

Green Rectanglez

Lil' Flip

Sucka Free, Lil' Flip, Scoopastar
Feel that, I wrote this song bout
That little green rectangle
Y'all know what I'm talking about

Money, hoes, that's all a nigga want
Before you jump in the game, learn your do's and dont's
You better change your money, don't let money change you
(Your money gone playa), so what you gon do

Now you can act like you rich, and be broke as a clock
Niggas hustle in my hood, with they dope in they socks
Niggas hustle in my hood for that green rectangle
And being on top of your game, is the best angle
Cause some people get money, and don't know how to act
Some people get money, and don't know how to stack
I'm only 18, and I got a Lac and a drop
Even though I'm rich, I still eat at Jack In The Box
Some people hustle what it cooks, I'm just taking it raw
And I ain't never been in jail, I'm good at breaking the law
Yeah I'm a young b.g., but I'm bumping and grinding
You can catch me in the studio, dumping and rhyiming
You can check the billboard, I'm jumping and climbing
And all you can say is Hump and him shining
You better make your money, don't let money make you
Cause when you die, where its gon take you nigga

I been making money, and I know how to keep it
And I don't cherish money, even though I need it
If you ain't got no money, playa you in some trouble
You better learn your do's and dont's, to make your currency level
The mo' money I collect, the mo' fatles people catch
While you out there roaching, I'll be catching platinum checks
Man this money don't make me, I make this money
I can tell you ain't never had none, cause you acting funny
Dummy, what you got today, will be gone tomorrow
I know some niggas that was gon feed us, asking me to borrow
Follow a broke nigga, and you gon be the next
I like wrecking hoes, but its salary over sex
What's next, if your partna turning back all your pennies
I wonder how them cats'll act, if somebody gave em a Bentley
I know niggas that change, when they pockets grew
But when your money gone playa, what you gon do

So what you got a little money, and now you capping
Your chain really white gold, but you swear its platinum
When you was broke and your gal, use to kick you out
Who was the one that came through, and didn't stick you out
Now you running round town, yapping and talking
I was the nigga down with you, when you was rapping and walking
So what you got a little deal, being real is worth more
That's why I stay away from niggas, like a fake shirt store
Cause when cotton gets fluffy, they quick quack like a ducky
I made it in this rap game, because I'm blessed and I'm lucky
I still eat at Kentucky, I'm still wearing Air Macs
I still carry all my raps, in a black backpack
I'm still wearing tank socks, I'm still playing John Madden

I'm still wearing bandanas, with my pant leg barely sagging
Some niggas claim red, some niggas claim blue
But whatever you do, don't let money change you

Y'all don't know what green rectangles is
Y'all don't know y'all shapes
The shape of money is a rectangle, feel that
Niggas acting funny over a piece of paper
Niggas killing each other over pieces of paper
You read what you sell, so don't let money change you