

# No More

## Gangsta Blac

No prisoners kept in this camp, we kill 'em all and come up  
And virtually fightin' our shadow thinkin' it's them in the cut

No more of my time to waste

No more pre-judgin' my face

Ain't nothin' but a mugg on my jug, hopin' my score been erased  
They hated, maybe replaced, or make it better  
someday

'Cause we can't hack what they scratchin' to buildin' cars in our face

You had your chance to be real, instead you mappin' out your death

No more of heedin' nobody 'cause we can do it ourself

'Cause it's ???, or try to camouflage me

Like I ain't seein' shit clear, 'cause clearly shit gone see be  
No more of fakin' devotion when soldiers turnin' it  
out

My congregation is caught up in bein' real, no doubt

I'm the provider for them, can't be around and not down

Even when sleepin', I'm thinkin' of other ways for me now

To go and get it for us, and we ain't got it no more

What's in store?

Me and my onlys make it known it's no more

Nigga!!! No more of stressin' me out, no more of this and the other

No more of upside-down smiles, to cut by you suckas

No more of smokin' your weed, no more of jonesin' for that

Instead I'm grillin' you villains, like they gone keep up the laggin'  
No more attackin' my pride, never again hold  
it in

I buck it once 'fore I duck, trick will get stuck to the vent

No more of thinkin' my talents gone be insured for a mil

'cause if it was, my 'cause, came up and do it for real

No more of dealin' with hoes, I'd rather have me a bitch

'Cause she ain't shit from the start, just keep her slick with the dick  
No more of hard-head grindin' that shit  
round the trunk

Too used to gettin' what I want, so I'm gone keep this shit blunt

No more of layin' in the road, for you to walk over mud

And disrespectin' big Chug, and weigh you lazy in mud

Keep it away from me please, no suckas stoppin' E-ski

And we ain't takin' no more, so Fly you tell 'em the D

Nigga!!! Flizy just can't take no more

Overboard I'm bout to go

Funk and drank and dank you under the table like I did before

Seven, nine of ninety-eight

Playa Fly gone hit'cha straight

With somethin' you don't want to feel the funk so you ain't gotta wait  
Trait like I'm flaugin' 'cause I'm mobbin'  
over broken hearts  
Movin' all my mini-Minnie Mae Mafia to hit the charts  
How you gonna stop us now? With all this, Funkytown we bound  
S.P.V. I'm bound, until I die then Playa Flizy down  
First the A and four and one  
Who's the one be wantin' some?  
Not the suckas stink, but get'cha straight when all their body numb  
Can't compact the garbage that you start producin' orally  
I roll my windows tightly 'fore it really start annoyin' me  
As much as I'm enjoyin' this, and all the weak B.S.  
you spit  
My windows already rolled, so you know this dizays over with  
So hit the horn, keep goin' man  
Blac & Flizy in demand  
No more Flizy can stand  
So smashin' power like a windows man  
Nigga!!!

Songwriters

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