CHORUS: TRIP LEE Forget about the cash, Forget about the clothes Forget about the stash, Forget about the dough Forget about the cars, Forget about the rims Forget about the stars, Forget about the benz Forget about the big crib, tryna get rich, the big 64 plenty dough and tryna sip chrys Forget the cash and chains, that stuff will pass away And you cant take it with you to your after days VERSE 2: TRIP LEE Most are concerned with the cheddar flow, but dawg I gotta let them know A lot of reasons we should be seeking Jesus instead of dough Instead of mo material things, the jewelry and fame I speak of the King, but most ain't feeling me main They would rather let they money stack, tryna get a hundred stack They pockets fat, but they not ready when Christ is coming back If they only knew the real truth about the coming wrath They would probably race to Him faster than a running back I know the things the cheddar buys, will attract and catch the eyes Instead of ice, it'd be nice, if we would invest in life Instead of all that flashy stuff, tryna get our status up His wrath is just, so if we don't seek Him dawg then we outa luck What good is it to gain the world and in the end lose ya soul? Its foolish bro, there's a loving savior you can truly know I know you seeking satisfaction, you can't find it though Tryna dash for the cash and designer clothes CHORUS: TRIP LEE Forget about the cash, Forget about the clothes Forget about the stash, Forget about the dough Forget about the cars, Forget about the rims Forget about the stars, Forget about the Benz Forget about the big crib, tryna get rich, the big 64 plenty dough and tryna sip chrys Forget the cash and chains, that stuff will pass away And you cant take it with you to your after days Verse 2: LECRAE Got money, got whips, got ice Still broke homeboy! No Christ Got a debt to pay, some real heavy wages And the payment for his sin is pretty outrageous I seen him park the car, suicide doors Without Christ he walking through a suicide door The dollar bill say in God we trust Its funny cause money is the only God we trust And she say that she a Christian, but I canyt tell She ain't depending on God, she depend on male 1 stack, 2 stack, 3 stack, 4 They spent they whole life stacking up dough And when they die not a dimes gone go Now they physically rich, but they spiritually poor And they probably never heard of 1 Corinthians chapter four 'Cause they said they can't imagine God's people being poor

CHORUS: TRIP LEE

Forget about the cash, Forget about the clothes
Forget about the stash, Forget about the dough
Forget about the cars, Forget about the rims
Forget about the stars, Forget about the Benz
Forget about the big crib, tryna get rich, the big 64 plenty dough and tryna sip Chrys
Forget the cash and chains, that stuff will pass away
And you cant take it with you to your after days

Verse 3:

You might want you some change, yeah you might want a crib But tell me where the Bible say that Jesus want us rich? It says we should be content if we got food and clothing That's the truth and bro, we tripping really being foolish homie We shouldn't put no value on falling screens and stylish chrome Even if you saved that stuff can't go with you when you back at home So allow me to encourage you, if you agree the Word is true You can only serve one Master, some of us is serving two You can't serve God and cash, cant love the world and Christ Put money out ya mind, focus on eternal life I can't speak from experience, I ain't seen it but I'm betting Treasures of this world ain't nothing next to the ones that's up in Heaven Feel free to store em up, since we found the Lord is just Amazing let us praise Him main and try to give Him more of us Let us live our lives with Him, spend our days and nights with Him Ignore the trash the world has to offer and delight in Him

CHORUS: TRIP LEE

Forget about the cash, Forget about the clothes

Forget about the stash, Forget about the dough

Forget about the cars, Forget about the rims

Forget about the stars, Forget about the Benz

Forget about the big crib, tryna get rich, the big 64 plenty dough and tryna sip Chrys

Forget the cash and chains, that stuff will pass away

And you cant take it with you to your after days