

What More Can I Say?

Shelagh McDonald

Are you not entertained? Are you not entertained?
Is this not why you are here?
Uh uh-huh
Uh uh-huh uhh
Turn the music up, turn me down
Guru, let's go get 'em again
This time it's for the money my nigga
Brooklyn, stand up 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 there's one for this song
The next one I switch up, this one will get bit up
These fucks, too 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, they 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-rell's in your mouth
I'm in new sneakers, dual-seaters
Few divas, what more can I tell you?
Let me spell it for you
Double U I, double L I E
Nobody truer than, H O V
And I'm back for more, New York's ambassador
Prime Minister, back to finish my business up What more can I say?
What more can I do?
I gave this up to you
I know this much is true, true What more can I say to you?
You heard it all You already know what I'm about, flyin' birds down South
Movin' wet off the step, "Purple Rain" in a drought
Stuntin' on hoes, brushin' off my shirt
But ain't nuttin' on my clothes 'cept my chain, my name
Young H-O pitch the yay faithful
Even if they patrol I make payroll
Benz paid fo', friends they roll
Private jets down to Turks and Caicos Crist' caseloads, I don't give a shit

Nigga one life to live, I can't let a day go
 By without me bein' fly or fresh to death
 Head to toe 'til the day I rest
 And I don't wear jerseys, I'm thirty plus
 Give me a crisp pair of jeans, nigga button up
 S. Dots on my feet make my cipher complete
 What more can I say? Guru play the beat! We gon' let this ride into the hook
 I'ma 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 yo' ass is Willie when they got you in the mag
 For like half a billy, and yo' ass ain't lily
 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 gon' 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'n it
 One-two and I won't stop abusin' it
 To groupie girls, stop false accusin' it
 Back to the music, the Maybach roof is translucent
 Niggaz got a problem Houston! Heh
 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 nitpick at me Paint me like a pickany
 I will literally kiss T.T. in the forehead
 Tell her please forgive me then squeeze until you full 'head
 I'm not the one to score points off, in fact
 I got a joint that'll knock yo' 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
 And nigga, why would I ever care?
 Pound for pound, I'm the best to ever come around here Excludin' nobody, look what I embody
 The soul of a hustler, I really ran the street
 A CEO's mind, that marketin' 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'm supposed to be number one on everybody list
We'll see what happens when I no longer exist
Fuck this! What more can I say?

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