

Goodie Mob F Sleepy Brown "Greeny Green"

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Intro:

Ladies and gentlemen, you are listening
To the rulers of the spirit world
(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

Witchdoctor:

Check this out, bust it,
This is like a rocket, you never packed
This many condominiums in your pocket
Ughn, you never smoked this much weed before
Where else can these niggas 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 par-laya,
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 homes, 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
Long as rocks i sees with you
Think the lord pleased with you
Ughn, you think he kissed you,
You think he kissed you,
Or he dissed you

Chorus:

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,

Khujo:

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 ??? 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)

Chorus

T-mo:

Belligerent thoughts of militant ways
Camouflaged in the brush, love or lust
Which can we trust hidden in the cuts
Terr-i-ble 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
(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

Chorus

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