

## Coda 3

### "No More"

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First Verse (Gangsta Blac):

No prisoners kept in this camp, we kill 'em all and come  
up  
And virtually fightin' our shadow thinkin' it's them in the  
cut  
No more of my time to waste  
No more pre-judgin' my face  
Ain't nothin' but a mugg on my jug, hopin' my score  
been erased  
They hated, maybe replaced, or make it better  
someday  
Cuz we can't hack what they scratchin' to buildin' cars  
in our face  
You had your chance to be real, instead you mappin'  
out your death  
No more of heedin' nobody cuz we can do it ourself  
Cuz it's ???, or try to camoflaug me  
Like I ain't seein' shit clear, cuz clearly shit gone see  
"B"  
No more of fakin' devotion when soldiers turnin' it out  
My congregation is caught up in bein' real, no doubt  
I'm the provider for them, can't be around and not  
down  
Even when sleepin', I'm thinkin' of other ways for me  
now  
To go and get it for us, and we ain't got it no more  
What's in store?  
Me and my onlys make it known it's no more  
NIGGA!!!!!!

[talking by Blac & Fly]

Second Verse (Gangsta Blac & Playa Fly):

(Gangsta Blac)

No more of stressin' me out, no more of this and the  
other  
No more of upside-down smiles, to cut by you suckas  
No more of smokin' your weed, no more of jonesin' for  
that

Instead I'm grillin' you villains like they gone keep up  
the laggin'  
No more attackin' my pride, never again hold it in  
I buck it once 'fore I duck, trick will get stuck to the vent  
No more of thinkin' my talents gone be insured for a  
mil  
Cuz if it was, my cuz, came up and do it foreal  
No more of dealin' with hoes, I'd rather have me a bitch  
Cuz she ain't shit from the start, just keep her slick with  
the dick  
No more of hard-head grindin' that shit round the trunk  
Too used to gettin' what I want, so I'm gone keep this  
shit blunt  
No more of layin' in the road, for you to walk over mud  
And disrespectin' big Chug, and weigh you lazy in mud  
Keep it away from me please, no suckas stoppin' E-ski  
And we ain't takin' no more, so Fly you tell 'em the D  
NIGGA!!!!!!!!!!

(Playa Fly)

Flizy just can't take no more  
Overboard I'm bout to go  
Funk and drank and dank you under the table like I did  
before  
Seven, nine of ninety-eight  
Playa Fly gone hit'cha straight  
With somethin' you don't wanna feel the funk so you  
ain't gotta wait  
Trait like I'm flaugin' cuz I'm mobbin' over broken  
hearts  
Movin' all my mini-Minnie Mae Mafia to hit the charts  
How you gonna stop us now? With all this, Funkytown  
we bound  
S.P.V. I'm bound, until I die then Playa Flizy down  
First the A and four and one  
Who's the one be wantin' some?  
Not the suckas stink, but get'cha straight when all their  
body numb  
Can't compact the garbage that you start producin'  
orally  
I roll my windows tightly 'fore it really start annoyin' me  
As much as I'm enjoyin' this, and ALL the weak B.S. you  
spit  
My windows already rolled, so you know this dizays  
overwith  
So hit the horn, keep goin' man  
Blac & Flizy in demand  
No more Flizy can stand  
So smashin' power like a windows man  
NIGGA!!!!!!!!!!

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