

## Nas F/ Nashawn, Millennium Thug "Greens, Cornbread, and Cabbage"

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[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

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