

# In God We Trust

Meek Mill

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', Palms 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 could do  
I'm talkin' clappin' toasts, bullets 'll hit your roof  
They hit his body he went in shock, no Pikachu

Niggas ain't bout it they talkin' but really pick and choose  
We on our second strike, we ain't got shit to lose  
All my niggas is felons, all you niggas is tellin'  
Sold your soul to them people, they gon' get you to sell it  
They gon' get you to move it, they gon' get you a buick  
They gon' get you a wire, like niggas gon' use it  
You gon' tell on your brothers, what a lame homie  
I got a bullet with your name on it, and a full clip I autographed  
Kids cryin' at the viewing, I guess it was upset

We done went to war with the realest, shot it out with the best  
Talkin' high-end gorillas, banana clips make a mess  
I seen young niggas cry, I seen young niggas fold  
I 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  
Man, them young niggas hungry, for the love of the money  
I seen real niggas cry, I seen real niggas hit  
I seen real niggas die, cuz a real nigga snitch  
In God we trust

Lotta niggas act Tony-like  
Told them deez everything you heard but that's your homie right  
But he got killers lurkin' outside at your home tonight  
They gon' hit the crib and kill the kids, oh that's Kony right  
Oh that's Kony-like, everybody bleed  
Cuz he come out in 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 the fire now  
Never ever spit a rap but he got bars now  
I'm talkin' fed time, yard up, yard down

Baby mama can't pay the bills, shit is hard now  
How that make you feel, you should pay them bills  
MA spittin in them trays when they make yo' meal  
Niggas shittin' out them packs just to take them pills  
And his baby mama brought em in, boy this shit is real

Niggas turn to Muslim, niggas turn to Christian  
They gave him life, he try'n appeal it, got him on a mission  
His homies ain't learn, they still in the kitchen  
They firin' bullshit, that coka ain't swimmin'  
It's coming up short, no food on the fork

Niggas is catchin' cases, niggas is goin' to court  
He done slaved in the field, you the one on the porch  
With the gun in your hand, try and run with the man

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Hey look, Ima 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 mofuckin' family nigga  
Cause this shit ain't meant for everybody dawg  
Everybody talk that shit, until they get caught up in some real shit  
And then they start talkin' that shit

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