

# No More (feat. Lloyd, Willie the Kid & T.I.)

## DJ Drama

Yeah, Willie The Kid  
Bright lights, street lightsSummertime in apartment 409  
Had to clean up the kitchen with 409  
It was cookin' up work, while my granny at work  
My big cuz, he ain't understand me at firstHe said the court room or the casket  
I'm like dude, either way you need cash and a nice suit  
The street lights where I found my strength  
Be with four rich men and you bound to be the fifth  
Let's goI lost my daddy at a early age  
Told my mama, don't cry for me  
If I trade tomorrow in for yesterday  
Oh, how much different my life would beBut that's in my dreams, back to reality  
Tryna get outta these street lights  
So I won't have to live this street life  
No more, no more  
No more, no more, noJust gotta learn to deal with problems  
If you're young and from slum with no father  
Got killed when you was little, still got mama  
She try to tell him go to school but why botherWhen gettin' paid is the only way to solve 'em  
Seems the stars get farther and farther  
Out of my reach, out of these streets  
Will they ever make it big?'Cause I lost my daddy at a early age  
Told my mama, don't cry for me  
If I trade tomorrow in for yesterday  
Oh, how much different my life would beBut that's in my dreams, back to reality  
Tryna get outta these street lights  
So I won't have to live this street life  
No more, no more  
No more, no more, noI ain't ashamed to say that I shed a tear  
Thinkin' 'bout my dad, I wish I had him back  
I'd give up everythin' just to have him hereAfter this storm and rain I have no fear  
Gotta keep holdin' on, hold my head up strong  
I know it won't be long  
(I'm livin' for the moment)  
Until we'll be together again, fo real  
(If I could turn back the days)  
(Sure you could turn this back)Hey, I was born with the hustle, never been a sucker  
Daddy wasn't in the crib, that made me tougher  
Momma struggled with the bills, that made me stuff up

Powder in a sack which made me dumber  
Now I'm standin' on the corner, bag full of marijuana, crack  
Pistol in my pocket for anybody who disrespect  
In the trap chillin' where robbers and killers kick it at  
My arms up in the feds for ten, they say I'm goin' in  
Ha, bet that I'm a stretch that, backish to this rappers  
Show these niggas what I'm best at  
Get a lil' check, flip it and invest that  
Years later, oh now you see what my heads at  
Like meals chasers, we be everywhere the bread at  
You keep on hatin', you'll be layin' where the dead at  
You rappers suckers, you can tell them that I said that  
If nothin' else but the hustle, you gon' respect that  
I lost my daddy at a early age  
Told my mama, don't cry for me  
If I trade tomorrow in for yesterday  
Oh, how much different my life would be  
But that's in my dreams, back to reality  
Tryna get outta these street lights  
So I won't have to live this street life  
No more, no more  
No more, no more, no  
Guess this is my life and I wanna live it right  
I don't wanna run the streets no more, no  
Guess this is my life and I wanna live it right  
I don't wanna run the streets no more, no

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