

# 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)  
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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 <http://greatlyrics.net/>