

## Rhymefest "More"

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Yeah, this joint right here man, is for all my Blue Collar  
niggaz  
In the Midwest goin' through our struggle  
We know things could be better, huh  
And we just want a little more

No matter how much I get  
(I want more)  
Even when I talk my shit  
(I want more)  
Every party on every list  
And everybody want a life like this but still  
(I want more)

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Look, now I ain't goin' for the okey-doke  
You owe me dough, you better pay me like you know  
we broke  
This industry be tryin' to strangle niggaz in the choke  
You think these rappers rich? These niggaz out here  
sellin' dope

You think it's crazy sayin', "If I had what he had"  
But if you had what he had, nigga you'd be mad  
Three kids, see dad broke ass  
Waitin' on the royalties with no cash

Nice car, no gas, stuck at the pump  
Had a lil' hot single now he's stuck in a slump  
At the top of his section eight, straight waitin' to jump  
Like Milli Vanilli, now people just look at him silly

Sayin', "That's umm, I forgot his name who is he?"  
He wanted more, never really thought of the loss  
Lookin' for more, everybody playin' the boss to get

more  
Now he just stuck in the sauce like white kids when they  
got cut off  
Daddy I want more

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Yeah, yeah, yeah  
This go out to every man tryin' to achieve and hold his  
own  
Them ladies are nice but you gotta leave them hoes  
alone  
They'll take it and bro, break in your phone, call your  
boss up  
(Where that nigga at?)  
Or tell your wife to try to break up your home

Now your baby mamma takin' your son, learn from  
mistakes I done  
Yesterday we all naked and fun  
I ain't thinkin' of none, break in and cum, soon as you  
done run  
This is real talk, nigga one-on-one

Between me and you, now this mono-a-mono  
How you gon' catch mono from a hoe that work at  
McDonald's  
Now you lookin' like the clown like Ronald  
That's where Kels fucked up, 'cause young girls he  
decided to fondle

And I ain't fin' ta let HIV's in my bag  
I'll start usin' rubbers again, it ain't that bad  
You gotta take care of yourself mayne, don't get  
grabbed  
'Cause if you die, people be like, "Aww, that's too bad"  
I want more

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Everybody so weak like, like, they afraid to speak  
If you see that nigga violate then hit him in his cheek  
Tryin' to act like, like, you rappin' the street  
You ain't a gangsta, you a bitch with a beat

So it's time to make role call, then expose y'all  
Adam and Eve shocked in the garden with no drawers  
While niggaz gettin' popped on my block with no laws  
I grew up with Disciples that'll smash ya gold off

I never plugged, 'cause I know that when you do that  
shit  
You locked in for life, nigga, yeah, etched in blood  
But it's hard to get respect when you less than thug  
And you ain't fin' to serve here if you ain't with us

Us meanin' them, them meanin' G.D.  
Gangster Disciples, the same ones that killed Cochise  
So see, how he, well he, meanin' me  
Refused to be another nigga dead in the street

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