

# What More Can I Say

## Kno

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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