

Son By Four

"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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