More or Less

The Wind

It's all what we need
More love, less hate, more real, less fake
More grind, less wishin'
Less stuntin', more fame, less talkin', more change
Less rushin', more vision
More franchisin', less sanitizin', more uprisin', less down sizin'
More enterprisin', less sympathizin'
More buildin', less destroyin', more jobs, less unemployment
Let's skip the Devil, less enjoyment
More originality, less bitin' off Pac 'n' Big
More community activism, less pigs
More Blacksmith, Def Chucks, less Geffen then the rest
'Cause the West suck, they got this shit all messed up
More marijuana, less coke, more accountability
For politicians before we shoutin', let's vote
More schools, less prisons, more freestyles, less written
More serious shit and less kiddin'
More history, less mystery, more Beyonce
Less Brittany, more happiness, less misery
More victory, less losses
More workers, we all bosses, of course it's reflection
What we need
More love, less hate, more real, less fake
More grind, less wishin'
Less stuntin', more fame, less talkin', more change
Less rushin', more vision
God bless the hood where my money always good
I can get you taken now, think I couldn't when I could
Son, I live above the rim and pay the 4 like my nigga, what?
Crack is hope, niggas wishin' y'all wish a nigga would crack a joke
Like he wanna battle for the mic
This is Brooklyn, the planet, y'all niggas is just satellites
Revolvin' round my every word
I address the crowd like Lincoln at Gettysburg
Surrounded by the heavy herb
The crowd is more or less wall to wall here, for the pure
Hip hop, how I'm rockin' got them droppin' they jaw
Fire marshall blockin' the door, there's a crack like choppin' the raw
This the shit the cops stoppin' us for

This the rain of theTech and the muthafuckin' peanuts
Slice like a nip-tuck, specalizin' deep cuts
This the music that you ridin' to
Provided to you by Talib and Hi-Teck, the livest two
What we need
More love, less hate, more real, less fake
More grind, less wishin'
Less stuntin', more fame, less talkin', more change
Less rushin', more vision
The more I put into it the less it sound like the nonsense
The more natural, the less conscious
At the same time, the more I bomb shit the less the Devil got a grip
I'm gettin' loose, we gotta slip away the ghetto gotta get
More for a dollar, more fresh goods for purchase
Less liquor stores, less churches step lookin' like corner stores
More rap songs to stress purpose with
Less misogyny and less curses
Let's put more depth in our verses till they left on the surface
While we stomp through the underground, the cop don't come around
You sorta hopin' for that reflection, you sorta open
I heed the call of the chosen, I don't play with your emotions
Stop actin' so goddamn emotional
I give you these bars for free like it's promotional
This ain't no marketin' strategy
It had to be from the heart in order to be reality, reflection
What we need
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More grind, less wishin'
Less stuntin', more fame, less talkin', more change
Less rushin', more vision

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