

## Operation: Greenbacks

MF DOOM

M-O-N-E-Y

Never did a thing for L-O-V-I-N  
Never understand what people's heads are in  
Ask me what I need

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 have moved 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!

M-O-N-E-Y

Never did a thing for L-O-V-I-N

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!

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

M-O-N-E-Y

Never did a thing for L-O-V-I-N

Never

Ask me what I need, I need your

M-O-N-E-Y