Money Trees

Black Hippy

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]
Uh,me and my niggas trying to get it, ya bish
Hit the house lick tell me is you with 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 then 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[Hook]
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
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
A dollar might just fuck your main bitch that's just how I feel
A dollar might say fuck them niggas that you came with that's just how I feel
A dollar might just make that lane switch that's just how I feel
A dollar might turn to a million and we all rich that's just how I feel[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]
Dreams of living life like rappers do
Bump that new E-40 after school
You know big balling with my homies
Earl Stevens had us thinking rational
Back to reality we poor, ya bish
Another casualty at war, ya bish
Two bullets in my Uncle Tony head
He said one day I'd 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 Pirelli's skirting
Gang signs out the window, ya bish
Hoping all of em offend you, ya bish
They say your hood is a pot of gold
And we gone crash it when nobody's home[Hook][Bridge (2x) - Anna Wise]
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[Verse 3: Jay Rock]
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 hustling
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 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[Hook][Outro]
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.
D's Mom: See he high as hell, and he ain't even tripping off them damn dominoes anymore. Just bring the car back.
K's Dad: Did somebody say dominoes?

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