

Got Paper

Lecrae

These brothas passin me and they all rollin fly coups they throw some D's on
but they still ain't got the 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. I I don't need no fast money
NOPE
Don't need a fast car
Yeah the faith is a race but I't ain't a nascar
Homeie you and God got beef cause you keep chasin money like them hundreds got feet
Buddy wanna be rich but even 50 Cent said that he still feel hungry even though he got bread
Make em throw away they life got em runnin from feds
Love of money's like crack both of em will leave you dead
When you die and face God ain't nothing left to be said
Instead of Chasing the truth you take a lie to the head
And homie all I can do tell you what Jesus said
Repent and turn from your sin cause the kingdom of God's at hand.

People they want chesse american mozzarella
The enemies rat trap might snap any second
'm like that dude in Matthew who after finding a treasure
Gave all he had to get it that's a real go getta
People dying over wood grain chrome and some leather
They got expensive tastes but the faith tastes better
I know the ice wet but the living water wetter
But don't believe me read the 13 letters
Or you can take the torah the gospel and all the prophets
But homie I promise you'll never profit chasing 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 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)

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 glorifying my maker
My treasures in heaven Christ is my satisfaction
If I was broke I'd be richer than folks never had em
God is the Gospel not a new Bentley
Was empty and he gave us life and that's plenty
Get me... homie I could spend six centuries
Simply saying I'm satisfied in the sense
An it's sickening, that knowing God ain't 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 c-note man they pockets was e-

flat. They still had joy