

Rhymefest, More

(feat. Kanye West)

(Rhymefest + (Kanye))

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 mooore

(Chorus 2X: Kanye + (Rhymefest))

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

(Rhymefest)

Look.. now I ain't goin for the okey-doke (nope)
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 (mooore) never really thought of the loss
Lookin for (mooore) everybody playin the boss
To get (mooore) now he just stuck in the sauce
Like white kids when they got cut off, "Daddy I want.." (mooore)

(Chorus)

(Rhymefest)

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 momma 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 (mooore)

(Chorus)

(Rhymefest)

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 reppin 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 & 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
I wanted (moore)

(Chorus - repeat 2X as music fades)