

## Meek Mill

### "In God We Trust"

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See most of y'all sucka ass niggas wouldn't last a week  
in my hood if you was broke  
And wouldn't last a day if you had money  
I seen grown men cry, grown men die, for the love of  
that money  
In God we trust!

My trigger finger itchin, bombs itchin too  
We back-to-back in ghosts  
Playin' peek-a-boo  
We went to war with Sosa  
Over a brick or two  
So for a hundred ki's  
Think what my clique'll do  
I'm talkin clappin toasts  
Bullets'll hit your roof  
They hit his body, he went and shot, no Pikachu  
Niggas ain't bout it, they talkin but really Pikachus  
We on that second strike  
We ain't got shit to lose  
All my niggas is felons, all yours niggas is tellin  
Soldiers sold to them people  
They gon get through to sellin  
They gon get to the movie  
They gon get you a Buick  
They gon get you a wire  
Like nigga go use it  
You won't tell on your brothers  
Put a lame on me  
Hah, I got a bullet with your name on it  
Hah, and the full clip I ought to grab  
Kids crying at the view and I guess it will start a riot

We been in the war with them winners  
Shout it out with the best  
Talkin hiring gorillas, banana clip make a mess  
I've seen young niggas fly  
I've seen young niggas fall  
I've seen young niggas die because a young nigga told  
For the love of the money, for the love of the money,  
for the love of the money

Love of the money but the lame niggas on me  
For the love of the money I've seen real niggas cry  
I've seen real niggas hit  
I've seen real niggas die cuz a real nigga snitch  
In God we trust! (in God we trust)

Lying act Tony like  
Told them D's everything you heard, that's your homie  
right  
But he got killers looking outside at your home tonight  
They gon hit the crib and kill the kids, oh that's cony  
right  
That's cony like, every bleed  
Cuz it come on 2060, Christmas Eve  
First time he went to prison he ain't get to leave  
Feds takin pictures niggas is rats, you should say  
cheese  
Once a local dude, shit can fall now  
Never ever spit a rap but he got balls now  
I'm talkin fed time, yall up, yall down  
Your mama can't pay the bills, shit is on now  
How that make you feel? You should pay them bills  
And they spittin in them trays when you make your mill  
Niggas shittin out them packs just to take them pills  
And his baby momma bought a mint for this shit is real  
Niggas turnin muscle, niggas turnin Christian  
They gave em life, you try and peel it got em on a  
mischief  
These homies ain't lyin  
They still in the kitchen  
They buying bullshit, they come bearing swimming  
It's coming up short, no food on the fork  
Niggas is catching cases, niggas is gonna call  
He's a slave in the field  
You the one in the Porsche  
With that gun in your hand  
Try and run with them racks

We been in the war with them winners  
Shout it out with the best  
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In God we trust! (in God we trust)

Aye look, I'mma tell you like this  
If you in school, nigga stay in school  
If you got a job, nigga stay at work  
If you a family man, stay with your motherfuckin family  
nigga  
Cuz this shit ain't meant for everybody dog  
Everybody talk that shit until they get caught up in the  
real shit  
And then they start talkin that shit

We been in the war with them winners  
Shout it out with the best  
Talkin hiring gorillas, banana clip make a mess  
I've seen young niggas fly  
I've seen young niggas fall  
I've seen young niggas die because a young nigga told  
For the love of the money, for the love of the money,  
for the love of the money  
Love of the money but the lame niggas on me  
For the love of the money I've seen real niggas cry  
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