

Money Trees (feat. Jay Rock)

Kendrick Lamar

Me and my niggas tryna git it, ya bish
Hit the house lick, tell me is you wit' it, ya bish
Home invasion was persuasive
From nine to five I know it's vacant, ya bish
Dreams of living life like rappers do
Back when condom wrappers wasn't cool
I fucked Sherane and went to tell my bros
Then Usher Raymond "Let It Burn" came on
Hot sauce all in our Top Ramen, ya bish
Park the car 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 doing
Everybody gon' respect the shooter
But the one in front of the gun lives forever
(The one in front of the gun, forever)
And I been hustling 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
Nah, nah, a dollar might just fuck your main bitch, that's just how I feel
Nah, a dollar might say fuck them niggas that you came with, that's just how I feel
Nah, nah, a dollar might just make that lane switch, that's just how I feel
Nah, 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 after school
You know "Big Ballin' With My Homies"
Earl Stevens had us thinking rational
Back to reality, we poor, ya bish
Another casualty of war, ya bish
Two bullets in my Uncle Tony head
He said one day I'll be on tour, ya bish
That Louis Burger never be the same
A Louis belt will never ease that pain
But I'mma purchase when that day is jerking
Pull off at Church's with Pirellis skirting
Gang signs out the window, ya bish
Hoping all of them offend you, ya bish

They say your hood is a pot of gold
And we gon' crash it when nobody's home
It go Halle Berry or hallelujah
Pick your poison, tell me what you doing
Everybody gon' respect the shooter
But the one in front of the gun lives forever
(The one in front of the gun, forever)
And I been hustling 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
Nah, nah, a dollar might just fuck your main bitch, that's just how I feel
Nah, a dollar might say fuck them niggas that you came with, that's just how I feel
Nah, nah, a dollar might just make that lane switch, that's just how I feel
Nah, a dollar might turn to a million and we all rich, that's just how I feel
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!
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!
Imagine Rock up in them projects
Where them niggas pick your pockets
Santa Claus don't miss them stockings
Liquor spillin', 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
Every day I'm hustlin'
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, bish
Got that drum and I got them bands
Just like a parade, bish
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 your 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
It go Halle Berry or hallelujah
Pick your poison, tell me what you doing

Everybody gon' respect the shooter
But the one in front of the gun lives forever
(The one in front of the gun, forever)
And I been hustling 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
K's Mom: Kendrick, just bring my car back man. I called in for another appointment. I figured you weren't gonna be back here on time anyways. Look, shit, shit, I just wanna get out the house man. This man, on one, he feeling good as a mother fucker. Shit, I'm trynna get my thing going too. Just bring my car back. Shit, he faded. He feeling good. Look, listen to him
K's Dad: Girl, Girl, I want your body, I want your body, cause of that big ol' fat ass. Girl, Girl, I want your body, I want your body, cause of that big ol' fat ass
K's Mom: See he high as hell, shit, and he ain't even tripping off them damn dominoes anymore. Just bring the car back
K's Dad: Did somebody say dominoes?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>