

More Than Rappin

Mozzy

Yeah

Talk 'bout it

I go by the name of HellGang Mozzy, one up top ahki, somethin' stocky in the choppy, nigga

June on the beat, don't shoot him in the streets

Yeah, body, ask the body

Landlord of the Gangland, they know what's happenin'

.40 blappin', that's how they know that it's more than rappin'

Nigga told you that I'm lackin', lil' shawty cappin'

Ain't playin' with no paper, finna double lap 'em

Ayy, get at me with them prices that the pie sum quoted

Tryna run it up the gut if we can find an open

Soccer mom caravan 'til we slide it open

'Posed to fire in the open when you spot opponents

Niggas rollin', circle your picture and now you on it

Call the jeweler with forty pointers, it's how I want it

How you bomin'? You buggin' if you ain't bustin' down

Confirming a wire transfer for a hundred thou'

Pacquiao for the hooker, I hardly fuck around

You got tagged for the tooly and hardly come around

Life sentence, I'm tryna picture him touchin' down

He probably won't 'cause the way the victim was hunted down

That shit embarrassing, sleeping on homie's mother's couch

Lost a bundle in that bitch, at least a hundred count

We was thuggin' as youngins, bustin' and runnin' routes

Bang that thing out of vengeance, it wasn't for the clout

Granny cussing me out behind a speeding ticket

I do the dance to the chicken, I'm tryna Z a ticket

Biscotti Pippen, you know that we keep it cloudy, right?

Bitches whisper, "You know them niggas from Cali, right?"

I could volley my body if brother stylin' right

He thought I tried to fi-dangle but he ain't count it right

It's more to life, we boarding flights for the legal chilly

Just left Philly, in Harlem with it, you see the billies

These niggas kill me, talkin' like they ice a quarter milli'

They wanted forty for the mirror, I threw a quarter in it

Landlord of the Gangland, they know what's happenin'

The .40 blappin', that's how they know that it's more than rappin'