

## 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