

## Foxy Brown "More Or Less"

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(Foxy) Gyeah

(Shyne) Gyeah, walk with me

(Foxy)

Gyeah, It's like New York's been soft  
ever since my nigga Shyne been sittin' in prison  
yeah

[Verse 1] Shyne

Check it, sip things sick rings, this shit is sickening  
Sick chains sick aim, 5th bang 5th frame  
Bail money lawyers actin' funny when I come thru  
Hit 'em with a bundle on a humble  
Couple notes, seen boys arms with a rolls said I want  
one too  
What the fuck I'm gone do  
But get it if it's there to be gotten till I'm driving by  
And I'm rockin' sideways muthafucka crime pays  
I need it I'll get it I got it I'll shop it I'll double the profit  
And bubble the pockets, I'm living to die  
Niggaz talk fly 'til I walk by and pop somethin'  
Muthafuckas forgot somethin', I'm not frontin'  
This ain't rap, music this ain't that  
You fuck around I'll have you sleepin' where the saints  
at  
Sincerely yours Shyne muthafuckin' Po  
Bitch get yo bags hit the muthafuckin' door

[Hook] (2x)

May the angels walk with me, more or less  
Big things, Big rims nigga, more or less  
Fuckin' big stars in big cars, more or less  
I can say I seen it all and done it all, more or less

[Verse 2]

G is a G, a key is a key a snitch is a fish  
With no fins that can't swim when I dump him in the  
river  
Charcoal gray are, 12 cylinders bulletproof sentences  
Trial date tentative  
I sound like who, ya'll sound like trash

Get off my dick and pass my cash  
They don't do it cause I rap about it  
I rap about it cause they do it  
My musics the conduit to a ticket I live it  
Bitch nigga I cook it and pitch it  
By the prints that bought the shit and ditch it  
Hip Hop ain't responsible for balancing America  
America's responsible for balancing America  
Back to the flow nose full of dough  
Rolls full of hoe's leave a nigga clothes full of holes  
The schools didn't want me so the drug dealers taught  
me  
Simple math step on it twice and bring 'em back  
Get 4 times what you paid divide the labor costs  
And still come away with enough to play  
And I see the same shit niggaz younger than me  
Runnin' the streets lookin for somethin' to eat

[Hook] 2x

[Verse 3]

Ole boy betta get down better run for cover  
When I spit rounds ah you in some shit now  
Get found slit down to the white meat  
I'm from Brooklyn Vietnam nigga I like beef  
But being a bird in the street double plight  
Livin' a troubled life, father was a jerk  
Moms had to work, poppy had to work  
So I did what any real nigga would do  
Got in front of the stove now I got the shit sowed  
Fuck you punk niggaz witcho punk cash  
With the punk blast put yo punk ass in the trunk fast  
The fuck y'all thought  
I buried niggaz in walls, I'ma trill muthafucka after all  
Point blank shootin niggaz point blank all the way to the  
bank  
Rip yo face off then I'll take off  
The difference between me and them, you won't be  
seein' them  
No more, nigga secrets of war

[Hook] 4x

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