

Green Lit

Tech N9ne

Aw, shit
This somethin', y'all lit
You niggas called it
To yourself, saw the line and you crossed it

I ain't gotta send it to you trippin' all the tickets
Negative lippin', you automatically start the mission
Clique is stricken, 'cause you hissin'
Leave your shit in a bad condition
So many N9cians, I can't list 'em
When the funk comin' up, they sniffin' (Chuh)
My niggas was hibernatin' (Chuh)
It's all love, but believe we got the sniper waitin' (Chuh)
And they ain't rappin', no talkin' and never cyber-hatin' (Chuh)
They specialize in that thing you can get from Mike or Jason
I ain't gotta say a damn thing
Once you say it, next thing you know the clan came
You run your mouth and make 'em come expand brains
Damn shame, and lame
Got to drop and pop your top like when they poppin' champagne
Euh, and I got plenty means
To get it done, but I ain't gotta drop any green
The many kings that love me will give 'em semi-streams
If he say anything (Anything?)
Anything (Anything, chuh)
So close they hold these spitters
So many that I might not even know these hitters
Havin' love from me, so if you try to slow these gritters
When it pop, don't look at me, I can't control these niggas (Uh-uh)

T-T-G, yeah we trained to go
Real niggas in they biz, so don't get exposed
Police come around, they go, "We don't know"
Get ya hit, get ya split, but we do the most
Green lit a pussy, bumper car
And my niggas always down to spin the block
What that mean? Double back, hit his top
Young custodian, might pull up with the mop

A lot of wolfin' goin' on from these new names lately
Don't ever have a career, huh, on 2K maybe
Your car will get dented like Harvey, if you're two-faced, crazy
My youngins'll mop you up for a blue face, baby, ugh
I don't wanna get you green lit like I need him pressed
That line like it's call waiting, but it's those texts you'll be receiving
No one gon' start shit but I play defense
Look at my shark fins, you're in the deep end
When I left, I kept on calling Chilli like T-Boz, I be creepin', nigga
Bitch please, don't get your whips swiss-cheesed
Melted for the chips like trick, give me some dip please
Don't get tricked off like Roy and Siegfried
When the Sig squeeze, I'll make Ms on 16s
Strange Gang, I'll bang-bang like it's Chief Keef
Sprinkle wax blunt, call us sequoias, big trees
I ain't ridin' 'round naked like a striptease
I'll do a drive-by on a 10-speed for 10 Gs (Zoom)
I be gassin' on 'em with intense speed, what the lick read?

They don't wanna see me ballin'
They know I'm the king, like Lebron I switch teams
How ironic that I got the iron in my pants and my pockets increase
Shittin' on them niggas hella bad
Take the L, I've been on a win streak
I'm on your head, yeah, I'm so proactive
And I don't wanna push your team back, so no more malice
Trav said, "Take the high road," so I won't go at it
But if you hatin', do me a favor
Do Momo challenge, chump
They know it's

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You worry 'bout bitches, I'm handlin' business
My niggas be with it, we comin' to get it
You know how we be pullin' up, ought to be cool with us
But they not cool enough, but they not bool enough
Ain't tryna disrespect nobody, but my goons'll catch a body
Shoot 'em just like paparazzi, now you stumbling' and flockin'
50 bands for a show what I want, like I'm Waka Flocka
Pull up and go baka-baka
OGs, they gon' pop ya, pop ya
Niggas talkin', we gon' let 'em have it, yeah
Listen, peon, shit could get tragic, yuh

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