

Roberta Flack F/ Donny Hathaway

"Been There, Done That"

Visit "[Been There, Done That](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I been there - been there
Done that - done that
You got guns? - we got guns...
Yo, I got straps - we got straps...
A million muthafuckas on the planet Earth talk that hard
bullshit - 'cause it's all they worth...

No question, it's all about the D - O - E.
So if money is the root I want the whole damn tree.
Ain't tryin' to stock around for the Illuminati,
Got to buy my own island by the year 2 G...
Since way back I've been collecting my fee
With the 48-tracks and the M - I - C.
Got a palace in the Hills overlooking the sea.
It's worth 8, but I only paid 5 point 3.
Worldwide, got the triple beam, I slide.
Listenin' to yo demo in a stretch limo.
It's how I ride - cartel style.
Full, stacked to the max now.
A million-dollar smile, people wonder how.
'Dre Day' every day. Trips to Montigo Bay,
with more chips than Frito Lay.
Flossed jewels in a tire, ain't nuthin' fly.
Straight or illegal - it's still the root of all evil...
Coz...

[Chorus] x 2

Young black Rockerfeller. Hell, a swiss and mozzarella.
Pockets sweller, gettin' money like a bank teller.
'Cause a fool and his dough soon split.
So when you come across a fool get all that she be
gettin'.
Ladies, get your paper too.
Don't expect for no man to support you.
Keep it true,
'Cause most brothers are raised to decide for the
pesos.
My woman is independent, makin' dough by the case
loads.
I'mma keep buildin'... make it killing.

Kick back, relax, and grow old with my millions.
That's where it's at. You got drama, I got the gat,
But we're both black so I don't wanna lay you flat.
Instead let's get paper, while it's paper to get.
Private Jet, 600 coupes that I runs if...
I'm livin' on another level that y'all ain't been yet.
Spend a mill, no sweat, water the line with my wet...

[Chorus] x 2

This is for the millionaires,
Throw a stack in the air and watch brothers start
plottin',
Honeys start to stare.
'Cause game is money and money is game,
And broke brothers make the 45 flame with no shame.
Now many people die over these dead green guys.
Ignorance and greed take their ass by surprise.
It's the root of all evil and sins.
Yet and still it makes the world go around,
Like my 20-inch rims...
Moolah y'all.
Platinum plaques cover my walls.
Grindin', diamonds shinin', and without one flaw.
Get the cash, the grass, the ass will bounce.
Luciano and all amounts, that's all that counts 'cause...

I been there...
And done that...

Been there, done that...
The Aftermath!

Visit [Roberta Flack F/ Donny Hathaway](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.