

Emf

"Greens, Cornbread, and Cabbage"

Visit "[Greens, Cornbread, and Cabbage](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Master P]

What's up niggas and bitches (ugh)
We ain't no motherfucking rookies at making cowards
(we ain't no rookies at
making fame)
Fetti nigga (fetti) that's why I'm gon' call this fedex
(fedex)
It's all about moola (moola) that money (money) scrilla
(scrilla)
All mighty motherfucking dollar (all mighty dollar)
Hundreds (hundreds) thousands (thousands) millions
(millions) and trillions
(trillions)
We got this shit sewed up nigga (sewed up)
From the south (from the south) to the midwest (to the
midwest)
To the west (to the west coast) to the east coast (to the
east coast)
Y'all know how to get yo scrilla (y'all know how to get yo
scrilla)

Hoes in the club showing love ask Tela
I got hoes on the beeper just like mosquitoes
Niggas want to fuck with the P I'm making scrilla
(scrilla)
Labeled and tagged me yo neighborhood dealer.
Got this game gripped got the hoes wanting sacks
Got niggas in the hood waiting on me for crack
Fifteen five for a key now I'm rolling
Gold thangs hit the block nigga but it ain't stolen
And I came to get my keys for the sound and the
edibowa
Nigga I ain't Scarface but got the money and the power
Coming down hard (hard) living in the south (south)
Got killers watching my back with that gold in they
mouth
Bitches getting broked on (broked on) for
motherfucking P
Agent c station
Should I say player hating (player hating)
Niggas take vacation one way ticket is to hell niggas

feel me
It's all about the 20's and the 50's niggas feel me
Trying to get my paper (paper) it's all about my scrilla
(scrilla)
Big Mo got that mack 11-9 for y'all killers
Rolling through the south (south) trying to check them
honeys (honeys)
Got them beans trying to flip them dope fiends
hundreds
I ain't even stopping if a cop is on my tail (what)
Big Boz got that AK nigga and that's real
Rolling in that Rover (Rover)
Smoking on that dolja (dolja)
A No Limit soldier y'all haters y'all can't hold us
Niggas got green (green) fuck cashing checks
Hooked up with three niggas they call them Prime
Suspects
Now a nigga got the shit gangstafied like Kane & Abel
Niggas got more clientele than niggas got cable
But niggas tru to the gizame
Niggas slanging them bizangs
My best partner Andrew Jackson, Ben Franklin
understand

Chorus

Trying to get greens, cornbread, and cabbage x4

[Prime Suspects]

Papa was a junky brain fried on that coke
Snorting heroin in the middle of a seventy show
But you wonder why my lifestyle it be kind of rough
It's them little green guys a nigga can't get enough
Zoned out like Kujo ain't slept in three days
On an all night flight trying to get rich paid
In the shade on the L.A.P.
Where your nigga be
Never taking and sure who I be (ooh wee)
I be the nigga with cheese
O.Z.'s to keys stay hundreds to G's
Putting these hoes on their knees
Cause they bout that green cheese (pop that phone)

Chorus x4

[Kane]

Bitch show me the money I'm on top cause I got rocks
Cause I got scrilla No Limit got enough paper to buy the
Lakers
Fuck the haters I hate to kill him fake the realest
I know God never sleeps
When you die you sew what you weep

I still move ten boroughs a week cause a nigga gots to eat
Don't feel my teeth
Mamma turned 5 into 10, 18 to 36
My triple beam gangsta lean
Thousand eight that be the weight
On this motherfucking grip it's the lip
This paper got me rich I'm sick
Quick to run up in that pussy with a hard dick
Ghetto boys starting ghetto wars
Took a little scrilla the killer
Wait starting late in the hood got me paid scoring like Reggie Miller
Representing like a senator
When I'm on the block (woo woo) then again
Smoking hay bitch a hundred down like predator
If you got my rocks then I ain't got no fucking check

[Abel]

Fuck you nigga pay fuck your lady
Fuck your mamma fuck your baby
Rolling with P on the D bout to be gangstafied
Honey drop top white Mercedes
It's a 144 pounds 148 with the 4 pound murder
Niggas they call me drama
And them hoes they call me Ike Turner
Popos 75 dice till the trying to get the shipment higher
When talk they coming up short
Give props and I ain't forgot motherfucker

[Kane & Abel and Master P talking]

Master P, Prime Suspects

Yeah bra humbra go get your money nigga
I got it ugh trying to get them greens, cornbread, and cabbage
Nigga trying to get them greens, cornbread, and cabbage
This goes out to all my real niggas
North Carolina, from Milwaukee, South Carolina,
Columbus, Ohio,
Louisville, Georgia, Alabama, to the A.T.L., Cleveland,
Ohio,
New Orleans, Detroit, Texas, Cincinnati, Florida,
Nebraska, California,
Chicago, Indianapolis, Mississippi, New York
To the motherfucking world to the world
We after them greens after them greens
Cabbage and cornbread
Dollar greens humbra humbra
Y'all haters need to be pissed on (suckers)

Y'all can't stop No Limit
Got to much paper believe that

Visit [Emf](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.