

Chris Brown

"Green Goblin"

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[Jae Millz]

One time for B.I.G
Wave a finger front to back
I ain't gotta tell you where i'm from, you see it on my
cap
501's on my leg
Polo men on my tee
Jordan aint no kiddin me
But I keep 'em on my feet
I like a big ghetto booty on a P.Y.T
With a 5th Ave S.W.A.G
Something just like me
Buy and sell Gucci
I like them girls in Louis V
Red bottoms Lue B's
Two fingers to the G's
What it is, what it be
If you ballin' rasie ya bottom and yell "FREE TUNECHI"
Free, Free Tunechi
Till they free Tunechi
I'm Q-Vision in the club
Watch me make a movie
(Now LE'GOOO)

[HOOK]

I got money, money my problem (Le'Goo)
Love doin' math so it's money I'm solvin'
Never. ever stoppin', but these niggas steady coppin'
So I'm ugly with the money
Ugly, ugly, Green Goblin

[Chris Brown]

F**k them other haters cuz I'm down for my n****s
I got money in my pockets so there's no room for ya
digits
I be in and outta state, err'day a different place
And I be hittin' home runs while you still on second
base

Ya boy be poppin' them bottles of Rozay,
F**kin' models in every single damn way
No offense to ugly women but I need a pretty face
If you skinny or eat plenty it don't matter either way
Cuz I'ma get it, hit it, quit it then I pass you off to Jae...
Millz

Speed racer on the track call me Hot Wheels
Them bullets long like fries, get a Happy Meal
Black Card, Red Chucks, Batman & Robin
Spider-man eatin' up the moeny, Green Goblin

[HOOK] x2

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Love doin' math so it's money I'm solvin'
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So I'm ugly with the money
Ugly, ugly, Green Goblin

[Jae Millz]

Till I die I'm uptown and dead prezzys what I'm countin'
in
Cut milli-mountsins, n***a what you know about 'em
So Harlem 'till I go
F**k a stylist, I be stylin'
Comin' down 125th, paper plated drop wildin'
He screamin' till it's easy, love me or leave me
For New York Free Remy and for YM Free Weezy
Me and C.Breezy, Chubby Chuck TZ's
We on that cherry carpet while you watchin' us on TV
Trust me I'm mountain clean, if the boy in my regime
On stage im poison, Hot Tub Time Machine
Yeah, Yeah
The all doubtin' but they favorite slouchin'
And all I got for these n****s is flames, douse 'em
Who wan' test me, get off the express way
This is not an Esther, n****s it's an XJ
Swag freakin' American, tatted like an ese
Take your ass directly to the morgue is what my chest
say
Yes Jay, yes Jay, stunt like Harlem taught ya
My diamonds stupid bright, Violet Ultra
They all counted me out
They thought Millz was over
But look who's talkin' now mother f**kas, John Travolta

[HOOK] x2

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