

Fel Mula

"In God We Trust"

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(Verse 1)

Do you know who I do this for?
The streets keep calling, I can never ignore
All black Maybach what I'm tryna afford,
But haters wanna see me back whippin' a Honda
Accord (Naw)

I'm the eraser for you naysayers
Jewish lawyer for cases, no better replacement
Follow footsteps of satan, never leavin' them traces
Count so many white faces, I could never be racist!

Now I'm sittin' in this position
Living isn't exquisite, but my visions God given
Zippers on niggas' mouths, suspicions I'm with your
spouse
In your house like Dereon, so nigga carry on

Stand alone we makin' hits no Barry Bonds
No Jackie Robinson, product of my environment
Hope you still dodgin when bullets fly from firing
Back in full effect. Your raps go in retirement
In hell, totes of smoke, no one higher than (me)

Paper chasin, no waitin, I'm never tiresome
It's ambition. When I speak you should listen
I face the man in the mirror. I'm my only competition
Brung it back to my city, they crowned me the
champion

The Repertoire is ours. You get drowned in the
ambience
Close to fame, don't know my name, they chanting it
Hustle remain relevant, struggle to stay prevalent, it's
evident

(Chorus)

Nigga, this money is a must
Nothing given to us, so In God We Trust
Acquire what we desire and there is no better feeling
The peak is the ceiling. I'm tryna reach a million

Listen, this money is a must
Wasn't born with enough, so In God We Trust
Acquire what we desire and there is no better feeling
The peak is the ceiling. I'm tryna reach a million

(Verse 2)

I am forever on a paper chase
The haters get erased. The weak get replaced
Hustlers, they get embraced. The school of hard
knocks
Trappin' and flippin' keys so they can break the locks

Be American dreams, livin' a nightmare
Plans of luxurious thoughts of cashmere
Account in large amounts, money from last year
Drove on the road, the gold is getting more clear

In the jungle, still stuck in my stance
Fuckas wanna see me stumble, but they'll never get the
chance
Let you know in advance, I wrote your name in the sand
Blown away in a glance or a snapped finger

Your time is up, meet that fat singer
Live on my feet while you give on your knees, sweet as
a surrender
The wait is over, number 1 contender
Also known as the winner. I'll dessert you for dinner,
quicker

(Chorus)

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Listen, this money is a must
Wasn't born with enough, so In God We Trust
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The peak is the ceiling. I'm tryna reach a million

(Talking)

This money is a must
Nothing given to us so In God We Trust

Listen, this money is a must
Wasn't born with enough so In God We Trust
Let's get it

The Motif Of The Streets

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