

# Want More

## OG Maco

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Hook]

Gave em hustle, struggle, pain from me, now they want more  
Go through the rain, I survive the flames, now they want more  
Give em self till there's nothin' left, now they want more  
Seen rich but I need wealth, now I want more[Verse 1]  
Choppin, choppin, it's like Vietnam, smokin' Napalm  
Livin' days, I ain't slept in days, hit the the fourth one  
Everybody think their waterproof till the storm come  
Make it rain, 100 dolla bills 100 round drums  
Pull the rage and I'm out the cage, when I'm on the stage  
You can see the savage, pocket watchin' just like field hands  
Fuck it, (?), I'm tryna count the cabbage  
Fuck you talkin' for if I ain't ask it?  
Arky smilin' but bitch I ain't laughin'  
Let you call me on my bank root  
All them commas, that's a real hoop  
Still thinkin' bout the black coupe  
It's a P1, top seat, (?)  
If i ain't top Five its cuz im top two  
You prolly thought it was a year or two  
Bitch, you guessin, now they want more  
Competition for the competition  
Never slippin', I'm like golf souls  
Hole-in-one but that's on every song[Hook]  
Gave em hustle, struggle, pain from me, now they want more  
Through the rain, I survive the flames, now they want more  
Give em self till there's nothin' left, now they want more  
Seen rich but I need wealth, now I want more[Verse 2]  
I got a feelin' but theres nothing in  
All this profit gotta be a sin  
Euros too, stack a million yen  
I don't trust bitches with a million friends

She just watchin' homie, she just plottin' on me  
Feelin' tensions, why you actin' different?  
Poppin' bottles, just a young nigga  
Nineteen order 20 Hens  
Had to give the money to my man  
Told 'em then 'bout the masterplan  
Just the otha day he understand  
We'll kill em with the truth  
Broad day no mask on  
A young 'n scary children of the corn  
Bunch of niggas raised with winter storm  
Pimpin pimpin sippin sippin neva cookin cookies  
Got yo feelins trippin listen listen  
There's no pencil  
Drew it up without a stencil  
In the pistol with the read option  
Couple scrambles, now I'm outta pocket  
Heroin and music, watch it rock me  
I'm a star like my new Givenchy, on that topic where is Erykah  
Tell Badu I wanna touch her, just confessin', I ain't Usher  
Teachin' lessons, no professor, bobble ratchet on my dresser  
How you gon' do it? Say you want more!  
How ya gon' prove it? Workin' workin' Im in overtime  
Clockin' in, nigga, grab a scale  
Be a starter how you run the pie  
Put in work on your birthday[Hook]  
Gave em hustle, struggle pain from me, now they want more  
Go through the rain, I survive the flames, now they want more  
Give 'em self till there's nothin' left, now they want more  
Seen rich but I need wealth, now I want more

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