

Got Paper

Lecrae

These brothas passin' me and they all rollin' fly Coups
They throw some D's on it but they still ain't got truth
They blow they cheese on it then they die and what's the use?
I'm so secure in Jesus all I want in life is fruit
Don't need no fast money, don't need a fast car
Yeah the faith is a race but it ain't a NASCAR
And you and God got beef cause you keep
Chasin' money like them hundreds got feet
Buddy wanna be rich but even 50 done said
That he still feel broke even though he got bread
Make 'em throw away they life, got 'em runnin' from the feds
Love of money's like crack, both of 'em will leave you dead
When you die and face God, nothin' left to be said
Instead of chasin' the truth, you take a lie to the head
Homie all I can do is tell you what Jesus said
Repent and turn from your sin cause the kingdom of God's at hand
That's real

Hook:

Got money, got paper
So what who cares?
Got money, got paper
I got Jesus baby! People want they cheese, American mozzarella
The enemy's rat trap might snap any second
I'm like that dude in Matthew who after finding a treasure
Gave all he had to get it, that's a real go-getta
The 13 letters, the Torah, Ggospel and prophets
You'll never see the soul of prophets chasin' a profit
Now look at 1 Timothy 6, it's so clear
You chase the money and wind up in a snare
Now a vow of poverty, no, it's not there
But you pursue God, the rest, He takes care
You don't step on His back in order to get rich
If you do then you're in sin and ordered to repent
You come to Christ for God, you come to Daddy for worship
He ain't take that cross to fund your vanity purchase
Even though we all agree that death is certain
It seems we believe there's banks beyond earth
That's crazy
Hook Money, dough, cash, paper
If it was a woman, I promise I used to date her
Now that we broke up she be callin' ya boy a hater
Cause all I do is use her for glorifyin' my Maker

My treasure's up in Heaven, Christ is my satisfaction
If I was broke I'd be richer than folks who never had Him
God is the Gospel, not a new Bentley
Was empty and He gave me life and that's plenty
Get me, homie I could spend six centuries
Simply saying I'm satisfied in the sensie
And it's sickenin' that knowin' God ain't good enough
We gotta tell 'em they can get rich quickly
Now this is heresy, false, it's not true
2nd Corinthians chapter 8 and verse 2
Read that and please believe that
Forget a c-note, man, they pockets was e-flat
They still had joyHook

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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