

## Lecrae "Got Paper"

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These brothas passin' me and they all rollin' fly Coups  
They throw some D's on it but they still ain't got truth  
They blow they cheese on it then they die and what's  
the use?

I'm so secure in Jesus all I want in life is fruit  
Don't need no fast money, don't need a fast car  
Yeah the faith is a race but it ain't a NASCAR  
And you and God got beef cause you keep  
Chasin' money like them hundreds got feet  
Buddy wanna be rich but even 50 done said  
That he still feel broke even though he got bread  
Make 'em throw away they life, got 'em runnin' from the  
feds

Love of money's like crack, both of 'em will leave you  
dead

When you die and face God, nothin' left to be said  
Instead of chasin' the truth, you take a lie to the head  
Homie all I can do is tell you what Jesus said  
Repent and turn from your sin cause the kingdom of  
God's at hand  
That's real

Hook:

Got money, got paper  
So what who cares?  
Got money, got paper  
I got Jesus baby!

People want they cheese, American mozzarella  
The enemy's rat trap might snap any second  
I'm like that dude in Matthew who after finding a  
treasure  
Gave all he had to get it, that's a real go-getta  
The 13 letters, the Torah, Gospel and prophets  
You'll never see the soul of prophets chasin' a profit  
Now look at 1 Timothy 6, it's so clear  
You chase the money and wind up in a snare  
Now a vow of poverty, no, it's not there  
But you pursue God, the rest, He takes care  
You don't step on His back in order to get rich  
If you do then you're in sin and ordered to repent  
You come to Christ for God, you come to Daddy for

worship

He ain't take that cross to fund your vanity purchase  
Even though we all agree that death is certain  
It seems we believe there's banks beyond earth  
That's crazy

Hook

Money, dough, cash, paper  
If it was a woman, I promise I used to date her  
Now that we broke up she be callin' ya boy a hater  
Cause all I do is use her for glorifyin' my Maker  
My treasure's up in Heaven, Christ is my satisfaction  
If I was broke I'd be richer than folks who never had  
Him  
God is the Gospel, not a new Bentley  
Was empty and He gave me life and that's plenty  
Get me, homie I could spend six centuries  
Simply saying I'm satisfied in the sensie  
And it's sickenin' that knowin' God ain't good enough  
We gotta tell 'em they can get rich quickly  
Now this is heresy, false, it's not true  
2nd Corinthians chapter 8 and verse 2  
Read that and please believe that  
Forget a c-note, man, they pockets was e-flat  
They still had joy

Hook

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