

Plan B

"More Is Enough"

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Yeah

Plan B

Its the epic rhythm, you get me!

(Chorus)

More money

More cash

More flow

More dough

Even more so

Even more cash even more dough

More time to spit lines

hit lines, i can spit rhymes when I spit grime

Fuckin' split minds

More kick more snare more claps

More bass more synths make it more fat

More power more Bigger beats then

More speed more BPM

More people kicking back with the Jacks

On the crack with the jack knock it back two seconds
flat

More people letting go if you feel my flow

Don't hold back, let it show from your head to ya

Yeah, from ya head to ya toes

Move to the beat, with ya feet, start shaking ya bones

(Verse 1)

From ya head to ya toes, move to the beat, with ya feet

I wanna see

More people in the club gettin' twist

More people spreading love when I spit

I wanna see

More people on the floor then there is

More people at the door being frisked

I wanna see

Less fights, less knives, less gats

More stacking on the floor where no-one at

More venues in the ends where it's at

More venues in the ends playin' rap

I wanna see

Less boys, less mans, less cats

More girls, more women, more gash
More gally who know how to act
When everything they got on show lookin' fat
I wanna see
Yeah, you know when we've had enough
Is when we say "More"
Cos' we can never have enough
We'll always want:

(Chorus)

More money
More cash
More flow
More dough
Even more so
Even more cash even more dough
More time to spit lines
hit lines, i can spit rhymes when I spit grime
Fuckin' split minds
More kick more snare more claps
More bass more synths make it more fat
More power more Bigger beats then
More speed more BPM
More people kicking back with the Jacks
On the crack with the jack knock it back two seconds
flat
More people letting go if you feel my flow
Don't hold back, let it show from your head to ya
Yeah, from ya head to ya toes
Move to the beat, with ya feet, start shaking ya bones

(Verse 2)

Can't dance, just do somethin' random
All galdem
All mandem
Can't dance, just do somethin' random
All galdem
All mandem
You can't dance, just do somethin' random
All galdem
All mandem
Fuck it, nobody want's to dance no more
Too much murder on the dancing floor
Cos' we can never have enough
We'll always want more
Cos' we can never have enough
We'll always want more
And you know when we've had enough
Is when we say "More"
Cos' we can never have enough

(Chorus)
More money
More cash
More flow
More dough
Even more so
Even more cash even more dough
More time to spit lines
hit lines, i can spit rhymes when I spit grime
Fuckin' split minds
More kick more snare more claps
More bass more synths make it more fat
More power more Bigger beats then
More speed more BPM
More people kicking back with the Jacks
On the crack with the jack knock it back two seconds
flat
More people letting go if you feel my flow
Don't hold back, let it show from your head to ya
Yeah, from ya head to ya toes
Move to the beat, with ya feet, start shaking ya bones
Yeah, from ya head to ya toes
Move to the beat, with ya feet

Yeah
Plan B
Epic Man

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