

Money Trees (ft. Jay Rock)

Kendrick Lamar

Me and my niggas tryna get it, ya bish (Ya bish, ya bish)
Hit this house lick tell me is you with it, ya bish (Ya bish, ya bish)
Home invasion was persuasive (Was persuasive, was persuasive)
From nine to five I know its vacant, ya bish (Ya bish, ya bish)
Dreams of living life like rappers do (like rappers do, like rappers do)
Back when condom wrappers wasn't cool (They wasn't cool, they wasn't cool)
I fucked Sherane then went to tell my bros (Tell my bros, tell my bros)
Then Usher Raymond "Let it Burn" came on ("Let it Burn" came on, "Let it Burn" came on)
Hot sauce all in our Top Ramen, ya bish (Ya bish, ya bish)
Parked the car and then we start rhyming, ya bish (Ya bish, ya bish)
The only thing we had to free our mind (Free our mind, free our mind)
Then freeze that verse when we see dollar signs (Dollar signs, dollar signs)
You looking like an easy come up, ya bish (Ya bish, ya bish)
A silver spoon I know you come from, ya bish (Ya bish, ya bish)
And that's a lifestyle that we never knew (We never knew, 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 (The one in front of the gun 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 (now, now)
A dollar might, just fuck your main bitch that's just how I feel (now)
A dollar might, say fuck them niggas that you came with that's just how I feel (now, now)
A dollar might, just make that lane switch that's just how I feel (now)
A dollar might, turn to a million and we all rich that's just how I feel Dreams of living life like rappers do (Like
rappers do, like rappers do)
Bump that new E-40 at the school (Way at the school, way at the school)
You know big ballin with my homies (My homies)
Earl Stevens had us thinking rational (Thinking rational, that's rational)
Back to reality we poor, ya bish (Ya bish, ya bish)
Another casualty at war, ya bish (Ya bish, ya bish)
Two bullets in my uncle Tony head (My Tony head, my Tony head)
He said one day I'd be on tour, ya bish (Ya bish, ya bish)
That Louie's Burger never be the same (Won't be the same, won't be the same)
A louis belt will never ease that pain (Won't ease that pain, won't ease that pain)
But I'ma purchase when that day is jerkin' (That day is jerkin', day is jerkin')
Pull off at Church's with Pirelli's skirtin' (Pirelli's skirtin', Pirelli's skirtin')
Gang signs out the window, ya bish (Ya bish, ya bish)

Hoping all of em offend you, ya bish (Ya bish, ya bish)
 They say your hood is a pot of gold (A pot of gold, a pot of gold)
 And we gone crash it when nobodies home 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 (The one in front of the gun forever)
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 A dollar might, just make that lane switch that's just how I feel (now)
 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 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 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, 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 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 (The one in front of the gun 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

Songwriters

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