

Must Be More

Bob Vylan

Yeah, yeah
Had to cut man off (Cut 'em off)
They were holding me back like a dead weight
They weren't holding me up like a best mate
They were holding me down like a lead weight
Now they're watching me buss like a sex tape
I skip legs, biceps and chest day
Still you don't want it with Bob 'cause I'm a headcase
From way back tooled up on the estate
Persil bag with shots in
Ford Estate pulled up and I hopped in
Told him make up his mind, hurry and buy
This ain't Tesco shopping
Day and night are the only options
Weighed it up and it weighed me down
Pockets, balls and socks had rocks in
No A-Levels, I was out of options
Whoa, whoa, that's what I thought
Cling and scales, that's what I bought
With the assist, passing the ball
Henry the way I helped man score
If we had a rapport
Two for fifteen but don't come short
Still scarred by the things that I saw
Whole time thinking, "There must be more"

There must be more to this
Gats, bats, swords and shivs
Phone calls where man are talking quick
Prang that feds are recording this
There must be more than licking doors
Flicking balls and kicking jaws
Caught with nine and sitting four
There must be more, there must be more
There must be more to this
Cats, rats, talking shit
Tools that some man are walking with
Sending man to the morgue with it
There must be more than whipping raw
Fed chases and dipping law
Loading nines and hitting four
There must be more, there must be more

There must be more than [?] reloads
Posted up in the freezing cold
Thinking mad when the Ps come slow
Man really needs this dough
Seasons change and reasons grow
Man want cars and teeth in gold
Tell young kids that Ps control
The free school meals don't feed your soul (No, they don't)
So start wildin' out
Knife in hand but not dining out
Food in Mum's yard makes you the man of the house
Until she finds you out
Fear of the door getting kicked by the police
And the neighbours moving nosy

Made it hard for me to go sleep
So I stayed up late night quoting Roll Deep

Yes, next one
Yeah, we're blazing, we're blazing, it's all entertainment, it's all practice
That's Dizzee Ras-
Raskit don't waste time
Don't hesitate, don't pet, don't ramp
.22, .38, .9
These digits'll leave you stiff like cramp

Most people I know are stressed out
'Cause they don't earn enough
Whether nine bars or number nine with fries
They're still serving up
Roll through like you heard of us
Didn't mean to make the burner buss
Robbery gone wrong
Make a hungry man turn murderer
Lies thema tell, lies thema tell
Life on road ain't rosy
Man get stuck for the OZ
Take food out, go ghost when they owe P
Had a couple man wrong me, set me up lowkey
Typea shit make you wanna hold B
Typea shit
(Pull up this one, they want the reload)