Danger Doom "What More Can I Say"

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[Verse One]

There's never been a nigga this good for this long

This hood

Or this pop this hot

Or this strong

With so many different flows

This ones for this song

The next one I'll switch up

This one will get bit up

These fucks

To lazy to make up shit

They crazy

They don't... paint pictures

They just trace me

You know what

Soon they forget who they plucked

They whole style from

And try to reverse the outcome

I'm like... CLUCK

I'm not a biter

I'm a writter

For myself and others

I say a B.I.G. verse I'm only biggin up my brother

Biggin up my borough

I'm big enough to do it

I'm that thorough

Plus I know my own flow is foolish

So the rings and things you sing about

Bring em out

It's hard to yell when the bar-rel's in your mouth

I'm in... New sneakers

Deuce seaters

A few Diva's

What more can I tell you

Let me spell it for you

W-I-Double L-I-E

Nobody truer than H-O-V

And I'm back for more

New Yorks ambassador

Prime Minister back to finish my business up

[Chorus: Singing] What more can I say? What more can I do? I give this all to you I know this much is true My Life (Look at my life) (See what I see)

[Verse Two]

You already know what I'm about Flyin birds down south Movin wet off the step Purple Rain in the drought Stuntin on hoes Brushin off my shirt But ain't nothin on my clothes 'Cept my chain

My name

Young H-O

Pitch the yea faithful

Even if they patrol I make payroll

Benz paid for

Friends they roll

Private jets down to Turks and Kayko's

Chrys case loads

I don't give a shit

Nigga one life to live I can't let a day go

Without me being fly

Fresh to death

Head to toe until the day I rest

And I don't wear jerseys I'm thirty plus

Give me a crisp pair of jeans nigga button ups

S dots on my feet

Make my cypher complete

What more can I say Guru play the beat

We gonna let this ride into the hook I'mma snap my fingers on this one What more can I say to you? Get my grown man on LET'S GO (What more can I say?)

[Verse Three] Now you know ass is willie When they got you in a mag For like half a billi And your ass ain't Lilly White

That mean that shit you write must be illy

Either that or your flow is silly

It's both

I don't mean to boast

But damn if I don't brag

Them crackers gonna act like I ain't on they ass

The Martha Stewart

That's far from Jewish

Far from a Harvard student

Just had the balls to do it

And no I'm not through with it

In fact I'm just previewin it

This ain't the show I'm just EQ'in it

One, Two and I won't stop abusin it

To gropie girls stop false accusin it

Back to the music

The mayback roof is translucent

Niggas got a problem Houston

What up B

They can't shut up me

Shut down I

Not even P.E.

I'ma ride

God forgive me for my brash deivery

But I remember vividly

What these streets did to me

So picture me

Lettin these clowns nit pick at me

Paint me like a pickiny

I will literally

Kiss Tee-Tee in the forhead

Tell her please forgive me

Then squeeze until you fall here

I'm not the one to score points off

In fact

I got a joint to knock your points off

Young

Hova the God nigga blasphemy

I'm at the Trump International

Ask for me

I ain't never scared

I'm everywhere

You ain't never there

Nigga why would I ever care

Pound for pound I'm the best to ever come around here

Excluding nobody

Look what I embody

The soul of a hustler I really ran the street

A CEO's mind

That marketing plan was me

And no I ain't get shot up a whole bunch of times

Or make up shit in a whole bunch of lines
And I ain't animated, like say a, Busta Rhymes
But the real shit you get when you bust down my lines
Add that to the fact I went plat a bunch of times
Times that by my influence
On pop culutre
I supposed to be number one on everybodys list
We'll see what happens when I no longer exist
Fuck this

(What more can I say?)

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