

MF Doom

"Greenbacks"

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[MF Doom]

A fly tramp, that's what she called me
'Cause I don't wear no Stetson hats like Paul C
As y'all see, who give a fuck? Who know what is it?
These styles will be flipped to the absolute exquisite
It's like a blizzard, soon as I got home from ATL
Looked into my baby's face, my boo was like ... "Well!
I know your types of clientele! Thoughts, needs"
As I held her firmly, yet gentle as the soft sea
She said, "The one with the horse weave?" The pretty
one?"

All crazy, had to touch the tattoo through the short
sleeve
Which one you want? I'm like, "If there was comp?
Fuck around, a nigga like me probably run up in all
three!"
King Geedorah what they call me, either caesar or
baldy
Probably half-boozed since last y'all saw me
On the D-low, I slaughter solo emcees, they paper-thin
In they Polo, Nautica, or DK men

Amen! It's funny how significance make a difference
Notice parables of three in every other inference
For instance: "Who wanna battle? On the real?
Choose your weapon: microphone, beats, or the
wheels-of-steel"
I own a crown in all three for getting down without a
doubt
I'd like to give a extra special out

To Jet Jaguar, the sun, moon and star

The Monster Island Czars - y'all know who you are

Get that!

[Tommy Gunn]

Coming straight from the black lungs
I rip tracks for all players that pack guns

Stack ones in packs, done and doing back-to-back runs
To my peeps that close, so's ya' knows what's up
Y'all know the dough's quick, hoes that mess with 5-0
shrimp like, "What?"
Like they wanna shmoosh us, just to packing the
pushers
I'm packing gat then bust a cap at po-po
If they catch us and try to push us
Since when a MINY nigga don't be taking no shit?
I be that drug dealing nigga that be fucking ya' bitch!

[MF Doom]

What a fella! Like Salt, Pepa, Spinderella
I came to spark the deaf, dumb and blind like Helen
Keller
If I'm not with George of the Jungle, if he not with Stella
Or either Priscilla, I'm doing dips on Godzilla
Though y'all know he don't play, right?
TNT throws a nigga out a moving van in broad daylight
And he was shackled by hands and feet
Then they say he tried to escape, once his face
scraped the concrete
Near the curb on Monster Island, 103 Street
Where brothers run the risk of getting swallowed once
the Beast eat
I'd rather lay in the cut, collect cash pay
Only TNT I see is Gilligan's castaway
With Mary Jane and Ginger
Oh, from which you spent the night by accident, I creep
like a ninja
When the mack is bent, who can give one fuck?
Get bucked, get broke up like three-piece nun-chucks
Y'all sun struck, sick to they head-piece
Three-headed beast brings the drama to a dead cease

(Get that money, god)

Sick to they head-piece
(Get that money, god)

(Get that money, god)

(Get that money, god)

Greenbacks ... the meanest green stacks

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