

## **Masta Ace f/ Mr. Lee Gee**

### **"Enuff"**

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Yea, from BK to the world. I've had enough

[Masta Ace]

Now-a-days, the range ain't big enough  
Moskino ain't jig enough  
I'm kind of iced out  
But my chain ain't thick enough  
Album ain't hot enough  
label said its not enough, singing in the hook  
I need to change my look  
My rims ain't big enough, chrome don't shine enough  
I shopped Fifth Fab, but I still can't find enough  
Iceberg to swerve, don't dress gay enough  
No airplay, so I guess I ain't pay enough  
Cristale don't floss enough  
And I still ain't lost enough  
Album barely gold, guess I ain't try enough  
Video wasn't fly enough, budget wasn't high enough  
And I ain't lie enough, about crack sales and jail  
Yall feeling me like brail, well I still got no sales  
Must ain't soul enough, 'cause my heart ain't cold  
enough  
Said I was "Born 2 Roll", but they said I ain't roll enough  
Guess I got to brag more, must don't boast enough  
Aint New York enough, ain't west coast enough  
But that's fine 'cause I'm gon' focus on mine  
And hoping that two-thousand-nine is enough time  
Wrote enough rhymes to be on album number fifty  
You'll see how I'm on it, if you hung enough with me  
The rap game is a book, and I've read mad chapters  
And if you ask me, it ain't enough mad rappers

[Chorus: Mr. Lee Gee]

Somebody, tell me what the deal is \*I had enough\*  
Niggaz got to know it's for real

[Masta Ace]

Niggaz only rocking them jewels for you to see  
Like Ghostface, nigga dont front for me  
Enough is enough, we gon' start calling you bluff  
Watching your moves, we gon' be, all in your stuff

Fuck around then come through rocking enough ice  
Looking nice in high price, niggaz is nuff shiest  
Guess it ain't enough thugs, enough drugs on the streets  
And niggaz ain't busting enough slugs  
Not enough caucasians, no one stresses  
Project girls rock vesses, not dresses  
Enough lessons learned, play with fire burn  
Enough dough get made, not of it earned  
Enough wildin', fuck that yo, enough smilin'  
I rep Brooklyn, Manhattan, Staten Island  
Queens plus the BX, not enough teks  
Not enough cops, killing us all for paychecks

[Chorus]

[Masta Ace]

Enough if this, enough of that, enough crap  
Enough wack radio stations set enough rap  
And they got the nerve to try to flaunt it  
Will my album get enough buzz if there's enough niggaz on it  
When we get in the house, it's like its haunted  
We got you shook, mad niggaz from the Brook', look  
Enough cats with crack moes and mack hoes  
Enough cats with wack flows pack shows  
Enough of these, enough of those, it never slows  
It just grows, your girl don't wear enough clothes  
These no-brainers, are lost entertainers  
They found on billboards, greatest sale gainers  
Enough beans and Benz, enough fly honies with dime friends  
That want to juice you for you ends  
It's getting rough, a whole lot of intricate stuff  
Mad crime though, like McGruff, enough's enough

[Chorus] - 4X

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