

# Michael Fredo

Wale

Money trees grew from the root of evil

Look, money trees grew from the root of evil  
Makin' peace with who I gave my seed to  
I don't like it, but she gotta do what she do  
Fuck, hunger strikes, I ain't feedin' egos, look  
God got me, so what could stop me?  
Maybe a white wife and the paparazzi  
Look, she was lightskin and that's just how I like 'em  
But them online comments made a toxic environment, look  
Every since then, I been on my own  
Mama said I really need a wife, though  
First ten, I was weathering storms  
My second wind, I'm finna be a cyclone, ayy  
A lot of fakin', a lot of bitin', uh  
A lot of gatekeepers be entitled, uh  
I'm out the way, I'm just bein' quiet  
But too many Fredo niggas thinkin' they—

Money trees got me under the shade  
Name ring, fuck a fuckin' bouquet  
Went to war, came back and shit has changed  
I'm afraid this how villains is made  
I'm surveying the salutations  
I'm surfing through it, don't care who wavy  
This rich and famous shit ain't sustainable  
Know that Doug Davis, my Tommy hatin'  
Party, I count paper, y'all count favors  
But know it's family over most  
I know it's family that'll snake  
Losing' sanity while I'm tryna cope  
Either way, it's dark and I'm all alone  
On my sunny days, down with my bros  
Niggas lie on name and stay afloat  
And it's too many Fredos and it's not enough boats