

# Green Goblin

Jae Millz

One time for B.I.G  
Wave a finger front to back  
I ain't gotta tell you where I'm from, you see it on my cap  
501's on my leg  
Polo men on my tee  
Jordan ain't no kiddin me  
But I keep 'em on my feet  
I like a big ghetto booty on a P.Y.T  
With a 5th Ave S.W.A.G  
Something just like me  
Buy and sell Gucci  
I like them girls in Louis V  
Red bottoms Lue B's  
Two fingers to the G's  
What it is, what it be  
If you ballin' rasie ya bottom and yell "FREE TUNECHI"  
Free, Free Tunechi  
Till they free Tunechi  
I'm Q-Vision in the club  
Watch me make a movie  
(Now LE'GOOO)

I got money, money my problem (Le'Goo)  
Love doin' math so it's money I'm solvin'  
Never. ever stoppin', but these niggas steady coppin'  
So I'm ugly with the money  
Ugly, ugly, Green Goblin

Fuck them other haters cause I'm down for my niggas  
I got money in my pockets so there's no room for ya digits  
I be in and outta state, everyday a different place  
And I be hittin' home runs while you still on second base  
Ya boy be poppin' them bottles of Rozay,  
Fuckin' models in every single damn way  
No offense to ugly women but I need a pretty face  
If you skinny or eat plenty it don't matter either way  
Cause I'm a get it, hit it, quit it then I pass you off to Jae... Millz  
Speed racer on the track call me Hot Wheels  
Them bullets long like fries, get a Happy Meal  
Black Card, Red Chucks, Batman & Robin  
Spider-man eatin' up the money, Green Goblin

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Till I die I'm uptown and dead prezzys what I'm countin' in  
Cut milli-mountsins, nigga what you know about 'em  
So Harlem 'till I go  
Fuck a stylist, I be stylin'  
Comin' down 125th, paper plated drop wildin'  
He sreamin' till it's easy, love me or leave me  
For New York Free Remy and for YM Free Weezy  
Me and C.Breezy, Chubby Chuck TZ's  
We on that cherry carpet while you watchin' us on TV

Trust me I'm mountain clean, if the boy in my regime  
On stage I'm poison, Hot Tub Time Machine  
Yeah, Yeah  
The all doubtin' but they favorite slouchin'  
And all I got for these niggas is flames, douse 'em  
Who wan' test me, get off the express way  
This is not an Esther, niggas it's an XJ  
Swag freakin' American, tatted like an ese  
Take your ass directly to the morgue is what my chest say  
Yes Jay, yes Jay, stunt like Harlem taught ya  
My diamonds stupid bright, Violet Ultra  
They all counted me out  
They thought Millz was over  
But look who's talkin' now mother fuckas, John Travolta

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