In God We Trust

Derek Minor

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 ainâ€™t bout it they talkinâ€™ but really pick and choose
We on our second strike, we ainâ€™t got shit to lose
All my niggas is felons, all you niggas is tellinâ€™
Sold your soul to them people, they gonâ€™ get you to sell it
They gonâ€™ get you to move it, they gonâ€™ get you a buick
They gonâ€™ get you a wire, like niggas gonâ€™ use it
You gonâ€™ tell on your brothers, what a lame homie
I got a bullet with your name on it, and a full clip I autographed
Kids cryinâ€™ at the viewing, I guess it was upset

We done went to war with the realest, shot it out with the best
Talkinâ€™ 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 thatâ€™s your homie right
But he got killers lurkinâ€™ outside at your home tonight
They gonâ€™ hit the crib and kill the kids, oh thatâ€™s Kony right
Oh thatâ€™s Kony-like, everybody bleed
Cuz he come out in 2060, Christmas Eve

First time he went to prison he ainâ€™t get to leave
Feds takinâ€™ 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
Iâ€™m talkin` fed time, yard up, yard down

Baby mama canâ€™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 yoâ€™ meal
Niggas shittinâ€™ 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 tryâ€™n appeal it, got him on a mission
His homies ainâ€™t learn, they still in the kitchen
They firinâ€™ bullshit, that coka ainâ€™t swimminâ€™
Itâ€™s coming up short, no food on the fork
Niggas is catchinâ€™ cases, niggas is goinâ€™ 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 mofuckinâ€™ family nigga
Cause this shit ainâ€™t meant for everybody dawg
Everybody talk that shit, until they get caught up in some real shit
And then they start talkinâ€™ that shit

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