

## Graveland

### "In Money We Trust"

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[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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