

Chamillionaire "In Money We Trust"

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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 thrill

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 so in money we trust

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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

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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 a lot 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

A lot 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, in money we trust

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