

# What More Can I Say

## Danger Mouse

There's never been a nigga this good for this long  
This hood  
Or this pop, this hot  
Or this strong  
With so many different flows  
This ones for this song  
The next one I'll switch up  
This one will get bit up  
These fucks  
To lazy to make up shit  
They crazy  
They don't, paint pictures  
They just trace me  
You know what  
Soon they forget where they plucked  
They whole style from  
And try to reverse the outcome  
I'm like, tough  
I'm not a biter  
I'm a writer  
For myself and others  
I say a B.I.G. verse I'm only biggin' up my brother  
Biggin' up my borough  
I'm big enough to do it  
I'm that thorough  
Plus I know my own flow is foolish  
So them rings and things you sing about  
Bring em out  
It's hard to yell when the bar-rel's in your mouth  
I'm in, New sneakers  
Deuce seaters  
Few Diva's  
What more can I tell you  
Let me spell it for you  
W-I-Double L-I-E  
Nobody truer than H-O-V  
And I'm back for more  
New Yorks ambassador

Prime Minister back to finish my business up

You already know what I'm about

Flyin' birds down south

Movin' wet off the step

Purple Rain in the drought

Stunti'n on hoes

Brushin' off my shirt

But ain't nothin' on my clothes

'Cept my chain

My name

Young H-O

Pitch the yay faithful

Even if they patrol I make payroll

Benz paid for

Friends they roll

Private jets to the Turks and Caicos

Cris' case loads

I don't give a shit

Nigga one life to live I can't let a day go

Bye

Without me being fly

Fresh to death

Head to toe until the day I rest

And I don't wear jerseys I'm thirty plus

Give me a crisp pair of jeans nigga button ups

S dots on my feet

Make a cipher complete

What more can I say Guru play the beat, I'm livin'

We gonna let this ride into the hook

I'm a snap my fingers on this one

What more can I say to you?

Get my grown man on

Let's go

(What more can I say?)

Now you know ass is willie

When they got you in a mag

For like half a billi

And your ass ain't Lilly

White

That mean that shit you write must be illy

Either that or your flow is silly

It's both

I don't mean to boast  
But damn if I don't brag  
Them crackers gonna act like I ain't on they ass  
The Martha Stewart  
That's far from Jewish  
Far from a Harvard student  
Just had the balls to do it  
And no I'm not through with it  
In fact I'm just previewin' it  
This ain't the show I'm just EQ'in it  
One, Two and I won't stop abusin it  
To gropie girls stop false accusin it  
Back to the music  
The mayback roof is translucent  
Niggas got a problem Houston  
What up B  
They can't shut up me  
Shut down I  
Not even P.E.  
I'ma ride  
God forgive me for my brash delivery  
But I remember vividly  
What these streets did to me  
So picture me  
Lettin' these clowns nit pick at me  
And Paint me like a pickiny  
I will literally  
Kiss Tee-Tee in the forehead  
Tell her please forgive me  
Then squeeze into your forehead  
I'm not the one to score points off  
In fact  
I got a joint to knock your points off  
Young  
Hova the God nigga blasphemy  
I'm at the Trump International  
Ask for me  
I ain't never scared  
I'm everywhere  
You ain't never there  
Nigga why would I ever care  
Pound for pound I'm the best to ever come around here  
Excluding nobody  
Look what I embody  
The soul of a hustler I really ran the street

A CEO's mind  
That marketing plan was me  
And no I ain't get shot up a whole bunch of times  
Or make up shit in a whole bunch of lines  
And I ain't animated, like say a, Busta Rhymes  
But the real shit you get when you bust down my lines  
Add that to the fact I went plat a bunch of times  
Times that by my influence on pop culture  
I supposed to be number one on everybody's list  
We'll see what happens when I no longer exist  
Fuck this man

(What more can I say?)

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written by CARTER, SHAWN C/BELL, THOMAS RANDOLPH/GAMBLE, KENNETH  
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