

# Got Paper

Lecrae

These brothas passin me and they all rollin fly coups they throw some D's on  
but they still ain't got the 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. I I don't need no fast m  
oney  
NOPE  
Don't need a fast car  
Yeah the faith is a race but I't ain't a nascar  
Homeie you and God got beef cause you keep chasin money like them hundreds g  
ot feet  
Buddy wanna be rich but even 50 done said that he still feel hungry even tho  
he got bread  
Make em throw away they life got em runnin from feds  
Love of money's like crack both of em will leave you dead  
When you die and face God ain't nothing left to be said  
Instead of Chasing the truth you take a lie to the head  
And homie all I can do tell you what Jesus said  
Repent and turn from your sin cause the kingdom of God's at hand.

People they want chesse american mozzarella  
The enemies rat trap might snap any second  
'm like that dude in matthew who after finding a treasure  
Gave all he had to get it that's a real go getta  
People dying over wood grain chrome and some leather  
They got expensive tastes but the faith tastes better  
I know the ice wet but the living water wetter  
But don't believe me read the 13 letters  
Or you can the torah the gospel and all the prophets  
But homie I promise you'll never profit chasing 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 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)

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 Golorifying my maker  
My treasures in heaven Christ is my satisfaction  
If I was broke I'd be richer than folkv never had em  
God is the Gospel not a new bentley  
Was empty and he gave us life and that's plenty  
Get me... homie I could spend six centries  
Simply saying I'm satisfied in the sensie  
An it's sickening, that knowing God ain't enough we gotta tell em they can g  
et 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 c-note man they pockets was e-

flat. They still had joy