

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
Losin' 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