

More or Less

Shyne

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 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 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 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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 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
 May the angels walk with me, more or
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