More Than Music

DukeDaGod

Yeah, ok (We gonna do it like this)
Back again
Santana (ohh) F*** with yo boy (dipset)
Dipset

Yo I try to be easy
I try to be calm breathe easy, it don't seem easy
I'm on my Ps and Qs, Ys and Zs, .45 on the side of me
Plus, four guys on the side of me, with .45 on the side of them

We can play now, this is a war not a playground
We came here to lay or get laid down, spray or get sprayed down
Wills for us anyday now, cops with their wall to wall raids down
I'm ducking and weaving, running and leaving

Not trying to feel the cuffs when they squeezing
Or the plugger they stuck to Lumina
So I'm stuck with this nina, I'm stuck with this finger
Itchy as f***, you're f***ed if I leave ya chump

Went to school, but ain't stay in cla**, hated cla**
Only for period, yep, I could relate to math
Played games, but the games was bad
You know, cops and robbers, laser tag, see what I was aiming at

Hop scotching on n****z faces kept my ankles bad
That ain't stop me from working I got me a worker
Gotta him to work, and yeah, chopping the work up
Keep him on my clock, clocking my work up, n****z know me

Taught him how to cook, livin his work up
Told him it's not the pot, it's the worker, gotta mix shorty
Gotta do it like this shorty
Clockwise, counter-clockwise, it's all in the wrist shorty
F*** with me

[Chorus]
This is a movement, this is a union
This is more then what you people call music
I'm part of this Dip Set confusing

Tecs we moving, catch up, y'all losing
Y'all ain't big enough to be at the table, nope
Y'all ain't big enough to eat at the table, nope
This is powdeful music that I bring to the table
The sequal of Able, f*** with your boy

[Juelz Santana]
You motherf***ers really don't know
You motherf***ers really wont know
I'm real f***a, I really wont fold
I kill f***as and wheelie off roads

Bangie rapper, like I'm really off road
The pain I feel, I really wont show man
The game is real, I really don't know Cam
If I'm a make it or not

But my plan was to take it straight to the top
Bring my fame to the block, with me
Harlem's my home, so I'm making it hot with me
'Til the day I'm layed on the block, with shots in me

Stay weeded, stay cheifing a blunt
Stay losing some more pounds, I ain't eating enough, nope
Stop fronting homes, you wont do nothing homes
Killa locked this, I'm what's up and coming homes

You better believe, one thing I was always taught in my household you better achieve
No matter what you do, you better succeed
That was embedded in me, yeah, the rest was left up to me
So I, played my position, I stayed in the kitchen

Base tripping on the bottom of the plate when I'm mixing
Cake whipping on the bottom of the plate when I left it
Eight digits when I take it, break it and flip it
This is the Matrix, I take it we live in

S***, I'm seeing the sun, I'm Neo the one, believe me
Hand picked like cotton, I've been sent here not to be forgotten
My hands grip the dots in, I get ya poppin'
Shoot s***, s*** is poppin'

Move bricks get it rocking, y'all know me
Ya young homie from the block, y'all forgot me already?
Holla back, the young Rocky is ready whoa!

[Chorus]
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