

More & More (feat. Jeezy)

T.I.

Some shit never change, nigga
Aha, ayy, yeah Frank Muller, put one, two to your medulla
Habla, gun dada, there is none hotter
I'm so in love witcha girl, it's just somethin' 'bout her
I'm havin' fun with her, you better come get her
I fuck her face, bust one on her concealer
And make another girl lick it off, I'ma dumb nigga
Since a young nigga, I've been a made man
My bitches come with fat ass and a spray tan
Spend a whole bag, then run up more
I won a 100k shootin' dice 10 to 4
Playing poker, put the sack up, go all in
Lose, double down, win, go to Dubai
If you wanna win big, the risk gotta be high
Want them bad bitches all on your dick, you gotta be fly
Yeah, he cool but he not a T.I., I will be damned
Watch him do designer drugs by the gram, get what they asked for
Life be action packed but don't nothin' distract from the cash flow
Dope boy fashion, avoid fuck boys, hate 'em with a passion
I'm sucka-duckin' gettin' money
A hard dick all a bitch got coming, yeah
All I know is more & more (aha)
Goin' to the grave 'fore I'm going broke
Do it all against the odds, baby, lord knows
Puttin' on, homie, that's what I was born for (You know what this is)
Hunnid bands (Yeah)
All I know is more & more (aha) (Wassup)
Goin' to the grave 'fore I'm going broke (Tip, I got you, nigga)
Do it all against the odds, baby, lord knows
Puttin' on, homie, that's what I was born for (You, know what this is)
Hunnid bands
Dope boy, bitch I ain't got to say it again
It's the king and the don, you gotta play it again
Drop the top, lace your boots up, grab your scale
All you see are triples E's like you're weighin' a whale
See, I'm straight up out the gutter, it ain't hard to tell
Flex, made that yellow butter, it ain't hard to sell
Thirty rounds up on my hip, make it hard to walk (damn)
Caller from a private number, make it hard to stalk

Drop the top on a 'Rari, nigga, I'm so made
 Left the Dawn in the Bend, Dade, I'm so paid
 And she came to the mansion, yeah, the bitch got slayed
 Skinny dippin' in the pool yeah, lil bitch got saved, huh All I know is more & more (aha)
 Goin' to the grave 'fore I'm going broke
 Do it all against the odds, baby, lord knows
 Puttin' on, homie, that's what I was born for
 Hunnid bands (Yeah)
 All I know is more & more (aha) (more & more)
 Goin' to the grave 'fore I'm going broke
 Do it all against the odds, baby, lord knows
 Puttin' on, homie, that's what I was born for
 Hunnid bands All I know is get this check and the respect
 Fly the family from Atlanta to Hawaii and back
 Why would you act slow? No, I'm not an asshole
 Get your ass blown smooth off for doin' too much
 Had it with the other nigga that was tryna move up
 It is what is, ain't no way to make a do-up
 Better know that we was selling crack until we blew up
 Was trappin', everybody knew us
 And then the mill' came
 Done been through so much shit that I'm numb to it, don't feel pain
 Just heard Urban Legend the other day and it still bang
 Get a hustle (get it)
 Make it double, want some weight, you need some bigger muscles (you need it)
 Finesse the plan, then work your way throughout the filibuster
 Tryin' not to kill a sucka, that's a hard job (ya dig)
 But I'ma still try my hand with a car show
 Boy, I've been getting it out the mud since 14, making it do what it does
 True trap nigga All I know is more & more (aha)
 Goin' to the grave 'fore I'm going broke
 Do it all against the odds, baby, lord knows
 Puttin' on, homie, that's what I was born for (You know what this is)
 Hunnid bands (Yeah)
 All I know is more & more (aha) (more & more)
 Goin' to the grave 'fore I'm going broke
 Do it all against the odds, baby, lord knows
 Puttin' on, homie, that's what I was born for, uh huh
 Hunnid bands
 All I know is Some more and some more is all I know, man
 You know what I mean?
 Big-big shit poppin' for a long time, you understand that?
 Hey, we do this shit for bread and meat; we don't win then we don't eat, you understand?
 Yeah, yeah, talk while we spit is what we do all day, man
 I mean, try to be humble as I can be

But truth be told, none of you nigga can't fuck with me, you understand that?
It's the motherfuckin' king, nigga
Come hell or high water, accept no substitution
Stay solid all the way through it
Fuck what a hater got to say
What I did, can nobody undo
Build this shit with my bare hands, man
Bare witness to the greatness
It's upon you
This is the Dime Trap
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>