

It Takes More

Silkk The Shocker

Halloway and (silkk the shocker) chorus
Everybody wants to be a mobb figga
It takes more than soldier gear, to be a soldier, nigga
Boy you ain't a gansta, unless you down to ride
(silkk the shocker), made man, (gc), wise guys x2
Silkk the shocker:
I'm in to win it, sky's the limit, nigga I ball till I fall
I got a click full, it's like fuck it, I'm lettin loose all
If you real, you real, if you fake, you fake, y'all niggas tryin to be
Hard
But the problem is you be tryin too hard
It's silkk the shocker and gc, meet me uptown
Third ward, cp, apartment 3b
We mobb niggas, we made niggas to real niggas, to rich niggas
Bitch nigga, to the cave nigga
Now y'all really wanna play nigga
If you going be a soldier, then be a soldier
If you wanna be a thug, then be a thug
Make the right call, can't be a killa and drug dealer, tasty, lights off
You gotta be ready to go all out for the clout
Four in a half, no doubt
If it's a showdown you gotta be prepared to go down
Real niggas make the world go round
And what
Chorus x2
Valerio:
It take more than them boys
And where you from to call yourself a click
Nigga we deep as the abyss
Its all about that foolishness
Just let me cross the niggas sayin they want a piece of the gc's
When I release these, I engage to they fucking species
So me me at the battlefield motherfucker
Still bout that blocka blocka, still bout that bucka bucka

Still runnin with the hustlers, the gangstas, the killas
The flossers, the ballers, the fucking made niggas
Spade:
Fucking round right up a mobsta, no second guessin

Most notorious in my profession, murder, no question
Ghetto commission, oh we made niggas, respect the flame
Thats burnin motherfuckers out the game, ain't nothing but a thang
Mafia reign for '99, niggas sportin such thangs
A pinky rings and the rolies with the diamond bling
Its a money thang, syndicated crime at it's finest
We got nopa and the feds runnin behind us
Chorus x2
Halloway:
These niggas practice what they preach,
Fucking beef with silkk theshocker
Mistah mistah mistah halloway, just call a fucking proverb
Split you like you in trama (you want drama)
From the waste up, to the face down,
I'm a fuck around, and that's a motherfucking
My glock goes bang bang, buck when I fuck
We pullin rain, read them diamonds on my takn, nigga that means bank
No limit, no gimmick, we made motherfuckers, make you spin
We bout to take over the world, if you test us, bitch you finished
My images is dreadlocks and glasses, straight up whippin niggas asses
You fuck wione nigga in dis click,
And you gettin dealt with by themasses
We in court and outta court for putting niggas on life support
We ain't about to face no time, bitch we mobsters, we got judges bought
Chorus x2
(silkk the shocker)
Fuck
Motherfucking wise guys nigga
Made man nigga
Organized crime, ya heard me

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