

Much More

Lil' Wayne

There is no peace
I ride 'till is not wheels
Till there is no streets
Like where is my piece
They dying in them cells or already dead
Or tryna kill themselves
I rep my niggas, I love my city
I feel myself and she feel my wealth
So it will not help, I gotta get me
And money like pussy and I gotta get deep
So I gotta get street cause it's riding on me
My niggas can't drive, I got riders with me
And nah I ain't in to that back and forth chit chat
As a matter fact I'mma end that...
Prone to destruction, home is corrupting
Stones in my dungies won't do the justice
Them hundred dollar homes is in abundance
Hustle on a mountain, hustle in a tundra
Get that money or don't function
Punctuation exclamation exclamation period
That's the way I have to make it
S to K, you better take it, idiots period
Bull shit, I pity it
Them guns shot so loud you would think I MIDI'd it
I shot more than once, I'm ab-libing it
Oh well you been in hell so what, I live in it
I'm giving it all, I got for them incentives
Riding for them benefits and now it's back to 10 a brick
I like 'em thin and thick
Really I like 'em thick, high yellow and shit
Weezy F Baby