

## Shyne "More Or Less"

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Gyeah, gyeah, walk with me, come on  
Gyeah, it's like New York's been soft  
Ever since my nigga, Shyne, been sittin' in prison  
Yeah, check it

Sip things, sick rings, this shit is sickenin'  
Sick chains, sick aim, 5th bang, 5th frame  
Bail money, lawyers actin' funny when I come through  
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 gon' do?  
But get it if it's there to be gotten 'til I'm driving by  
An' 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  
An' bubble the pockets, I'm livin' to die  
Niggaz talk fly 'til I walk by an' 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

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 an' done it all, more or less

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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? Y'all sound like trash  
Get off my dick an' pass my cash  
They don't do it 'cause I rap about it, I rap about it  
'cause they do it  
My music's the conduit to a ticket, I live it

Bitch, nigga, I cook it an' pitch it  
By the prints that bought the shit an' ditch it, uh  
Hip hop ain't responsible for balancin' America  
America's responsible for balancin' America

Back to the flow nose full of dough  
Rolls full of hoes, 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 an' bring 'em back

Get 4 times what you paid, divide the labor costs  
An' still come away with enough to play  
An' I see the same shit, niggaz younger than me  
Runnin' the streets, lookin' for somethin' to eat

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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 bein' 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 an' them  
You won't be seein' them no more, nigga, secrets of  
war

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