dough
Haters bustin' the .44's, cuz I'm stickin' they chick
I got alot of best friends quick, when they heard I was
rich
And them niggaz I used to ride with, stack cash get
high with

Was the same niggaz on my side, them the same
niggaz I'ma die with
Some friends turn foes, and some men turn hoes
But that's how the shit goes, when you ain't broke no
more
Money the root of all evil, it could help or hurt people
You can't live without it so it tend to turn good guys evil
Alot of folks love money, more then they love theyself
I rather be dead then broke takin' death chances for
wealth
I know niggaz 'll kill you for scrilla and won't think twice
to bust
Yo life ain't worth shit to us, (mhum) IN MONEY WE
TRUST!

[Chorus: Chamillionaire]
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If you like us you gon' hate us
But, one thing you can say is we some serious paper
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[repeat]

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