

Benjamins

Andy Mineo

Gettin money, gettin', gettin' money [x2]
"It's all about the Benjamins baby"
Is it really now?

What y'all wanna do
Wanna be ballers?
Shot-callers? Brawlers?

I know some dudes up on my block
Push that green to make that guap
They so paranoid they hear a noise
They fear for all they got
Tell me, is this life? I think not
What's money if you don't got peace homey?
They tell me 'What's life if you just can't eat"
So preacher don't preach at
Me, homey
I'm ain't against you, I'm for you
I'm just another young boy who
Found
Grace, mercy, and joy
I want you to know joy too
That's why I want to be
Honest
And tell you
In the dollars you're never gonna find it
Peace is too big to fit up in your wallet
But you wanna be fly, Mister Co-Pilot?
I know the television promised
If you get it then you gonna be good
But
Stop it
Tell me what a man profits
If he gains the world
But loses his
Soul in the process?
I know you heard it all before
But the words cut deep
Because them words
From the Sword
All for Pete sake
Call that a cliché
I call them dull ears
That don't hear what we say
I'd hate to see you fresher
Than some Listerine
With two girls like Mr. Sheen
You bald out like Mr. Clean
Your life passed & you missed the meaning
Aw man
Don't miss it
If you flirting with death
Don't kiss it
You extra fresh and you ready to go out
But you ain't ready to go out
Money is good, but don't spell it with one "o"
What's the score? Jesus:1 Death:0

But they tellin' me

Let's keep it straight like a toupé
He kept his word, touché
So we applaud like "Hooray"
We reppin' the name, we keep it the same, we do it again and again
We doing it all unashamed
I'm keeping my hands up, never about the Benjamins, nay!
That stuff fades like a haircut, but he died without dark spots on his body
like a leopard, so...
Now the reason we all going in, brother:
We got the Spirit of the King, Romans 10:9
My confession: I know I'm His
Saved - co-heir, no error kid
He the head like New Era lids
Why you chasing after things that be perishin'?
I am rich - He's the treasure
So I share the wealth, it's my pleasure

Yo, show me where your hundreds is, show me where your stacks at
Show me what's your treasure and I'll show you where your heart is at
Racks on racks, I've got plenty stacks
But it ain't on earth cause ain't no ceiling where my Daddy's at
I got a crew spittin' Jesus in the speakers
Not worried 'bout the fame or the crease up in the sneakers
At work ain't got no feet up
In the word cause you gotta read up
When we be coming up empty, boy, you know it's time to re-up
But the world keep tellin' me to make that dough
Get it while I got it cause it ain't that low
Everybody do it, they won't know
But I got the calling and it ain't gon' blow
And I'mma show you why the paper never coincides with the sinful nature
Ask the Savior, He say "Sho' you right"
I make it plain, boy, I can live without 'em
Cause it's up in that name that I know I'll never doubt Him
And I'll invest it cause my money's all about Him
Rather need money with Him than have them hundreds without Him