

# Money Trees

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

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

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

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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  
(2x)

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

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