

Kendrick Lamar

"Money Trees"

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"Money Trees"

(feat. Jay Rock)

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

Me and my niggas tryna get it, ya bish
Hit this house lick tell me is you with it, ya bish
Home invasion was persuasive
From nine to five I know its vacant, ya bish
Dreams of living life like rappers do
Back when condom wrappers wasn't cool
I fucked Sherene then went to tell my bros
Then Usher Raymond "Let it Burn" came on
Hot sauce all in our Top Ramen, ya bish
Parked the car and then we start rhyming, ya bish
The only thing we had to free our mind
Then freeze that verse when we see dollar signs
You looking like an easy come up, ya bish
A silver spoon I know you come from, ya bish
And that's a lifestyle that we never knew
Go at a reverend for the revenue

[Hook]

It go Halle Berry or hallelujah
Pick your poison tell me what you do
Everybody gon' respect the shooter
But the one in front of the gun lives forever
And I been hustlin' all day, this a way, that a way
Through canals and alleyways, just to say
Money trees is the perfect place for shade and that's
just how I feel
A dollar might, just fuck your main bitch that's just how
I feel
A dollar might, say fuck them niggas that you came
with that's just how I feel
A dollar might, just make that lane switch that's just
how I feel
A dollar might, turn to a million and we all rich that's
just how I feel

[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]

Dreams of living life like rappers do
Bump that new E-40 at the school
You know big ballin with my homies
Earl Stevens had us thinking rational
Back to reality we poor, ya bish

Another casualty at war, ya bish
Two bullets in my uncle tony head
He said one day I'd be on tour, ya bish
That Louie's Burger never be the same
A louis belt will never ease that pain
But I'mma purchase when that day is jerkin'
Pull off at Church's with Pirelli's skirtin'
Gang signs out the window, ya bish
Hoping all of em offend you, ya bish
They say your hood is a pot of gold
And we gone crash it when nobodies home
[Hook]
[Bridge x2: Anna Wise]
Be the last one out to get this dough? , No Way
Love one of you bucket headed hoes?, No Way
Hit the streets, then we break the code? No Way
Hit the brakes, when they on patrol? No Way
[Verse 3: Jay Rock]
Imagine Rock up in the projects where them niggas
pick your pockets
Santa Claus don't miss them stockings, liquor spilling
pistols popping
Baking soda YOLA whipping, ain't no turkey on
Thanksgiving
My homeboy just domed a nigga, I just hope the Lord
forgive him
Pots with cocaine residue, everyday I'm hustling
What else is a thug to do when you eatin' cheese from
the government
Gotta provide for my daughter n'em, get the fuck up
out my way, bitch
Got that drum and got them bands just like a parade,
bitch
Drop that work up in the bushes, hope them boys don't
see my stash
If they do tell the truth, this the last time you might see
my ass
From the gardens where the grass ain't cut, them
serpents lurking blood
Bitches selling pussy, niggas selling drugs but it's all
good
Broken promises, steal yo watch and tell you what time
it is
Take your J's and tell you to kick it where a footlocker is
In the streets with a heater under my dungarees
Dreams of me getting shaded under a money tree
[Hook]
[Outro]

