

## **504 Boyz F/ Lil' Romeo, Magic**

### **"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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