

## Dukedagod

### "More Than Music feat. Juelz, JR Writer & Hell Rell"

Visit "[More Than Music feat. Juelz, JR Writer & Hell Rell](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

DukeDaGod:

Yo it's DukeDaGod

It's still more than music

Dipset in the building, let's do it

Verse 1

Juelz Santana:

Been riding clean

Two hundred thousand dollar machines

Capital B with the wings

Flyin' in a flying spur

Grippin' on a iron berg, I in hurr

Shorty in dem designer, jeans

Damn, baby you lookin' kinda scrumptous

What are those Citizens Rocker Republics

Antique jeans, I'm a antique fiend

Let my antique sag off my antique ass

Crack for me, I'm back indeed

Bitch I'm all about my paper like a fax machine

On track like half your weed

Spit crack, two half a keys, that's a key

You can serve that to fiends

That be me, Santana

I'm ballin' like an athlete

You niggaz stinkin' it up like athlete's feet (III)

Yep, yep, I'm higher than the clouds

Flyer than the owl, hyper than the crowd

Screaming out liud, tell ya bitch calm down

There's no competitor better than a nigga like me

Etcetera, etcetera

I'm the hottest out, better check my temperature

Thermometer popped, can't check my temperature

Nope

Hook

J.R. Writer:

You couldn't run wit' us

Listen, you don't stunt enough

I get it down, get it down, but my money up

Throw a couple bucks, show you how a baller do this

Lemme walk you through it, yup, it's more than music

## Verse 2

Hell Rell:

Drip, drip, baby that's the candy paint  
Falling off the Ferrari while blowin' danky-dank  
Love beef so I got my shooters on deck  
On the ice so I threw the whole cooler on my neck  
I take 'em to Divas, straight from a no-name hoe  
But take 'em to my hood, show 'em my cocaine flow  
They say this your other profession  
Don't worry 'bout what I'm sellin'  
Askin' too many questions, just carry my Smith &  
Wesson  
Married to gettin' fresh, ya see this rock on my hand  
What it cost me, ya know, a brick, about 1000 grams  
Listen homie I'm the man, there's nothing you can tell  
me  
Some many on ya head, 20 grand on the skully  
Where do you shop, never seen those jeans  
And I keep it G'd up like I'm Gino Greene  
Ruger out in the streets, you see me grind  
And the chrome rims shine on that DP-9  
It's Mr. Ruger

Hook

## Verse 3

Juelz Santana:

Cats talkin' 'bout it's time to give the winner some  
Slow down boy, it's time to give the kid a run  
Paper chaser, paper spender  
And I was built for the ballin' like the Staples Center  
Can I get a what what, maybe a ooh ooh  
But for my homies out there, maybe a Soo-Woo Soo-  
Woo  
Catch me riding round on the prowl  
Lookin' for some girls gone wild  
I put your chick int eh Coupe, and she thick and she  
cute  
They love it when I hit the button, dismiss the roof  
Damn, we just had a hardtop  
Now look, this car got a bald spot  
While your jaw drop, her draws drop  
Damn, shorty got a bald spot  
I'm rock-n-roll like Guns & Roses  
The consequences of my guns is roses  
I reload just to un-reload it  
Life's a bitch and yep, we bonin', we open

Hook

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