Bun B, In Money We Trust

(Bun B)
Now if you got it on yo mind
I can get it off your chest
Take it out yo mouth and I'm gon' take care of the rest
No stress, just do-do, when I'm jumpin' out the 4-door
Smoke 'll hit you like judo when you walk up to the yuko
When I let the top down, sippin lean still ballin'
TV's in the visors so the screens still fallin'
Niggaz grab hustlin' I ain't finna break my neck
I make some paper off this flow, but I got rich off respect
Ask anybody who know me about my seeds
Westside 9th street, I came up amongst the G's
Crack game in 88, it took over shit I was there
I stood on southern through texas and got my share
And my nina on my waist, dope up in my jaw
One eye for them fiends, one eye for that law
Niggaz crooks as niggaz soft, so my rep is hard as steel
Big Bun muthaf**ka, representin' for the trill

(Chorus - Chamillionaire)
If you haters you gon' like us
If you like us you gon' hate us
But, one thing you can say is we some serious paper chasers
'cause, friends turn to haters
And, some turn to traitors
But my money never changes (mhum)
So in Money We Trust
(repeat)

(Chamillionaire)
When white America stares at the pair of eyes in a colred face
Can they see why he love to chase
green fetti in a gutta place
He grew up so he love the taste
For diniro's hes a disgrace
Denies that he's tellin' a lie lookin' right in his mother's face
Can't reside, in his brother's 'states
But out ridin' on dub's he take
What's hidin' above his waist, and go ride out some other fake
He's claimin' that he's real, but when he's not on that camera
Hed rather give stuff to these hoes, like he's copyin' Santa
When he's not on that camera, he's talkin' like he Pac with his grammar
But he will not cock or pop the top of his hammer
Money's the reason why rich people get red-dots on they flannels

While bank-tellers gotta get down on the floor like Dave Banner
Go ta spot in that 'Bama, and also got a spot in that channel
Few people know I got a spot to stash that knot in Atlanta
Don't trust the chick I with, she fine and mixed with another race
But I keep the combination to my safe in a safe in another place

(Chorus - Chamillionaire)
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(repeat)

(Slim Thug)
A lot of folks say when Slim got a lil change he changed

I ain't gon' lie yeah I changed, but it was for the better mayne
When I was broke ain't have to worry bout gold-diggin' hoes
When I was broke I ain't have to worry bout jackers tryin' to get my dough
Haters bustin' the .44's, 'cause I'm stickin' they chicks
I got a lot of best friends quick, when they heard I was rich
And them niggaz I used to ride with, stack cash, get high with
is the same niggaz on my side, them the same niggaz I'ma die with
Some friends turn foes, and some men turn hoes
But that's how the shit goes, when you ain't broke no more
Money the root of all evil, it could help or hurt people
You can't live without it so it tend to turn good guys evil
A lot of folks love money, more then they love theyself
I rather be dead then broke takin' death chances for wealth
I know niggaz 'll kill you for scrilla and won't think twice to bust
Yo life ain't worth shit to us, (mhum) IN MONEY WE TRUST!

(Chorus - Chamillionaire)
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(repeat)