What More

Maino

I been through hell and back
Still shining where I go
What more can they do to me
What more can they do to me
Yeah, I done seen them fall
Too many done came and gone
What more can they do to me
What more can they do to me

Black roses, streets filled with black hearses
Gats burst, they mothers praying for black children
Police search, handcuff us, they can't hurt us
Tear drops on the same corner they killed Curtis
Fourth bottle, we pop bottles for dead homies
My life haunted, I'm in a ghost but rank calling
Frank Mueller the same jeweler as Sean Combs
She still strip and I'm still sipping so far gone
You can't hate it I got famous but still street
Live long enough now to be called O.G
Yeah, what could they do to a nigga
Look around, I'm the truth to these niggas
If you ain't heard it
Ten murders with one burner
I push further so my kids don't flip burgers
Hustle hard it's like Jordans on red carpets
Two letters, A-R full cartridge

Nothing
I come through as the God body to fuck the place up
And move around with a bunch of monkeys to bust your face up
Hand on my chest cause I know I'm blessed
Ain't no need for doctors
The voice of reason is keeping peaceful, Allah got us
Heavy the hand the of one that's wearing the crown stressing
It's mine to wear when I grow, the tougher my skin be getting
Listen when I talk and be manifesting
It's like the resurrection of Christ in recording sessions
I tell the truth 'til it hurts despite it be all a blessing
The founder of the feeling that niggas could never question
Either way you niggas gon' learn your lesson
Just how I saw the beauty in the hood despite depression
The voice of the suffering man's aggression
Kicking through the door with God is a countless ejection
Speaking in the face of those who abuse how I help them
Lord forgive 'em but I guess that's the cards that was dealt 'em

I carry the weight of ancestors in my walk
Lineage of lynchings and marches locked in my spine
Who gon' break my back
I'm a winged creature soaring above defeat
My laughter flirting with the wind
Who gon' twist my flight
I sip Brooklyn water
Who gon' devastate my thirst
Bulldoze my pride, knock down my stride, not

My hands tell stories of cloud and brick without gloves
Of swallowing bruises and loving to bleed
My blisters give my skin a new type of thickened
Bullets panic at the sight of me
When the flood couldn't drown me
When the walls couldn't silence me
When the stories couldn't erase me
When the dark couldn't consume me
When the crack couldn't crack me
I set fire to myself and ran straight toward the clouds
To give the sky a new blinding light
Call me lit, call me promise
Call me messiah, call me takeover
Let my fist be a ball of flames held high 'til my task is done
Let my roar be a warrior's ballad
A street symphony woven in tears and bass
Let me gift life to the fallen
Resurrect the breath of the silent
Illuminate the promise shadowed hidden behind dim eyes
Let me be a bright future
Still standing, still fighting
Still rising, still here

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