

## Goodie Mob "Greeny Green"

Visit "[Greeny Green](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ladies and Gentlemen, you are listening  
To the rulers of the spirit world  
(Really, really, really, really)

Yeah, yeah, that means poetry deep in this team  
Y'all done stepped on, we the green green  
Yeah, y'all done stepped on, we the green green  
Yeah, yeah

Check this out, check this out, bust it

This is like a rocket, you never packed  
This many condominiums in your pocket  
Ugh, you never smoked this much weed before  
Where else can these nigga go  
Don't know tomorrow, it's about today, bruh

I want some coochie that I ain't gotta pay for  
I'm the one that holidayed ya  
ATL, land where we parlay ya  
No nigga jealous with his gat wanna clown  
It's enough females in the streets  
To go 'round two, three times

Atlanta, the doctor's home  
Always somebody hoggin' the payphone  
Say holmes, where your daughter?  
She'll tell ya, "I'm pure like artesian water"  
Feed me a quarter like a jukebox

I sell rhymes like rocks, the police oughta stop checkin'  
The Lord gave me a blessing  
Longest crops, I sees with you  
You think the Lord pleased with you?  
Ugh, you think he'd kiss you?  
You think he'd kiss you or he'd dis you?

Poetry deep in the team  
Y'all done stepped on, we the green green  
Yeah, poetry deep in the team  
Y'all done stepped on, we the green green  
Bust it

Suits of brutality patrol sectors  
Day care centers ran by vestors  
Drunk drivers behind the steering wheel of liquor  
trucks  
New comers think they won the diversion on pure luck  
Shark pools in the hall  
One drop can start a frenzy

Feeding off of your ignorance of the law consider no  
excuse  
We here by being careful, vigilance  
Vampires [Incomprehensible] lace personal pants with  
blood  
Just ask for the special, crackers crave samples of  
niggas urine  
Strands of hair and semen, blue lights in the  
basements  
Having conversations with voices between four by  
fours

Rack 'em up, I'll bust your head  
Stay, playing the role of executioner  
Been years on death row, now he don't wanna die  
For arranging his wife's murder  
Equal opportunity, designated bullets don't  
discriminate  
Like unemployment, officers doing break

Y'all done stepped on, we the green green  
One deep in this team  
Y'all done stepped on, we the green green  
Poetry runs deep in this team

Poetry deep in the team  
Y'all done stepped on, we the green green  
Yeah, poetry deep in the team  
Y'all done stepped on, we the green green  
Bust it

Belligerent thoughts of militant ways  
Camouflaged in the brush, love or lust  
Which can we trust hidden in the cuts  
Terrible they bounce 'em every third month  
Yeah, after the big flood of truth  
Caught in your own evidence

Now you hesitant to believe me  
You back to hangin' with parks  
That's what you called her  
Now you run 'cause you know

That's what you want  
(That's what you want, what you want)

If I felt like everything was good  
Maybe then I could knock on wood  
To protect the good  
That surrounds my innermost thoughts  
Until my thoughts were caught unguarded  
As hard as it is to be perfect I try

And I still flaw listening to the next guy  
That knew more and saw it before I did  
Came up big, to dig an early grave  
Get locked up and turn a slave for the rhythm  
We rap, still get slapped by the system

Yeah, poetry deep in the team  
Y'all done stepped on, we the green green  
Yeah, poetry deep in the team  
Y'all done stepped on, we the green green

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

---

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